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FIFTY SONGS
BY ROBERT SCHUMANN

FIFTY SONGS BY
ROBERT SCHUMANN

EDITED BY

W. J. HENDERSON

FOR LOW VOICE

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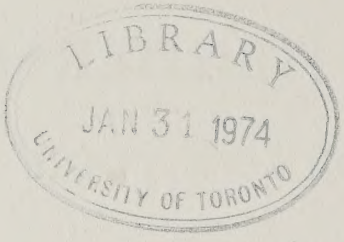

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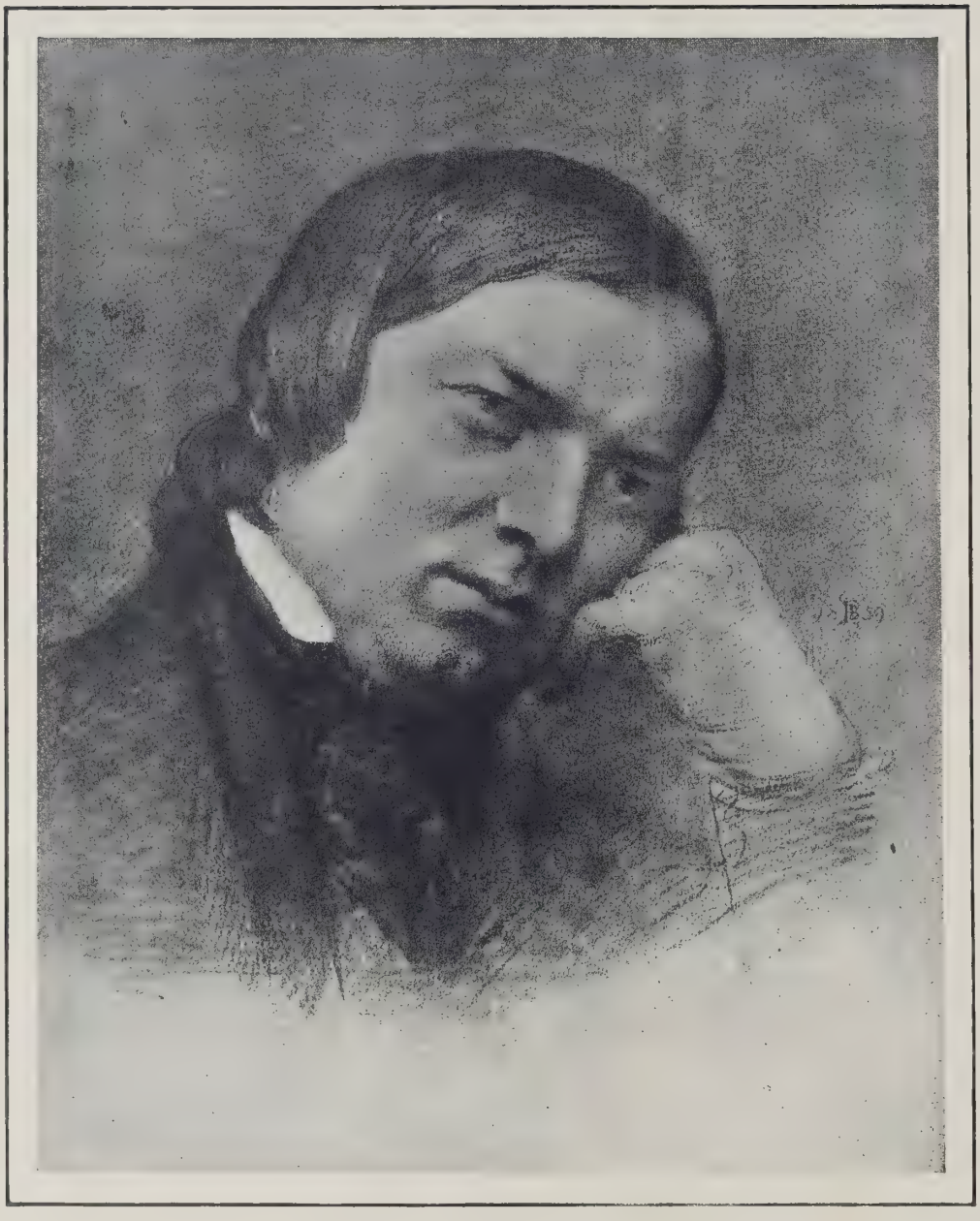

ROBERT SCHUMANN

(BORN JUNE 8, 1810; DIED JULY 29, 1856)

SCHUBERT, Schumann, Franz and Brahms are conceded to be the four great masters of song composition. The extraordinary fecundity of the genius of the first of these four, the marvellous felicity and fruitfulness of his melodic invention, have by no means obscured the merits of the other three, but have rather served to fix attention upon those excellences by which these others are distinguished. The songs of Schumann differ from those of Schubert much as the men differed. Schubert wrote in the full flood of an inspiration which fed chiefly on itself. He sang like a bird and made music because he was music personified. Schumann, on the other hand, sang out his own life and thought. His piano pieces and his symphonies are chapters in a musical autobiography, and in this same history of his own soul the songs form a vital chapter. A maker of programme music was Schumann from first to last, and the programme was almost always an emotional one, drawn from his own experience. In the early period of his career, when he found the piano adequate to the embodiment of his ideas, fancy and imagination furnished most of the conceptions to be revealed in tone pictures; but later, when a long-cherished passion, which at first had seemed utterly vain, approached its reward, he turned to the more intimate, personal and direct medium of the song.

Schumann began his musical career as a pianist, and no composer shows a more complete understanding of that instrument than he. Impatient of restriction, vigorously original in fancy, moved deeply by the music of Bach and the prose of Jean Paul, yet never a slave to the authority of older masters, he struck out new paths in piano composition and enriched the domain of the instrument with a novel variety of technic. If it were not for the perfect poetry of such compositions as the *Papillons* and the *Carnaval*, one might almost be justified in saying that Schumann's mastery of the piano was most precious through its contribution to his songs. But it was while he was studying the piano in the home of Friedrich Wieck in Leipzig that he learned to love his teacher's daughter, Clara. For four years he suffered torments of doubt while a relentless father opposed his suit. At length in September, 1840, he married Clara in spite of her father. It was in that year, when he saw the fruition of his hopes at hand, that he poured out his soul in song. He had set a few songs of Byron in 1828, but his real song-writing began in 1840, and in that year he made one hundred and thirty-eight songs, of which not more than a score could be spared. That year is known to Schumann lovers as the "great song year," and had this master never produced a measure of music beyond the fruit of that twelvemonth, he would still be ranked among the most gifted of composers.

He felt the deepest artistic joy in his new field. He was thrilled through with the delight of creation. On February 19 he wrote to a friend: "I am now writing nothing but songs, great and small. I can hardly tell you how delightful it is to write for the voice as compared with instrumental composition, and what a stir and tumult I feel within me when I sit down to it. I have brought forth quite new things in this line." On February 24 he wrote to his beloved Clara: "Since yesterday morning I have written twenty-seven pages of music (something new), of which I can tell you nothing more than that I laughed and wept for joy after composing them." This was the set of twenty-six songs called *Die Myrthen*, opus 25, of which six will be found in this volume. He had already written the nine songs of opus 24,—the text being a series of lyrics by Heinrich Heine,—

and had dedicated them to the famous singer, Pauline Garcia. These were Schumann's first published songs, and they were issued to the world in May, 1840.

In the great song year he created also the five songs of opus 27, *Lieder und Gesänge*, published in May, 1849; opus 29 and opus 30, each consisting of three poems by Emanuel von Geibel, the former published in March and the latter in April, 1841; opus 31, three songs of Chamisso, published in April, 1841; opus 33, six songs for male quartet; opus 34, four duets for soprano and tenor; opus 35, twelve poems of Justinus Kerner, published in July, 1841; opus 36, six poems of Reinick, published in August, 1841; opus 37, twelve poems from Rückert's *Liebesfrühling* (the second, fourth and eleventh set by Clara Schumann), published in November, 1841; opus 39, a cycle of twelve songs by Joseph von Eichendorff, published September, 1842; opus 40, five songs, four by Hans Christian Andersen and one by Chamisso, published October, 1842; opus 42, Chamisso's *Frauenliebe und Leben* (*Woman's Love and Life*), eight songs, published August, 1843; opus 43, three duets, published May, 1844; opus 45, three romances and ballads, two by Heine and one by Eichendorff, published January, 1844; opus 48, *Dichterliebe* (*Poet's Love*) from Heine's *Book of Songs*, sixteen songs, published September, 1844; opus 49, three songs, texts by Heine and Fröhlich, published July, 1844; and opus 53, three songs by J. G. Seidl, Wilhelmine Lorenz and Heine, published October, 1845.

Schumann's production of songs did not end here. The opus numbers run as high as 142, composed in 1852, and published in February, 1858 but little of notable worth was produced after 1840. Schumann recognized the importance of the work of that year, and realized that he had given the world his most admirable songs. He wrote to a critic: "In your essay on song-writing it has somewhat distressed me that you should have placed me in the second rank. I do not ask to stand in the first, but I think I have some pretensions to a place of my own." To a friend who spoke of the year's product as "promising," he said, "I cannot venture to say that I shall produce anything further in the form of songs, and I am satisfied with what I have done."

The deep joy of his married life sent Schumann in search of new means of expression for the powerful emotions rising within him. He felt, as it were, the need of a more pealing voice than that of the song, and hence he turned his attention to orchestral composition. In the year 1841 he composed the symphonies in B flat and D minor and the *Overture, Scherzo and Finale*—a symphony without a slow movement. The first movement of his great piano concerto was also written in this year. In subsequent years he returned to the song form, but he rarely again produced such *lieder* as those of the great song year. Of the fifty songs in this volume only nine were composed after 1840, and it is safe to say that even the large body of Schumann enthusiasts have seldom heard in public more than a score of songs contained in the third and fourth volumes of the Clara Schumann edition. Occasionally the composer had bursts of his early inspiration, and then he produced such gems as *Aufträge* (*Messages*) and the *Jung Volkers Lied* (*A Young Folks' Song*).

To grasp the full import of Schumann's achievements as a song-writer is easier for us than it was for his contemporaries. To us the whole significance of the early years of musical romanticism is now apparent. Those years were filled with a splendid artistic revolt against the cold and sculpturesque formulas of an outworn school. Those who had been laboring to make music an art of purely external beauty had reached the boundary of their movement, and the young spirits of the day demanded progress. This was possible only along the lines indicated unconsciously and without reformatory intent by Mozart when he gave the world his German opera, *Die Zauberflöte* (*The Magic Flute*), and his jewel of a song, *Das Veilchen* (*The Violet*). If music was to express the inner life of man, it must be by a reconstruction of forms to meet the variations of emotion. Beethoven bridged the chasm between symphonic movements, and Schubert in his *Erlkönig* (*Erlking*)

showed the world how a song for a single voice might be a drama. In *Das Veilchen* Mozart had thrown over the old strophic form, in which a single tune served for every stanza, and by altering his melody here and there, to meet the demands of changing sentiment, led the way directly toward the *dürchcomponirtes Lied*. In this form the music is made the true handmaid of the text. It follows the meaning of the poet and strives to express it. The words are no longer mere pegs upon which to hang tunes. In a word its relation to the old strophic song is precisely that of the Wagnerian drama to the Italian opera of the Donizetti period.

The art song, as it has been called for want of a better English description, did not spring, Minerva-like, from the head of Schubert. In the field pointed out by Mozart many futile experiments were made before the first master of the new region arrived. Schubert, however, opened an entirely new vein when he gave to the world his wonderful *Gretchen am Spinnrade* (*Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel*), written at the age of seventeen, and *Erlkönig*, produced a year later. The preëminence of Schubert's songs lies in their complete absorption of the fundamental spirit of modern music—detailed and exhaustive dramatic expression. Let the hearer follow the details of the two songs just mentioned and note the immense breadth and depth of the tone painting in the accompaniments, the exquisite eloquence of the harmonic treatment, the perfect truth of the declamatory setting of the words, and the union of all these elements of composition in the formation of a musical mood-picture which lays bare the very heart of the poem. To study and master the secrets of these two *lieder* alone is to get an insight into the whole nature and purpose of modern song.

Schumann's songs stand beside Schubert's in their inclusion of all the elements which go to make songs great. The difference between the lyrics of these two masters is what might be expected from the personalities of the two men. Not often so vivid and spontaneous as Schubert's, the songs of Schumann are more continent, more intellectual, more profound, more suggestive. What they lack in power of exaltation they supply in depth and restfulness of conviction. As one commentator has said: "His songs are the very breath of poetry elevated by austere thought. . . . With scrupulous art he reproduces all that runs in the poet's mind, be it ever so subtle and delicate, but permeates it with a deeper shade of meaning."

The salient external characteristic of Schumann's songs is the extraordinarily fine treatment of the accompaniment. This is undoubtedly the outcome of the author's long experience as a piano composer before entering the field of song. Here, however, the difference between his work and that of Schubert is by no means superficial. It requires some artistic insight to perceive the real line of demarcation between the two, for Schubert, too, knew well how to utilize the piano, as may be seen in the wonderful rushing figure of the *Erlkönig* accompaniment. But a brief study of the instrumental parts of such songs as *Der Nussbaum* (*The Almond Tree*), p. 23, *Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen* (*Now we've Piping and Pleasure*), p. 119, and *Aufträge* (*Messages*), p. 150, will serve to disclose the true Schumannesque treatment of the piano part.

In the first of these songs the piano is utilized to complete a melodic phrase, which is at first left unfinished by the voice. Only at the very close of the lyric does the voice intone the final cadence of that phrase with an effect made inexpressibly beautiful by reason of the long delay. In the second of the numbers named the piano is the real exponent of the thought lying behind the text, while the voice is, as it were, a commentator. This is a method which for external description cannot be excelled, because the possibilities of instrumental figuration in imitative writing are much greater than those of a solo voice. In *Aufträge* the piano plays an accompaniment pure and simple, but one devised with the genius of a master of romantic composition for the instrument. The piano perfectly supports the voice, but at the same time amplifies and intensifies the significance of the charming melody allotted to the singer. It is one of Schumann's happiest inspirations, yet it is not always sung by

singers to whose voice and style it is adapted.

Again in many songs Schumann uses the piano to provide beautiful and expressive preludes and postludes. In some songs the eloquence of the piano in the postlude is so great as to make this the most important part of the lyric. For an example of this let the reader examine the exquisite instrumental coda to *Die alten, bösen Lieder* (*The Songs of Bitter Sorrow*), p. 131. This is, indeed, the coda of the entire cycle, and it is the most fragrant blossoming of this branch of Schumann's art. But Schumann also knew when to subordinate the piano so much as to make it a mere background. Note the wonderful effect of the soft chords in *Ich hab' im Traum geweinet* (*In Dreams my Tears were falling*), p. 125. In short, as Dr. Spitta has admirably said in his fine article in Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, in "Schumann's songs the proper function of the pianoforte is to reveal some deep and secret meaning which it is beyond the power of words, even of sung words, to express."

That Schumann found the true mission of the song may readily be learned by an examination of the texts which he chose for setting. He never failed to select words embodying the true lyric spirit, the voicing of nature and love. The field of human emotion and thought as viewed through the eyes of youth was the theatre of his fancy, and he found abundant material for his inspiration in the splendid outpour of lyric poetry from the young romanticists of Germany. Eichendorff's contemplations of nature touched his mind no less than Heine's marvellous analyses of feeling; and when he came to the setting of Chamisso's persuasive verses in the cycle entitled *Frauenliebe und Leben*, opus 42, he unquestionably opened up a wealth of emotion not altogether disclosed by the poet.

When it was necessary to be humorous, Schumann had a fund of humor quite irresistible. Note the genuine humor of *Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen* (*A Youth oft Loves a Maiden*), p. 123, and the bewitching archness of *Aufträge*, p. 150. Such things are the conceptions of a true master laboring in a most congenial field, and all contentions that Schumann was merely a follower of Schubert must fail in the presence of such convincing demonstrations of power and originality. Schumann was always a romanticist, and he was unceasingly introspective. He looked into his own heart and wrote, and this is the great secret of the universal appeal of his songs.

Students of his songs should never lose sight of the fact that the master's whole aim was a satisfying embodiment of the poet's thought. For this reason in singing these songs the greatest attention should be paid to the enunciation of the text and with this to a faithful reproduction of the musical accentuation. Schumann was a master of the art of declamation, and his music should never be distorted. The rhythm, the accent, the phrasing, should be religiously followed. With proper attention to these details and a respectable performance of the accompaniment, singers cannot fail to command the sympathies of their hearers with these songs.

Schumann was especially happy in the treatment of the song cycle. Here his command of romantic expression was coupled most beautifully with his instinct for organic unity. Variety in unity is found in his song cycles just as it is in his matchless piano cycles, *Papillons* and the *Carnaval*. Of all the song cycles which he set the most admirable is undoubtedly the *Dichterliebe*, opus 48. The text is taken from Heine's *Buch der Lieder*, and the sixteen poems, without attempting to recite a narrative, contain a whole heart history. As the *Frauenliebe und Leben* was an exposition of woman's soul, the *Dichterliebe* lays bare that of man's. With our knowledge of the experiences through which Schumann passed in the year 1840, in which these songs were composed, we are justified in believing that they sound a personal note of the deepest significance. They are the highest flight of Schumann's genius in the department of song-writing, and they stand among the choicest treasures of lyric art. Perfect in the adaptation of the materials of musical expression to the end in view, eloquent with the sincerity of a direct appeal, united by a subtle organic union which defies definition, these songs move us more and

more at each successive hearing. The editor hesitated long before deciding to omit part of this lovely cycle in order to make room for other essential examples of Schumann's genius.

The other cycles from which selections have been made for this volume are opus 35, Twelve Poems by Justinus Kerner; opus 36, Six Poems by Robert Reinick, and opus 39, *Liederkreis*, by Joseph von Eichendorff. The other songs are taken from small collections with texts by various authors. Schumann occasionally manufactured cycles by bringing together poems from different sources and arranging them so that they had some slight connection. This is the case especially with opus 25, *Die Myrthen*. This cycle contains twenty-six songs with texts by Goethe, Heine, Rückert, Mosen, Burns, Byron and Moore, yet such is the peculiar significance of Schumann's music that there actually seems to be some connection running through the series.

The editor believes that this volume contains the best songs of Schumann. It certainly contains all that are habitually sung by the most accomplished exponents of the *lieder* form, together with some infrequently heard, but well worthy of association with the others.

New York, April, 1903.

W. J. Henderson.

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FIFTY SONGS
BY ROBERT SCHUMANN

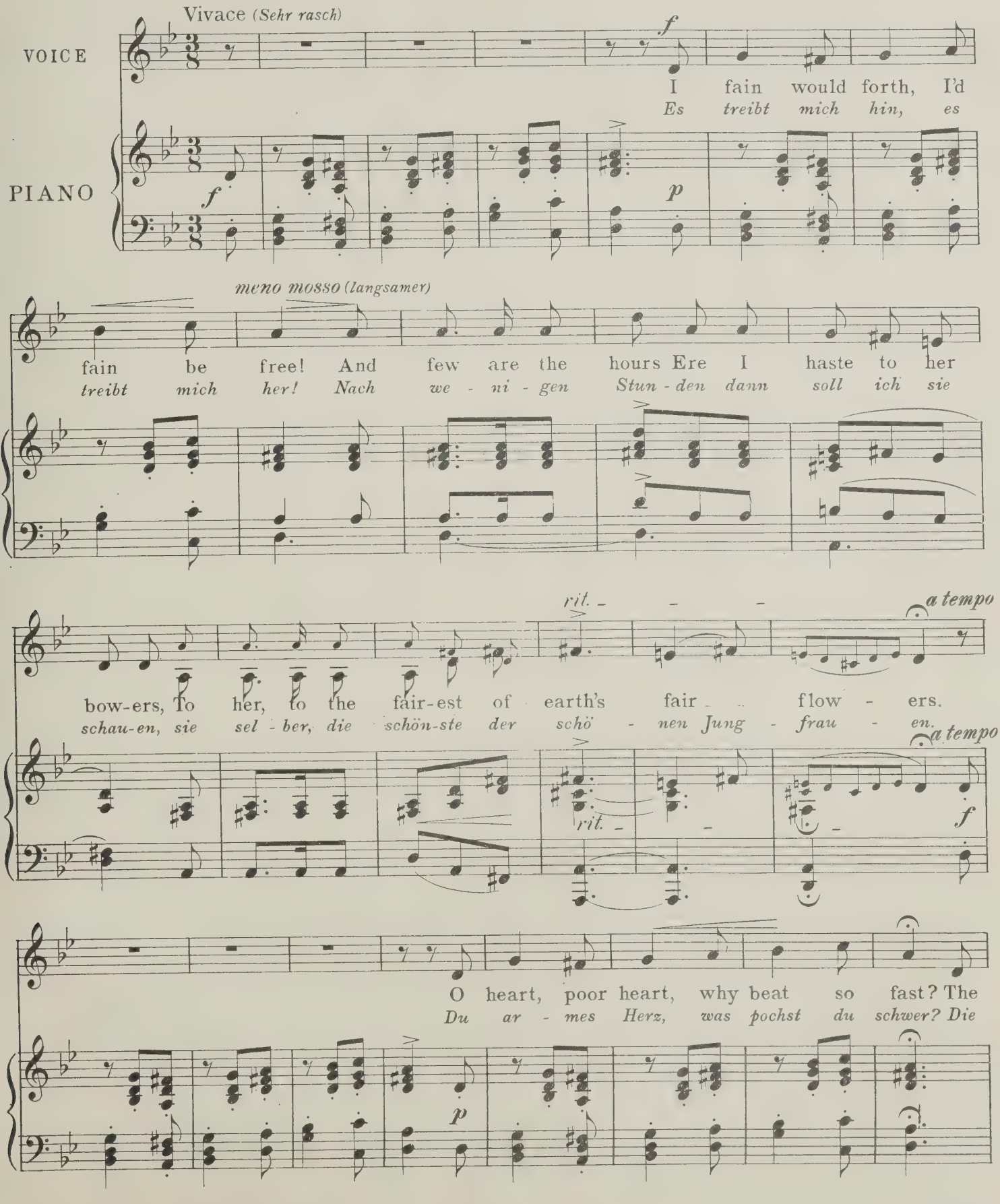
I FAIN WOULD FORTH, I'D FAIN BE FREE
(ES TREIBT MICH HIN)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, B minor)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 24, No. 2



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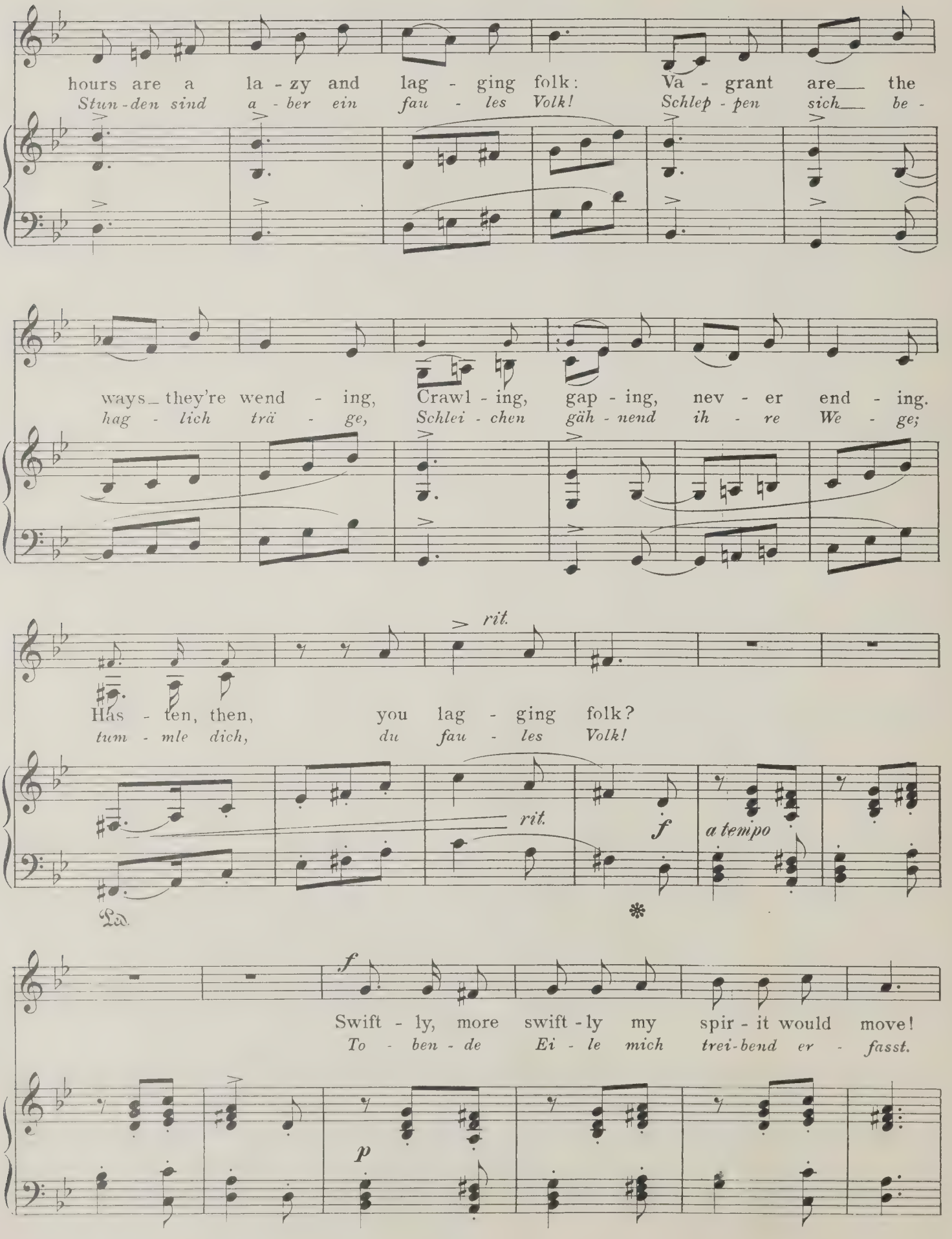
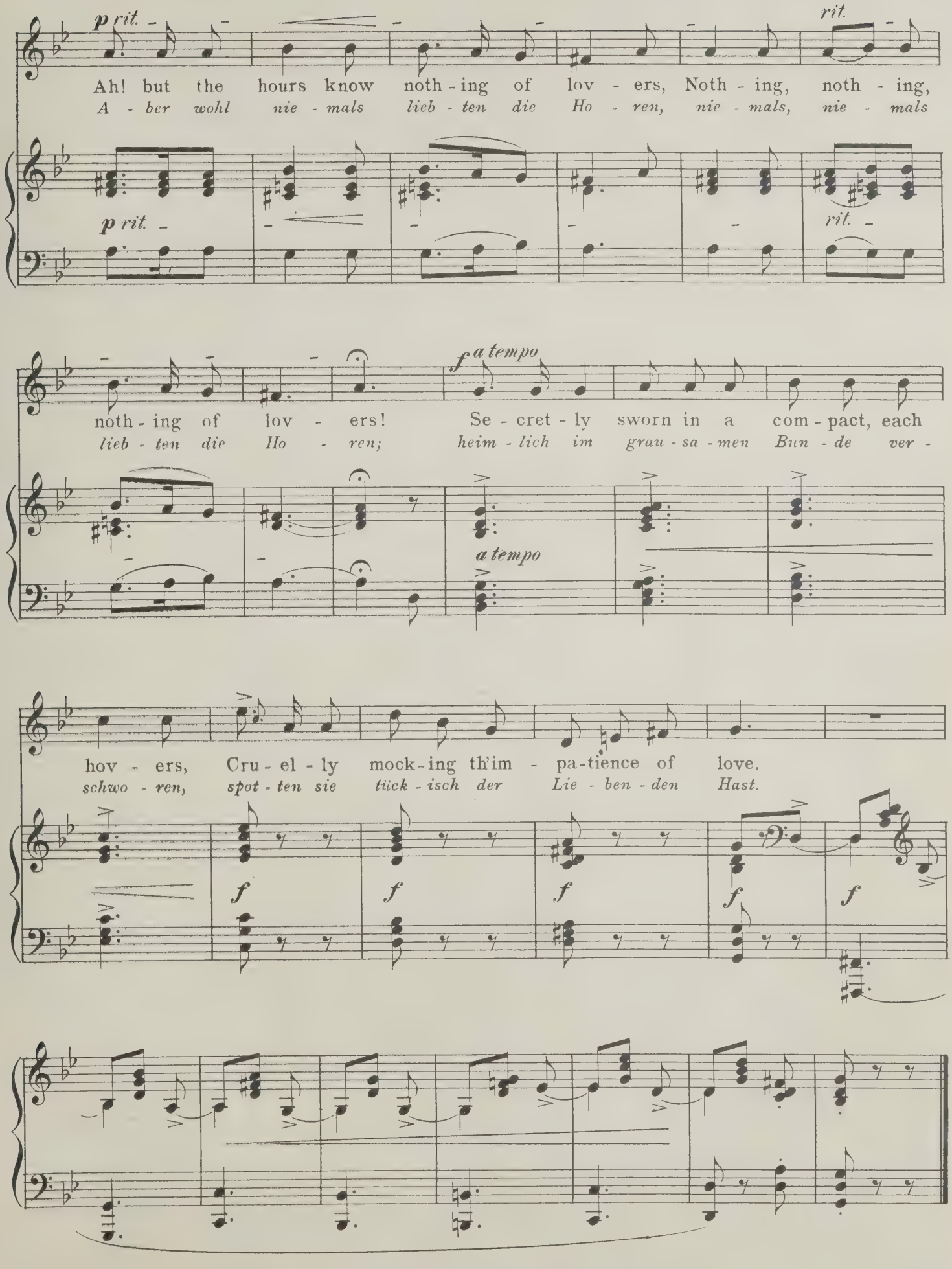

hours are a la - zy and lag - ging folk: Va - grant are the
Stun - den sind a - ber ein fau - les Volk! Schlep - pen sich be -
ways they're wend - ing, Crawl - ing, gap - ing, nev - er end - ing.
hag - lich trä - ge, Schlei - chen gäh - nend ih - re We - ge;
rit.
Has - ten, then, you lag - ging folk?
tum - mle dich, du fau - les Volk!
rit.
f
a tempo
Ped.
f
Swift - ly, more swift - ly my spir - it would move!
To - ben - de Ei - le mich trei - bend er - fasst.
p

p rit.
rit.
Ah! but the hours know noth - ing of lov - ers, Noth - ing, noth - ing,
A - ber wohl nie - mals lieb - ten die Ho - ren, nie - mals, nie - mals
p rit.
rit.
f a tempo
noth - ing of lov - ers! Se - cret - ly sworn in a com - pact, each
lieb - ten die Ho - ren; heim - lich im grau - sa - men Bun - de ver -
a tempo
hov - ers, Cru - el - ly mock - ing th'im - pa - tience of love.
schwo - ren, spot - ten sie tück - isch der Lie - ben - den Hast.
f
f
f
f
f

WE WALKED UNDER WOODLAND ARCHES
(ICH WANDELTE UNTER DEN BÄUMEN)

(Composed in 1840)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, B)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 24, No 3

Poco adagio *(Ziemlich langsam)*

PIANO

p

We walked un - der wood - land arch - es, My grief and I, a - lone; Till long - for - got - ten mem - ries A - woke in my heart of stone. "Who

Ich wan - del - te un - ter den Bäu - men mit mei - nem Gram al - lein; da kam das al - te Träu - men und schlich mir ins Herz hin - ein. Wer

rit.

mf

rit.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

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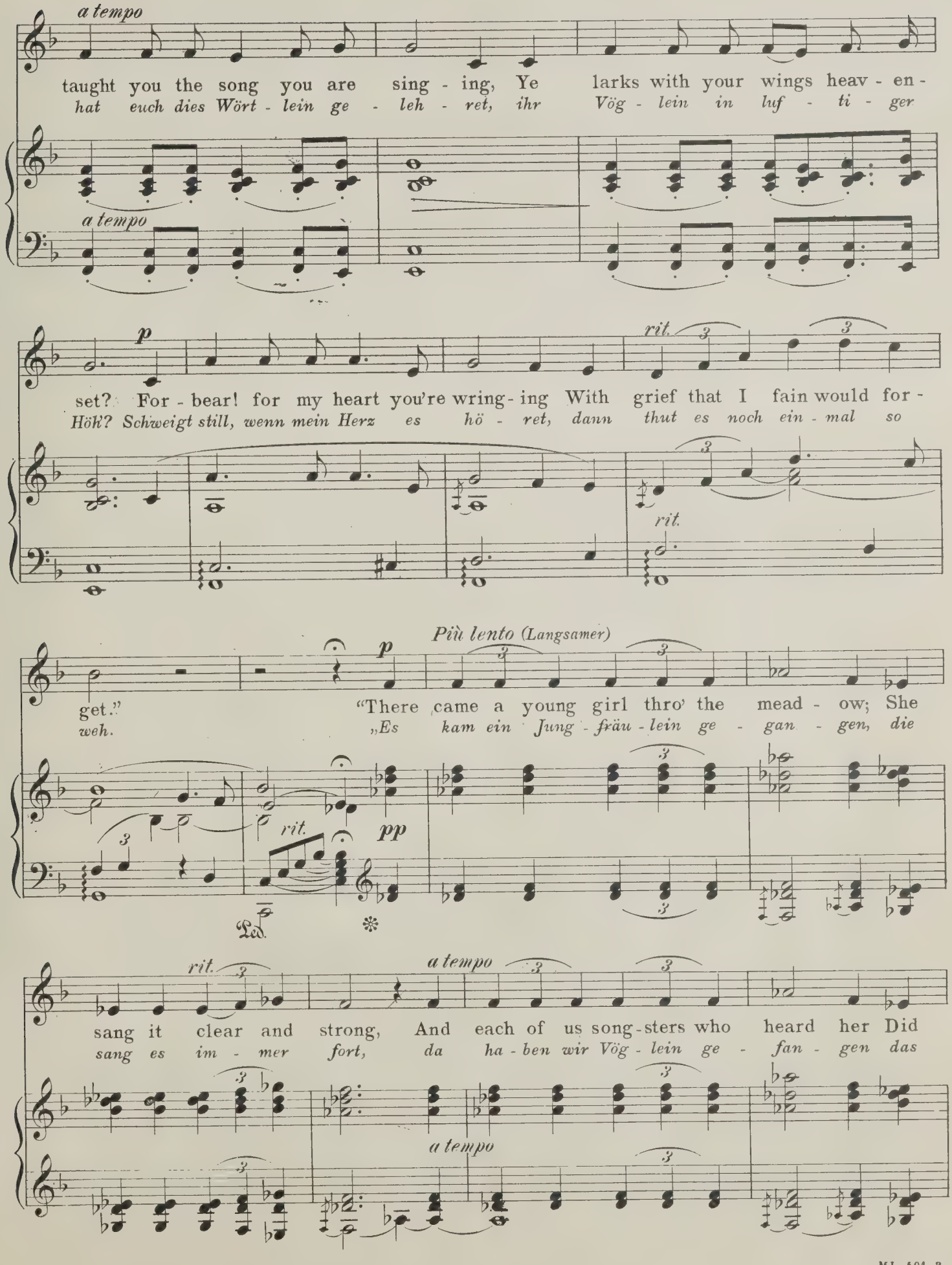
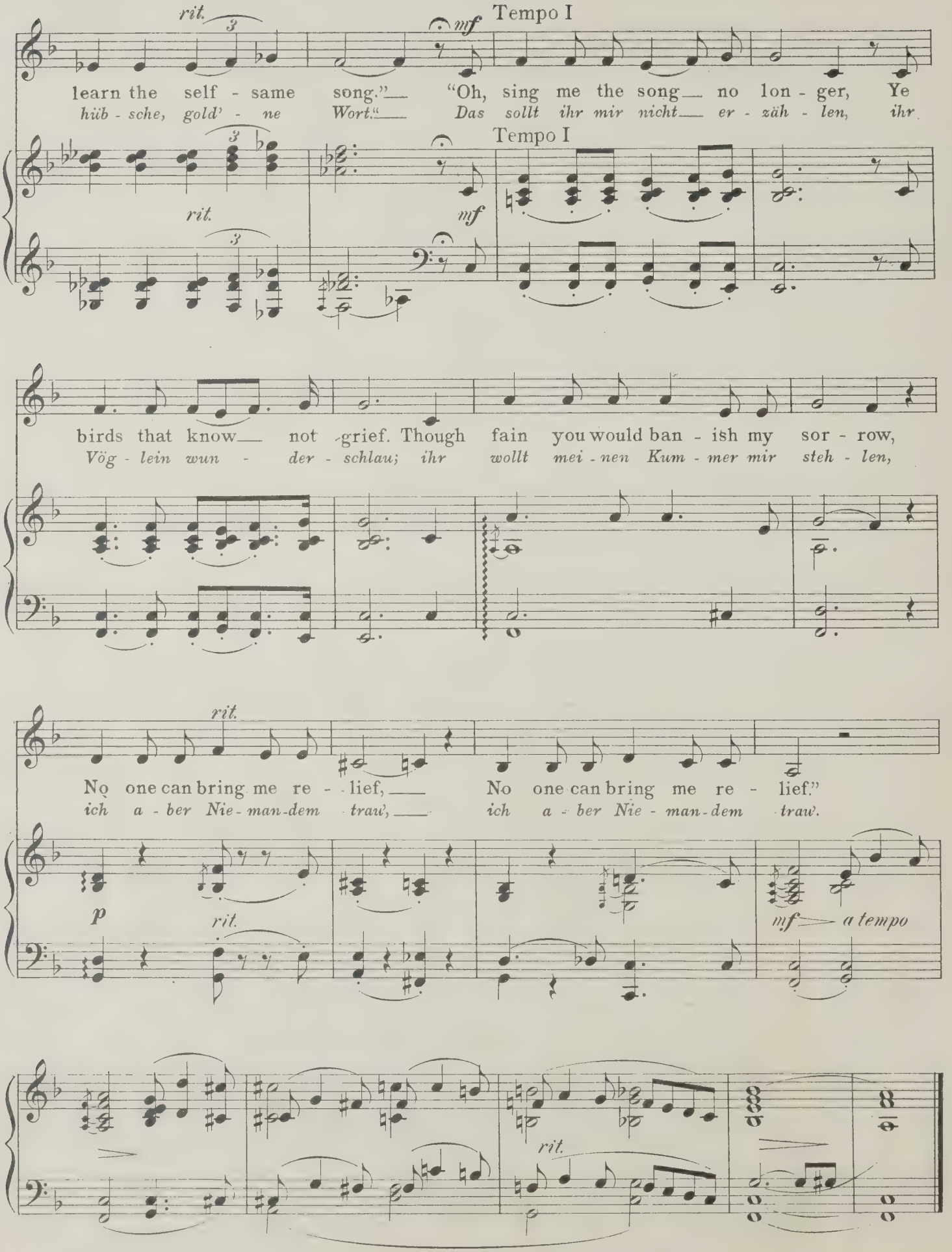

a tempo
taught you the song you are sing - ing, Ye larks with your wings heav - en -
hat euch dies Wört - lein ge - leh - ret, ihr Vög - lein in luf - ti - ger
a tempo
p
rit.
set? For - bear! for my heart you're wring - ing With grief that I fain would for -
Höh? Schweigt still, wenn mein Herz es hö - ret, dann thut es noch ein - mal so
rit.
Più lento (Langsamer)
p
get."
weh.
"There came a young girl thro' the mead - ow; She
„Es kam ein Jung - fräu - lein ge - gan - gen, die
rit.
pp
Ped.
rit.
a tempo
sang it clear and strong, And each of us song-sters who heard her Did
sang es im - mer fort, da ha - ben wir Vög - lein ge - fan - gen das
a tempo


rit.
mf
Tempo I
learn the self - same song." "Oh, sing me the song no lon - ger, Ye
hüb - sche, gold' - ne Wort." Das sollt ihr mir nicht er - zäh - len, ihr
Tempo I
rit.
mf
birds that know not grief. Though fain you would ban - ish my sor - row,
Vög - lein wun - der - schlau; ihr wollt mei - nen Kum - mer mir steh - len,
rit.
No one can bring me re - lief, No one can bring me re - lief."
ich a - ber Nie - man - dem trau', ich a - ber Nie - man - dem trau'.
p
rit.
mf a tempo
rit.

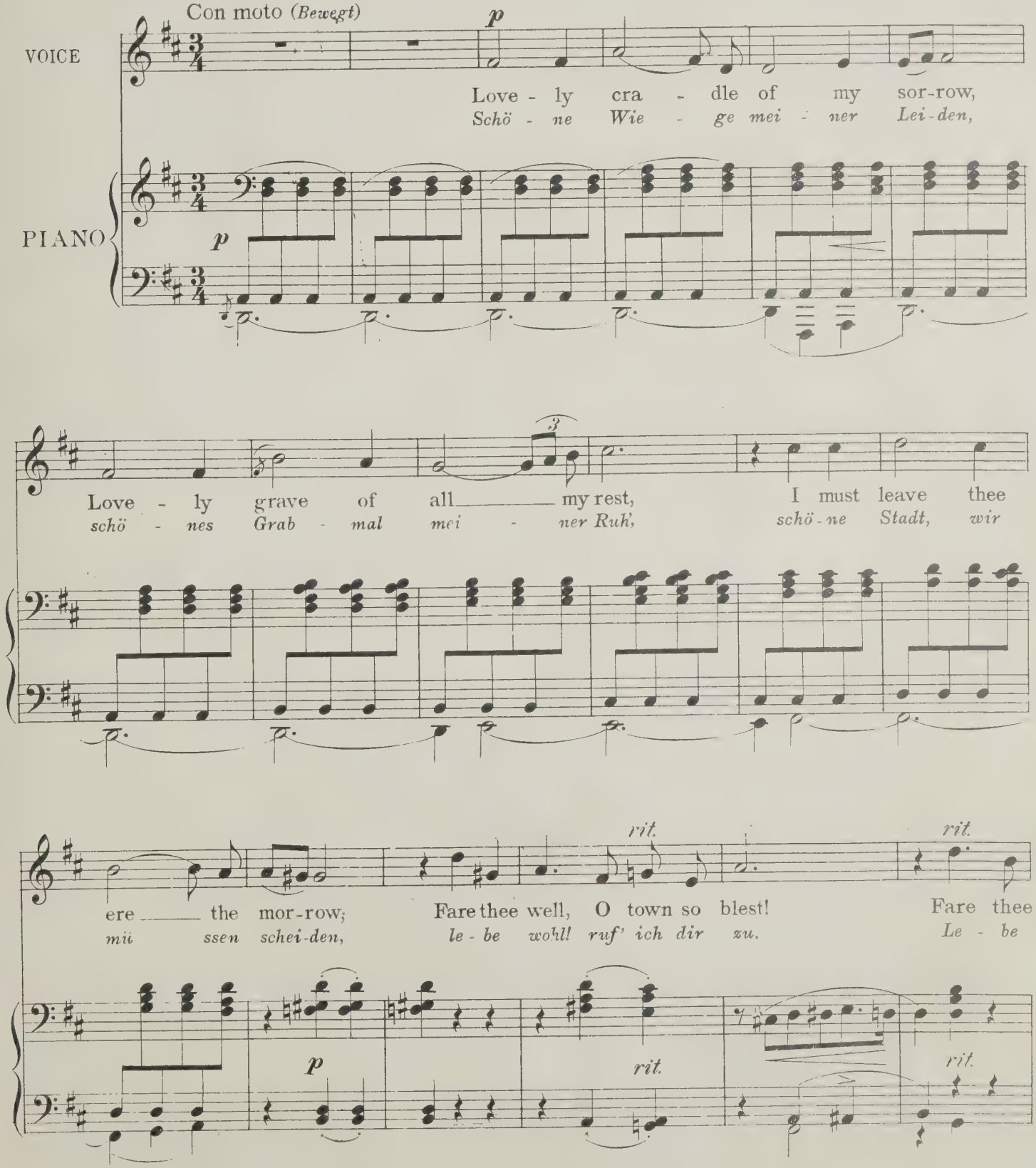
LOVELY CRADLE OF MY SORROW
(SCHÖNE WIEGE MEINER LEIDEN)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, E)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 24, No 5



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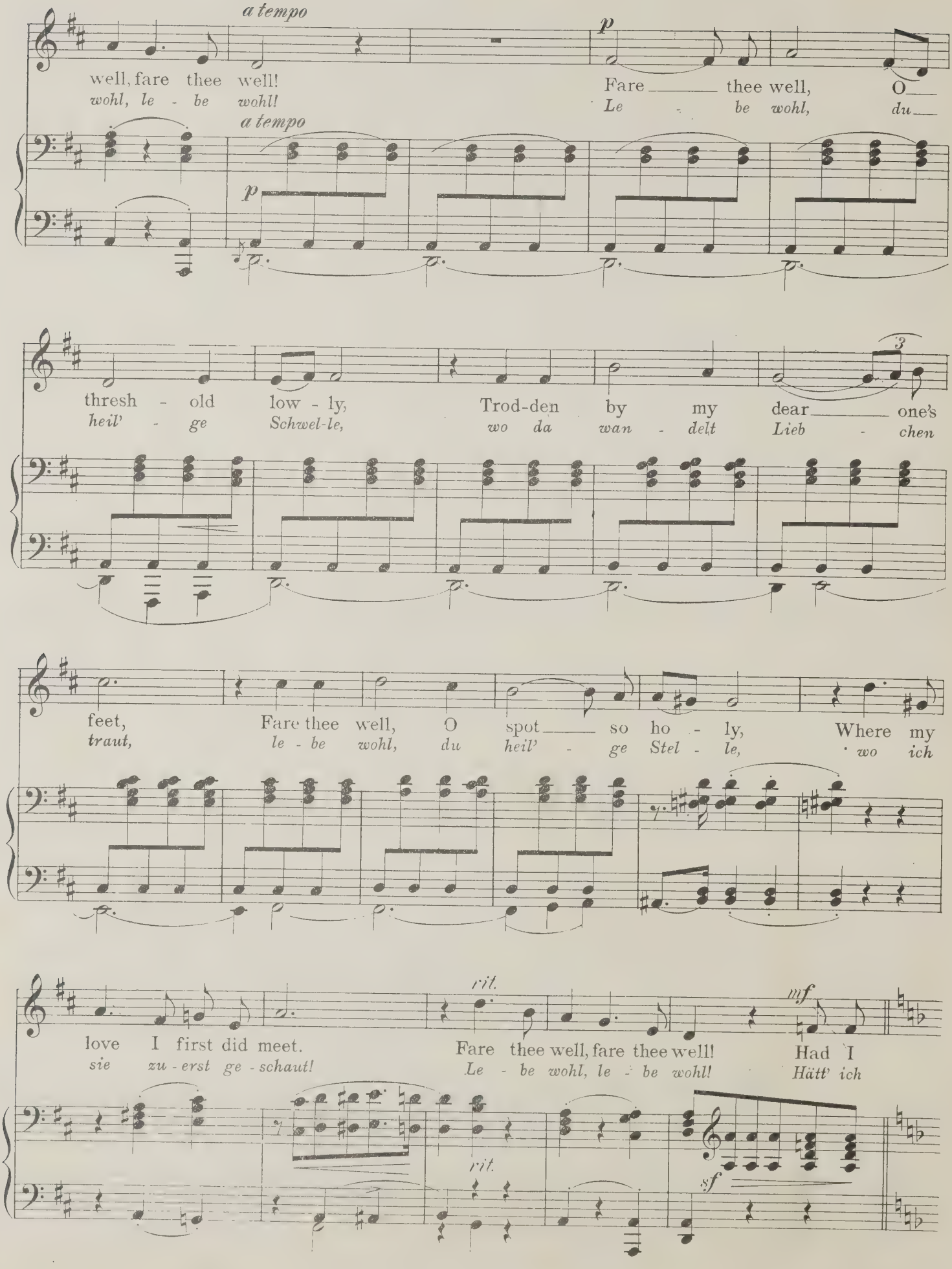
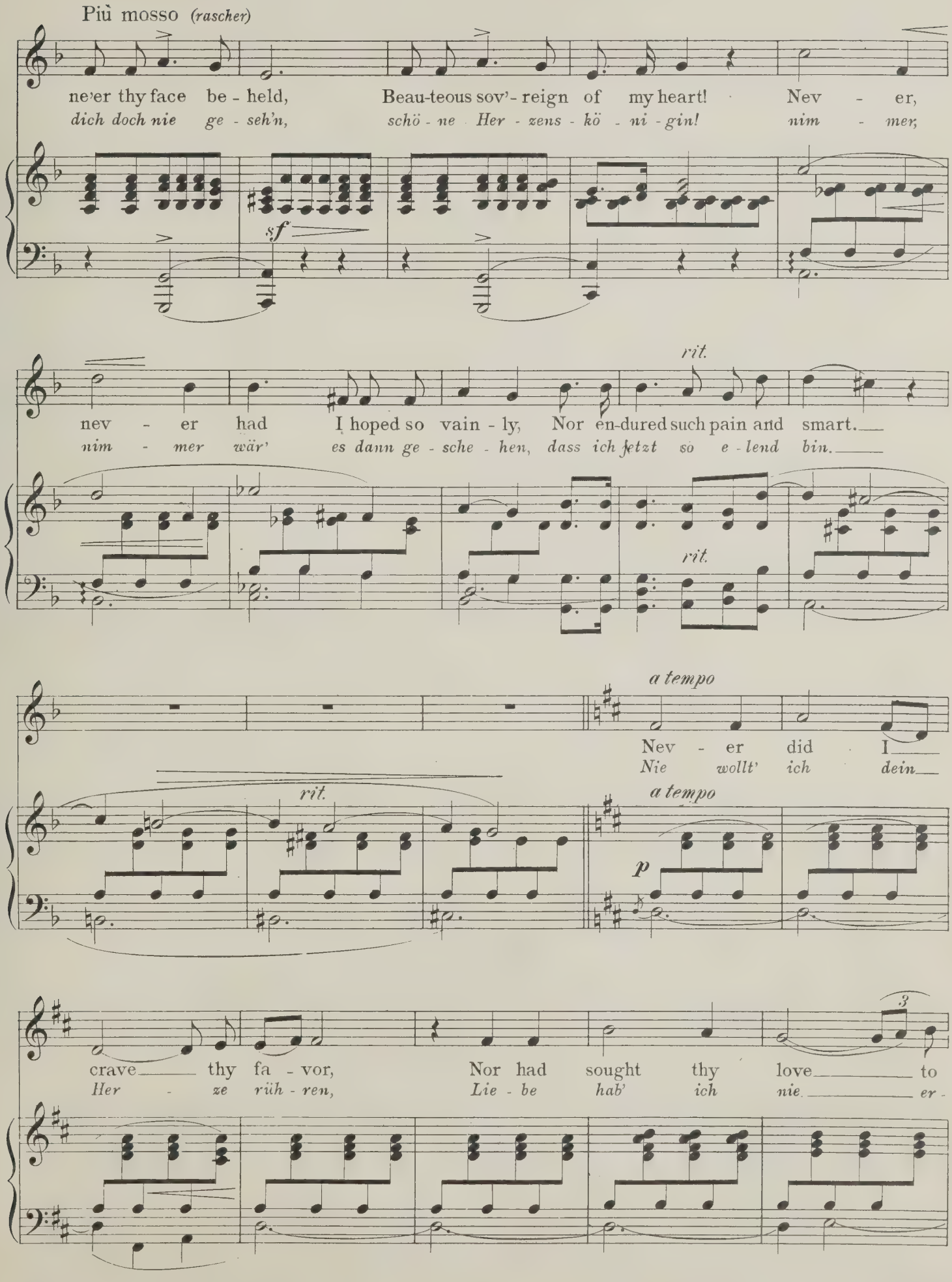
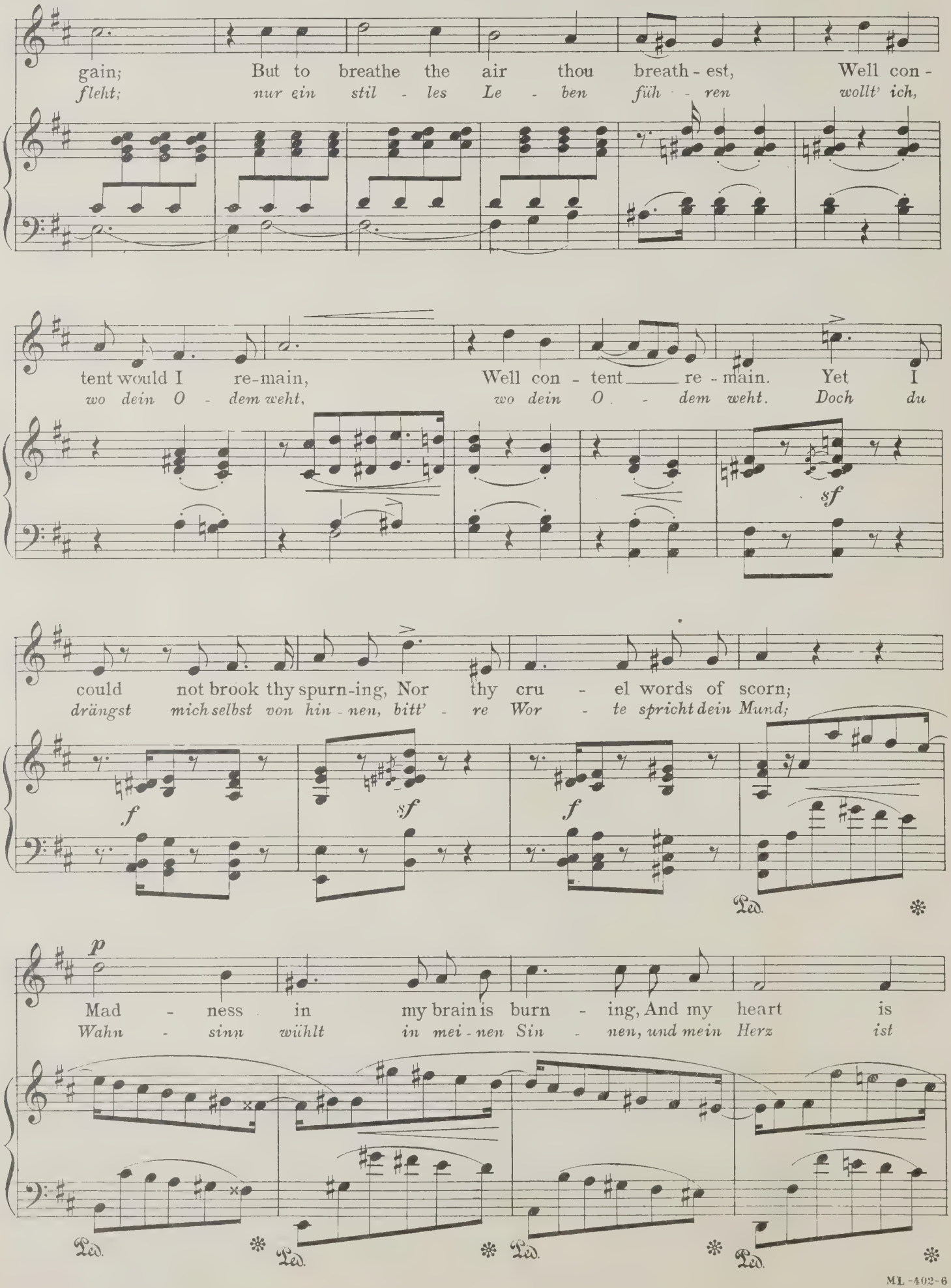
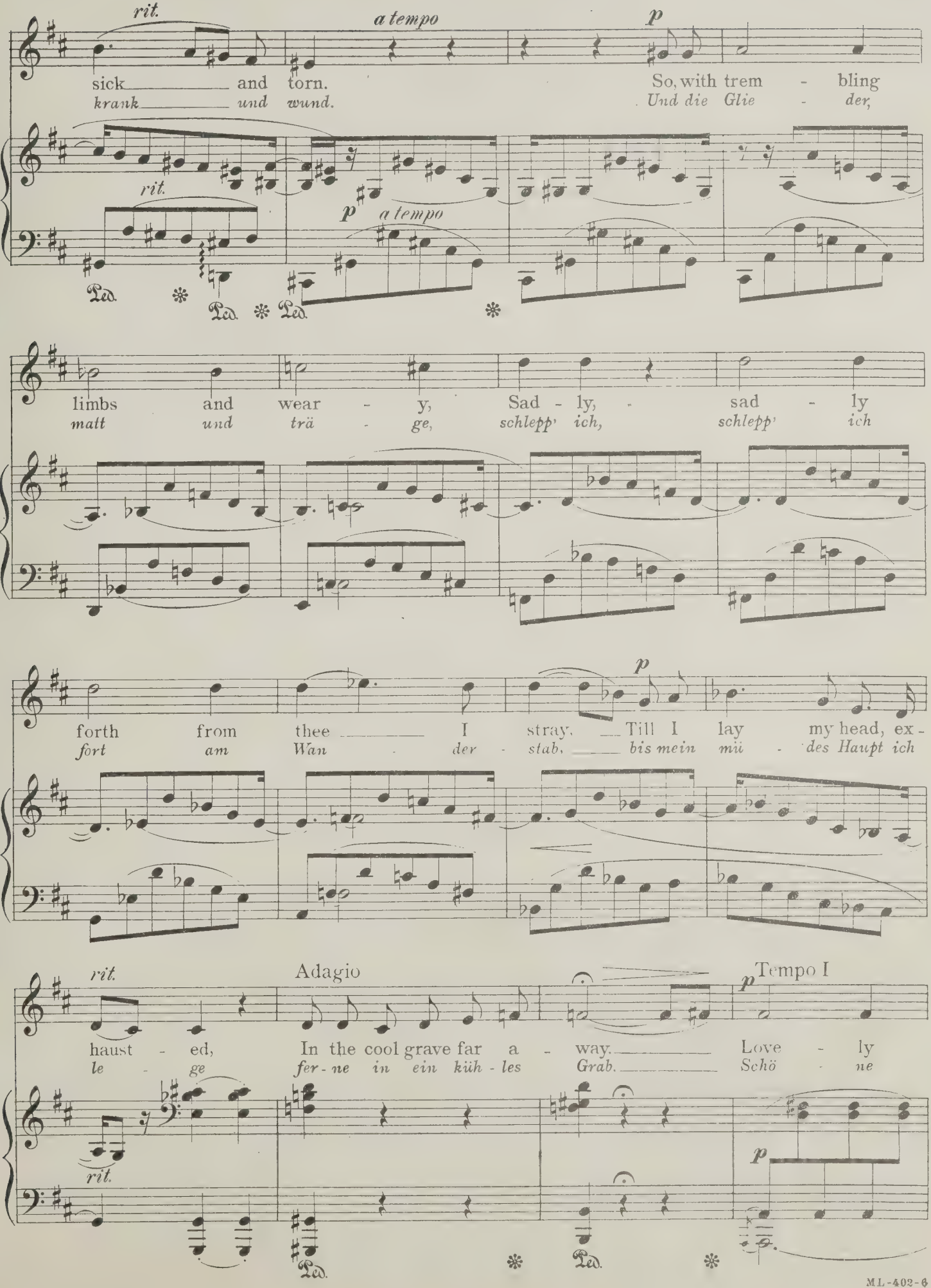
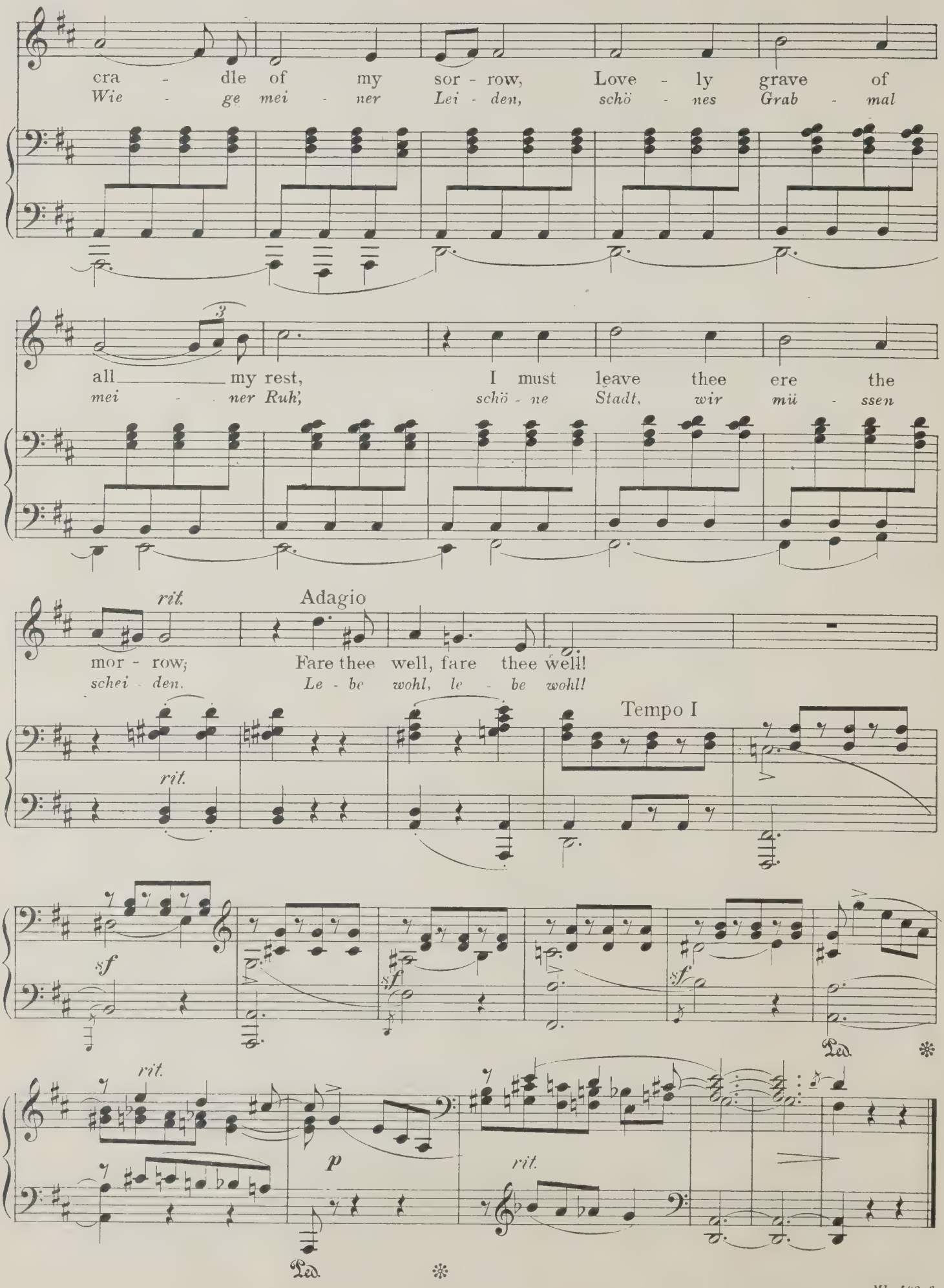

a tempo
well, fare thee well!
wohl, le - be wohl!
a tempo
p
p
Fare thee well, O
Le - be wohl, du
thresh - old low - ly,
heil' - ge Schwel-le,
Trod-den by my dear one's
wo da wan - delt Lieb - chen
3
feet,
traut,
Fare thee well, O spot so ho - ly,
le - be wohl, du heil' - ge Stel - le,
Where my
wo ich
rit.
mf
love I first did meet.
sie zu - erst ge - schaut!
Fare thee well, fare thee well!
Le - be wohl, le - be wohl!
Had I
Hätt' ich
rit.
sf


Più mosso (rascher)
ne'er thy face be - held, Beau-teous sov'- reign of my heart! Nev - er,
dich doch nie ge - seh'n, schö - ne Her - zens - kö - ni - gin! nim - mer,
sf
nev - er had I hoped so vain - ly, Nor en-dured such pain and smart.
nim - mer wär' es dann ge - sche - hen, dass ich jetzt so e - lend bin.
rit.
rit.
a tempo
Nev - er did I
Nie wollt' ich dein
rit.
a tempo
p
crave thy fa - vor, Nor had sought thy love to
Her - ze rüh - ren, Lie - be hab' ich nie er -
3

gain; But to breathe the air thou breath - est, Well con -
fleht; nur ein stil - les Le - ben füh - ren wollt' ich,
tent would I re-main, Well con - tent re - main. Yet I
wo dein O - dem weht, wo dein O - dem weht. Doch du
could not brook thy spurn-ing, Nor thy cru - el words of scorn;
drängst mich selbst von hin - nen, bitt' - re Wor - te spricht dein Mund;
Mad - ness in my brain is burn - ing, And my heart is
Wahn - sinn wühlt in mei - nen Sin - nen, und mein Herz ist
sf
f
sf
f
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

rit.
a tempo
p
sick and torn.
krank und wund.
So, with trem - bling
Und die Glie - der,
rit.
p a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
limbs and wear - y, Sad - ly, sad - ly
matt und trä - ge, schlepp' ich, schlepp' ich
p
forth from thee I stray. Till I lay my head, ex -
fort am Wan - der - stab, bis mein müi - des Haupt ich
rit.
Adagio
p Tempo I
haust - ed, In the cool grave far a - way. Love - ly
le - ge fer - ne in ein küh - les Grab. Schö - ne
rit.
p
Ped. * Ped. *


cra - dle of my sor - row, Love - ly grave of
Wie - ge mei - ner Lei - den, schö - nes Grab - mal
all my rest, I must leave thee ere the
mei - ner Ruh', schö - ne Stadt, wir mü - ssen
rit.
Adagio
mor - row; Fare thee well, fare thee well!
schei - den. Le - be wohl, le - be wohl!
Tempo I
rit.
sf
sf
sf
Ped.
rit.
p
rit.
Ped.

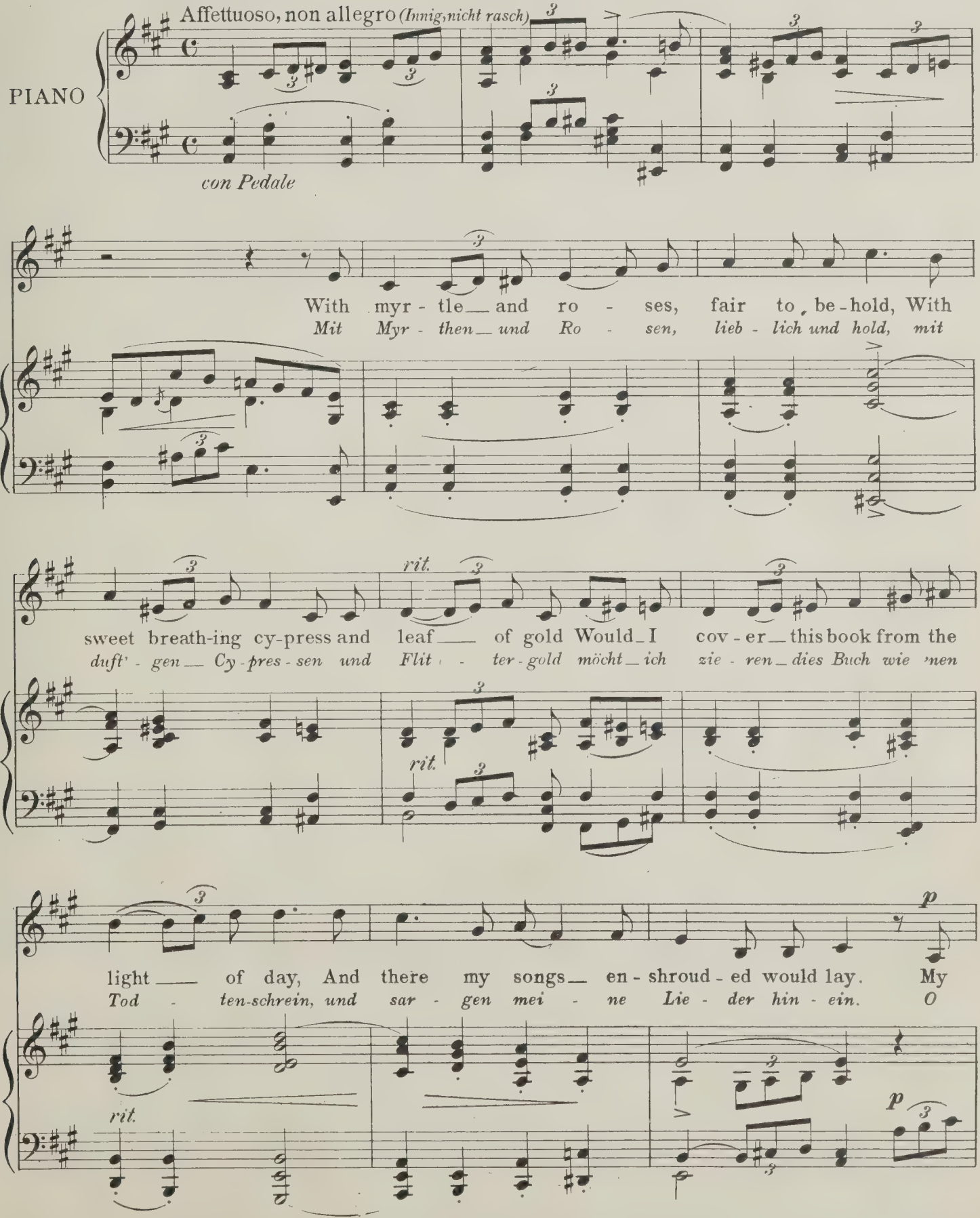
WITH MYRTLE AND ROSES
(MIT MYRTHEN UND ROSEN)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, D)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 24, No. 9



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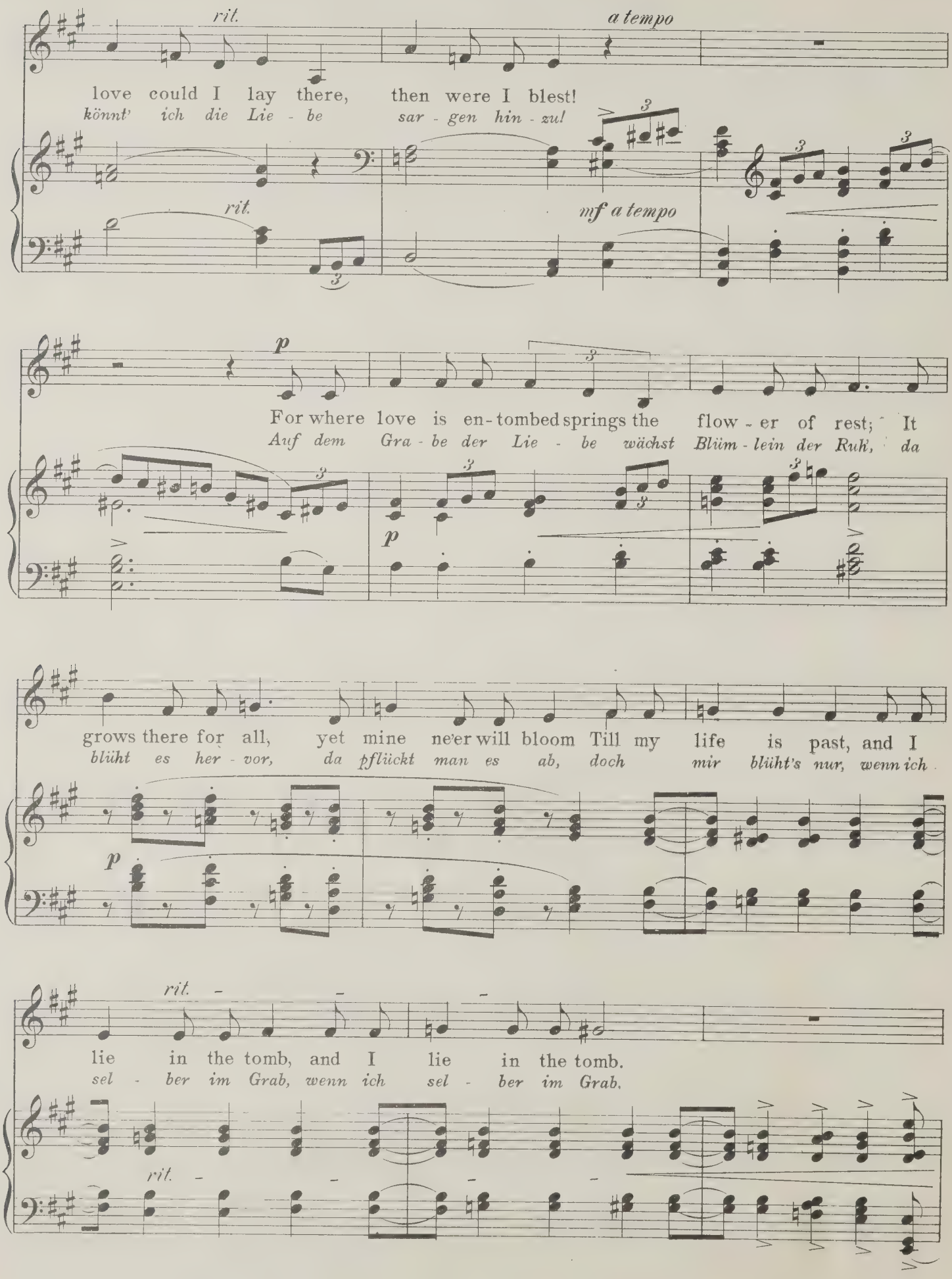
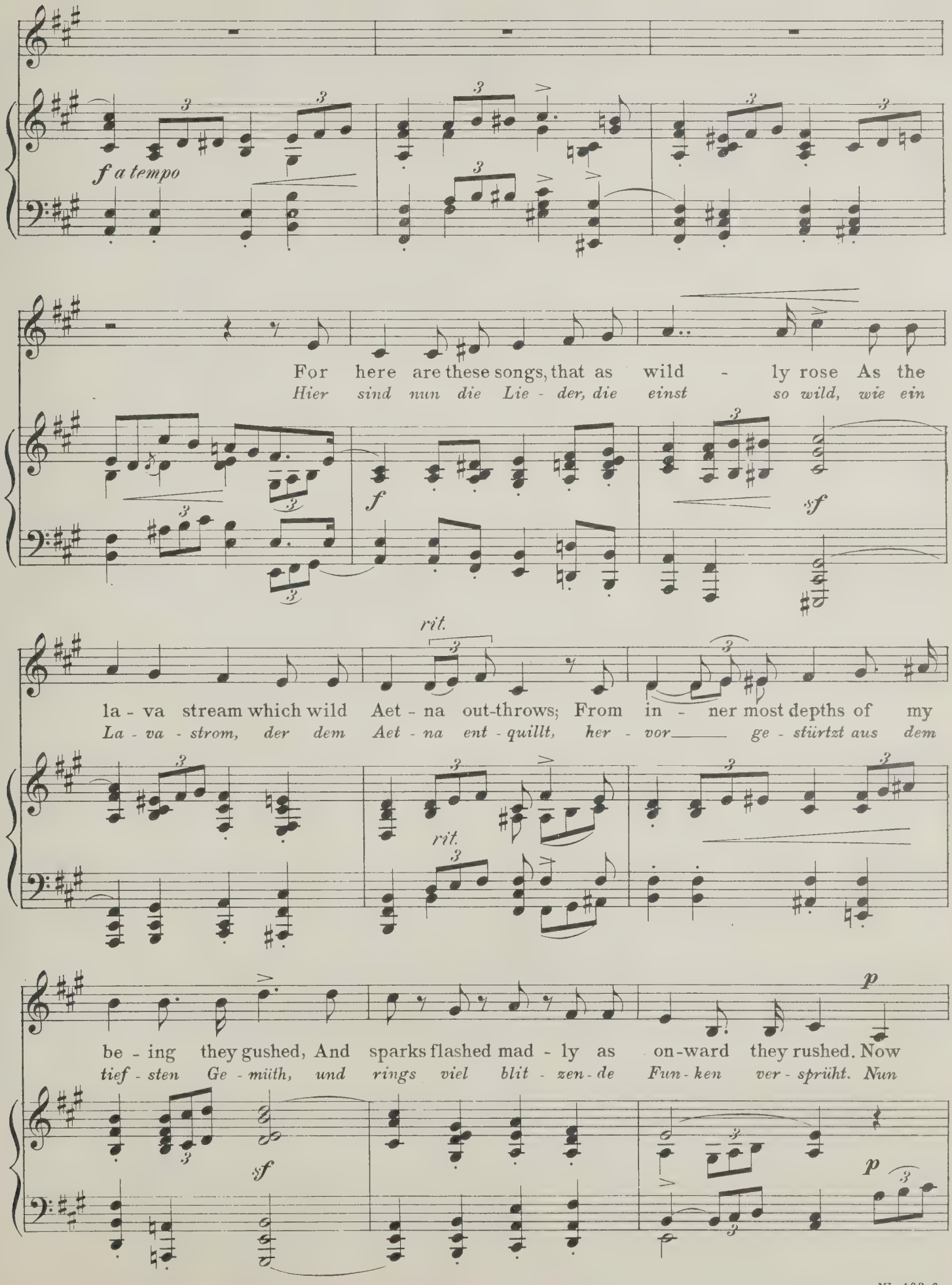
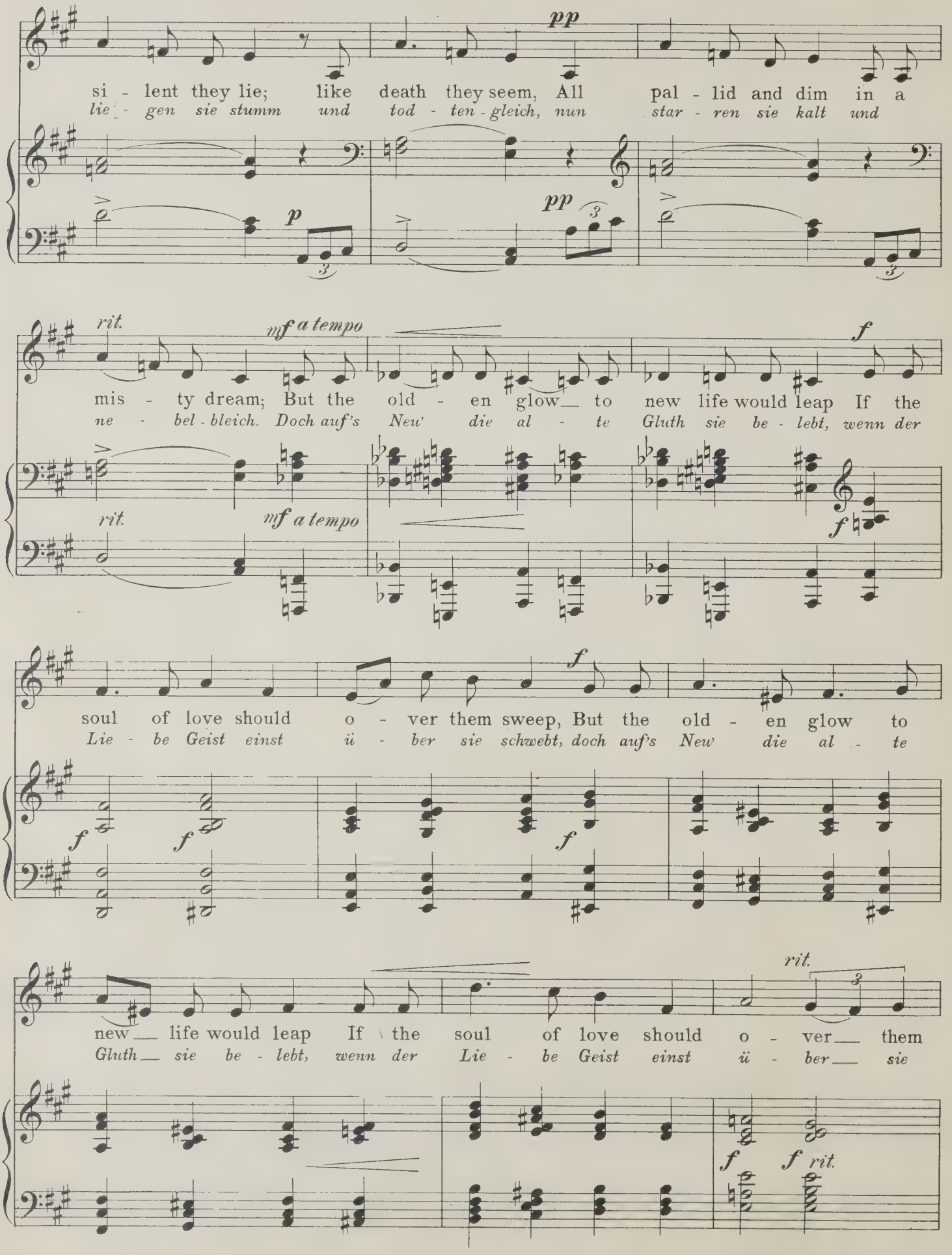
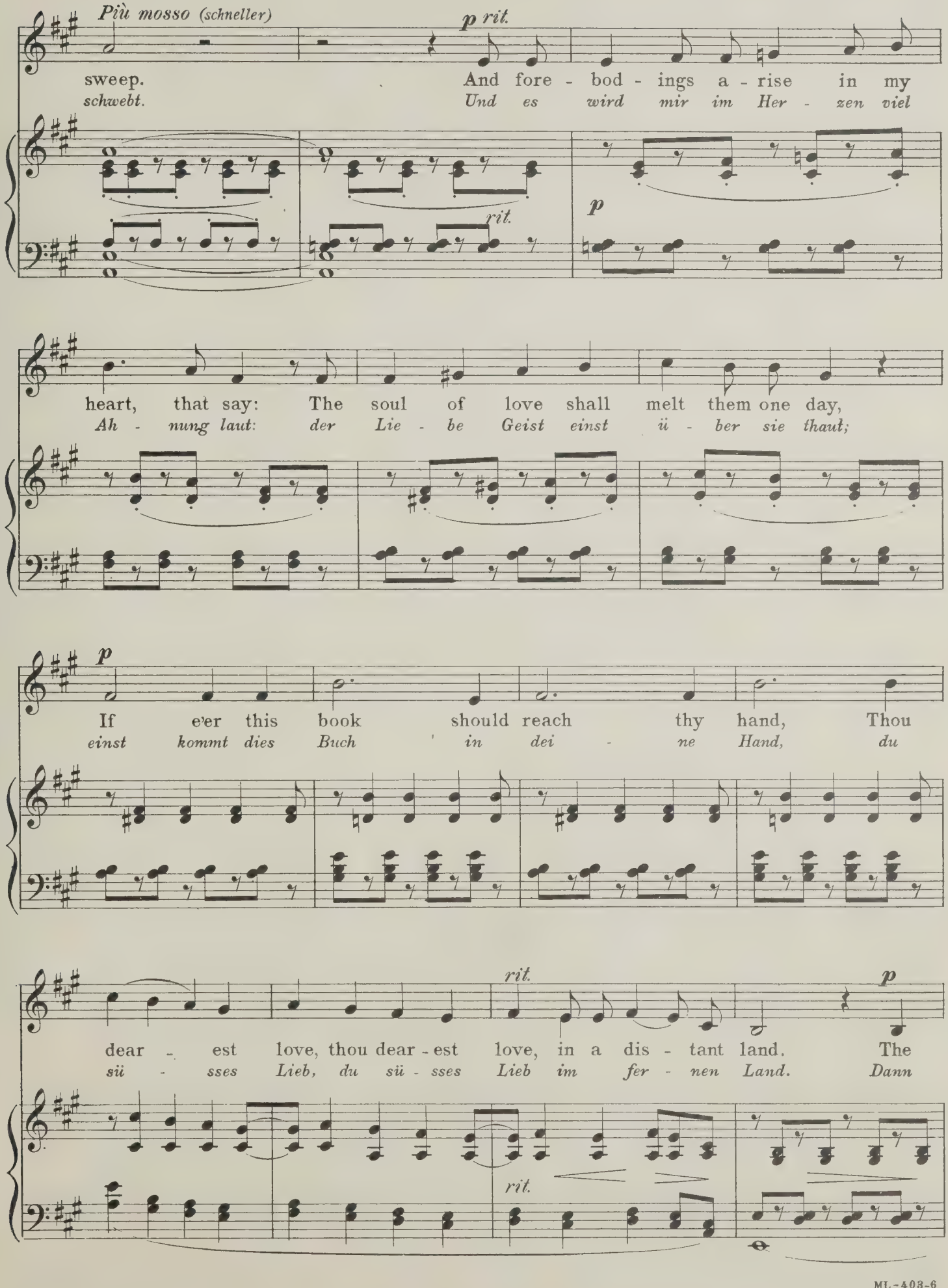
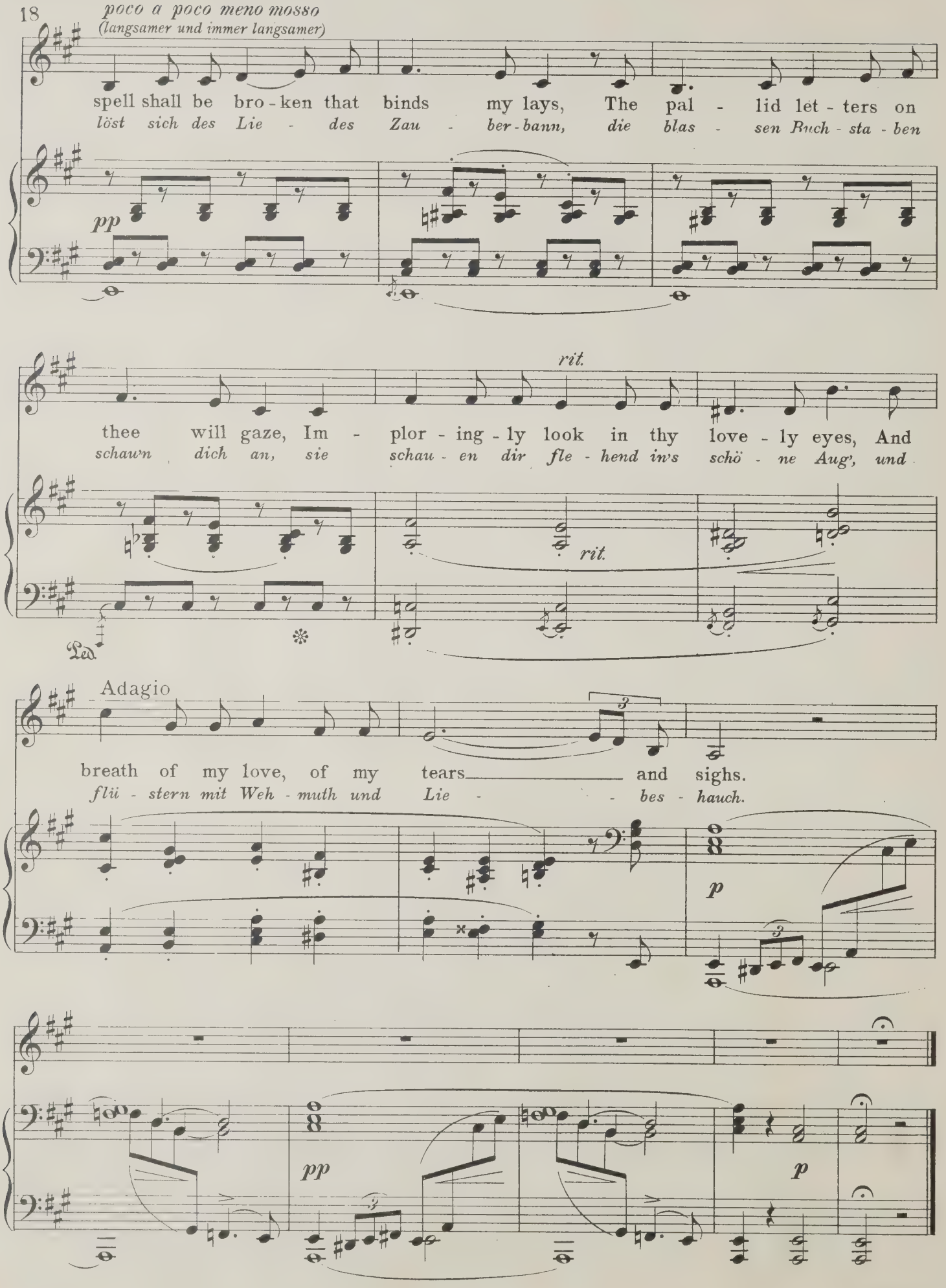

rit.
a tempo
love could I lay there, then were I blest!
könnt' ich die Lie - be sar - gen hin - zu!
rit.
mf a tempo
p
For where love is en - tombed springs the flow - er of rest; It
Auf dem Gra - be der Lie - be wächst Blüm - lein der Ruh', da
p
grows there for all, yet mine ne'er will bloom Till my life is past, and I
blüht es her - vor, da pflückt man es ab, doch mir blüht's nur, wenn ich
p
rit.
lie in the tomb, and I lie in the tomb.
sel - ber im Grab, wenn ich sel - ber im Grab.
rit.


f a tempo
For here are these songs, that as wild - ly rose As the
Hier sind nun die Lie - der, die einst so wild, wie ein
f
sf
rit.
la - va stream which wild Aet - na out-throws; From in - ner most depths of my
La - va - strom, der dem Aet - na ent - quillt, her - vor ge - stürtzt aus dem
rit.
p
be - ing they gushed, And sparks flashed mad - ly as on-ward they rushed. Now
tief - sten Ge - müth, und rings viel blit - zen - de Fun - ken ver - sprüht. Nun
sf
p


pp
si - lent they lie; like death they seem, All pal - lid and dim in a
lie - gen sie stumm und tod - ten - gleich, nun star - ren sie kalt und
p
pp
rit.
mf a tempo
f
mis - ty dream; But the old - en glow to new life would leap If the
ne - bel - bleich. Doch auf's New' die al - te Gluth sie be - lebt, wenn der
rit.
mf a tempo
f
soul of love should o - ver them sweep, But the old - en glow to
Lie - be Geist einst ü - ber sie schwebt, doch auf's New die al - te
f
f
f
f
rit.
new life would leap If the soul of love should o - ver them
Gluth sie be - lebt, wenn der Lie - be Geist einst ü - ber sie
f
f rit.

Più mosso (schneller)
p rit.
sweep.
schwebt.
And fore - bod - ings a - rise in my
Und es wird mir im Her - zen viel
rit.
p
heart, that say: The soul of love shall melt them one day,
Ah - nung laut: der Lie - be Geist einst ü - ber sie thaut;
p
If e'er this book should reach thy hand, Thou
einst kommt dies Buch in dei - ne Hand, du
rit.
p
dear - est love, thou dear - est love, in a dis - tant land. The
sü - sses Lieb, du sü - sses Lieb im fer - nen Land. Dann
rit.

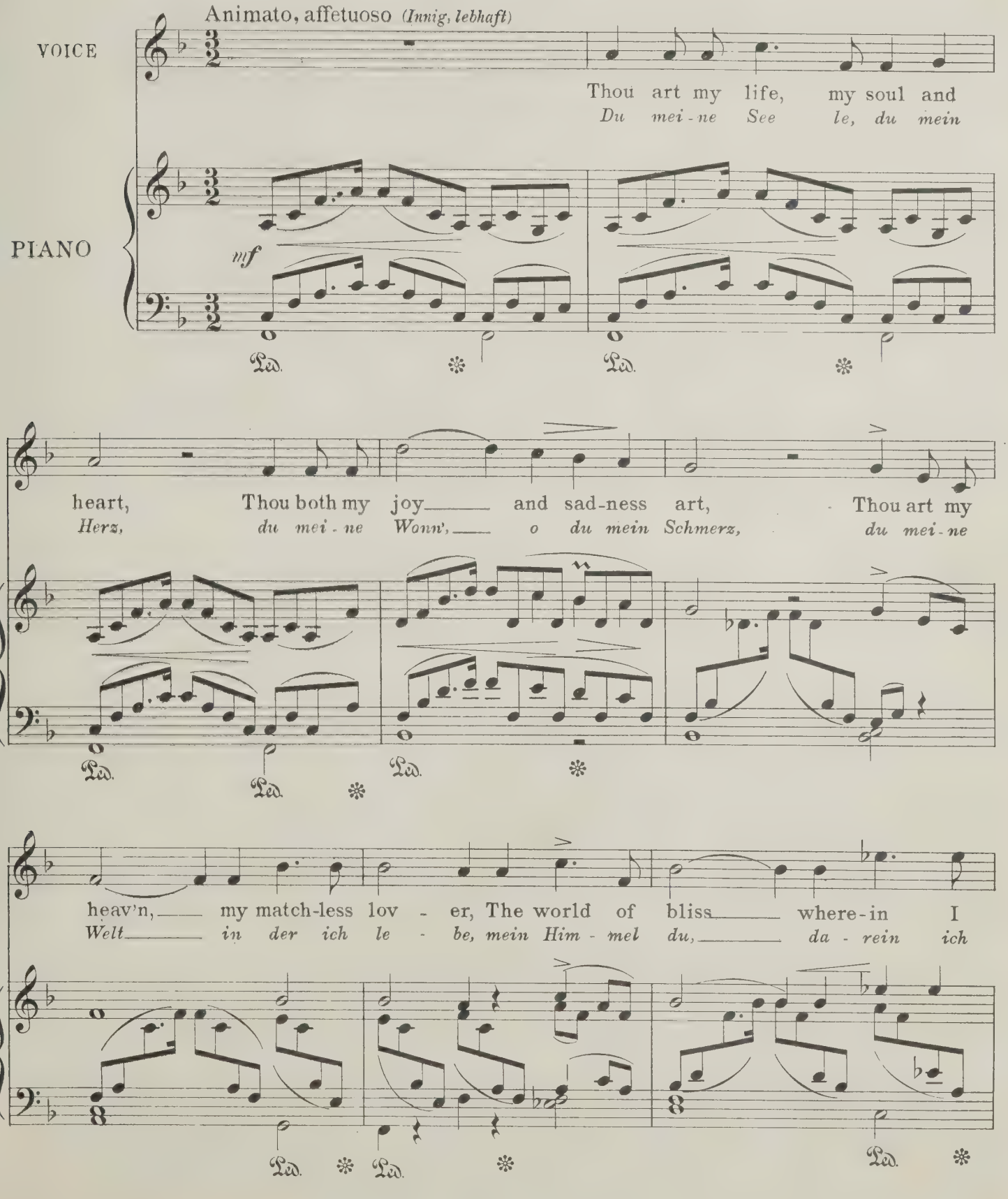

poco a poco meno mosso
(langsamer und immer langsamer)
spell shall be bro-ken that binds my lays, The pal - lid let - ters on
löst sich des Lie - des Zau - ber-bann, die blas - sen Buch - sta - ben
pp
rit.
thee will gaze, Im - plor - ing - ly look in thy love - ly eyes, And
schaun dich an, sie schau - en dir fle - hend ins schö - ne Aug', und
rit.
Ped.
Adagio
breath of my love, of my tears and sighs.
flüi - stern mit Weh - muth und Lie - bes - hauch.
p
pp
p

DEDICATION
(WIDMUNG)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, Ab)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866)
Translated by Alexander Blaess

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No. 1
"Myrtles" *(Myrthen)*

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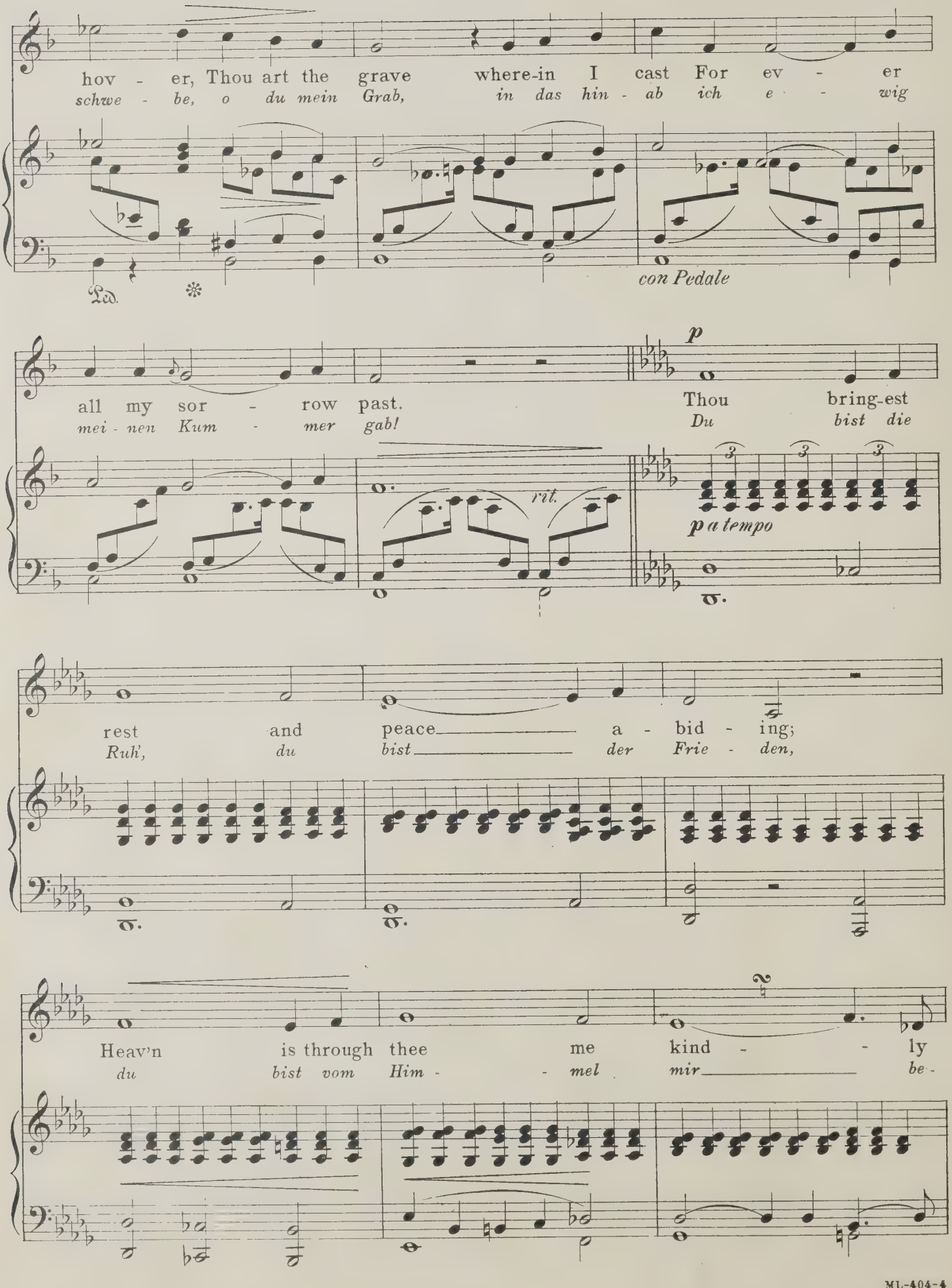
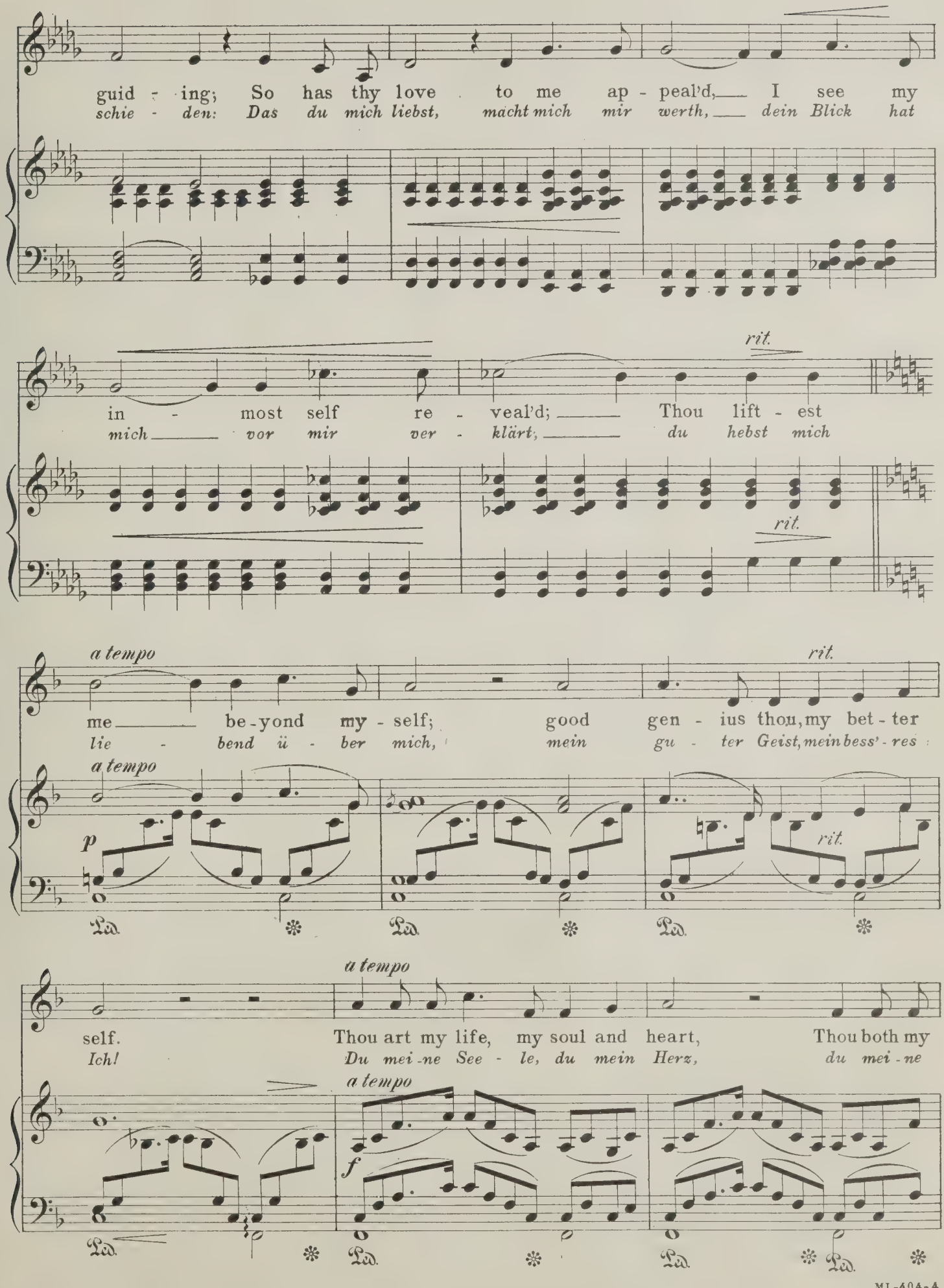
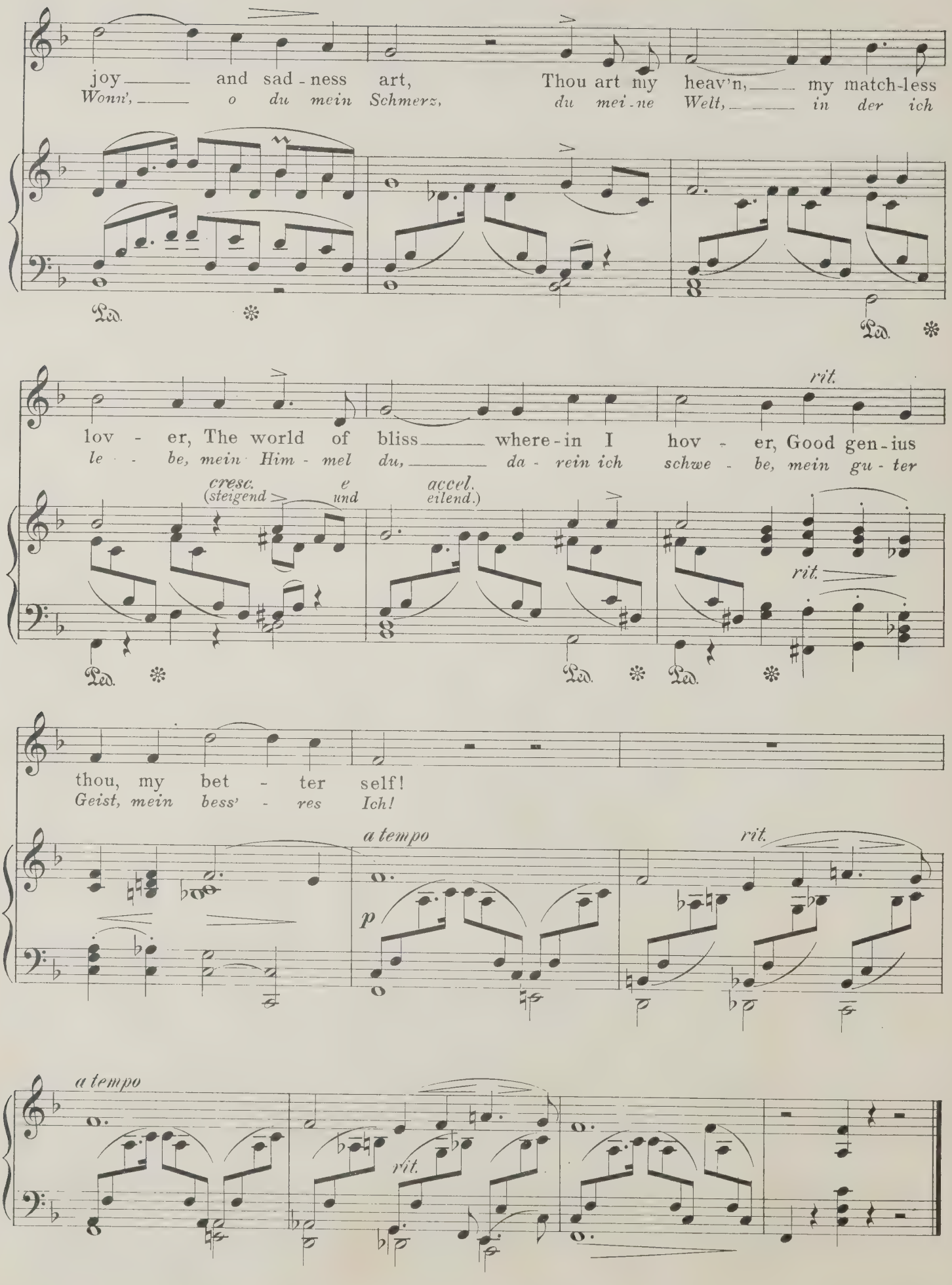

hov - er, Thou art the grave where-in I cast For ev - er
schwe - be, o du mein Grab, in das hin - ab ich e - wig
con Pedale
all my sor - row past.
mei - nen Kum - mer gab!
Thou bring-est
Du bist die
rit.
p a tempo
rest and peace a - bid - ing;
Ruh', du bist der Frie - den,
Heav'n is through thee me kind - ly
du bist vom Him - mel mir be -

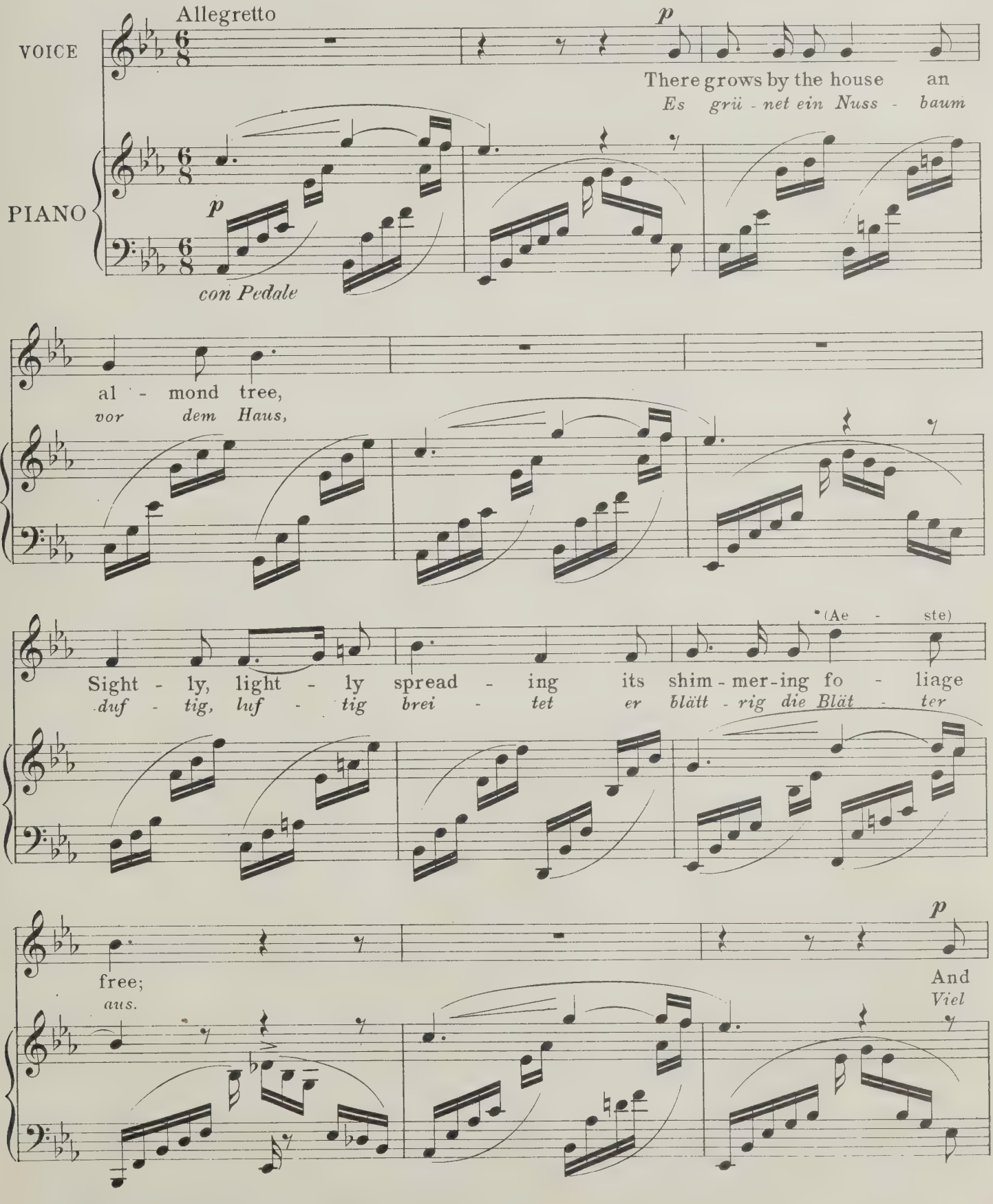

guid - ing; So has thy love to me ap - peal'd, I see my
schie - den: Das du mich liebst, macht mich mir werth, dein Blick hat
rit.
in - most self re - veal'd; Thou lift - est
mich vor mir ver - klärt, du hebst mich
rit.
a tempo
rit.
me be-yond my - self; good gen - ius thou, my bet - ter
lie - bend ü - ber mich, mein gu - ter Geist, mein bess' - res
a tempo
p
rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
a tempo
self. Thou art my life, my soul and heart, Thou both my
Ich! Du mei-ne See - le, du mein Herz, du mei - ne
a tempo
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

joy and sad-ness art, Thou art my heav'n, my match-less
Wonn', o du mein Schmerz, du mei-ne Welt, in der ich
Ped. Ped.
lov - er, The world of bliss where-in I hov - er, Good gen-ius
le - be, mein Him - mel du, da - rein ich schwe - be, mein gu - ter
cresc. (steigend) e und
accel. eilend.)
rit.
rit.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
thou, my bet - ter self!
Geist, mein bess' - res Ich!
a tempo
p
rit.
a tempo
rit.

THE ALMOND TREE
(DER NUSSBAUM)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, G)

JULIUS MOSEN (1720-1794)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No 3
"Myrtles" *(Myrthen)*

*) Schumann wrote "Blätter," the original poem reads "Aeste."

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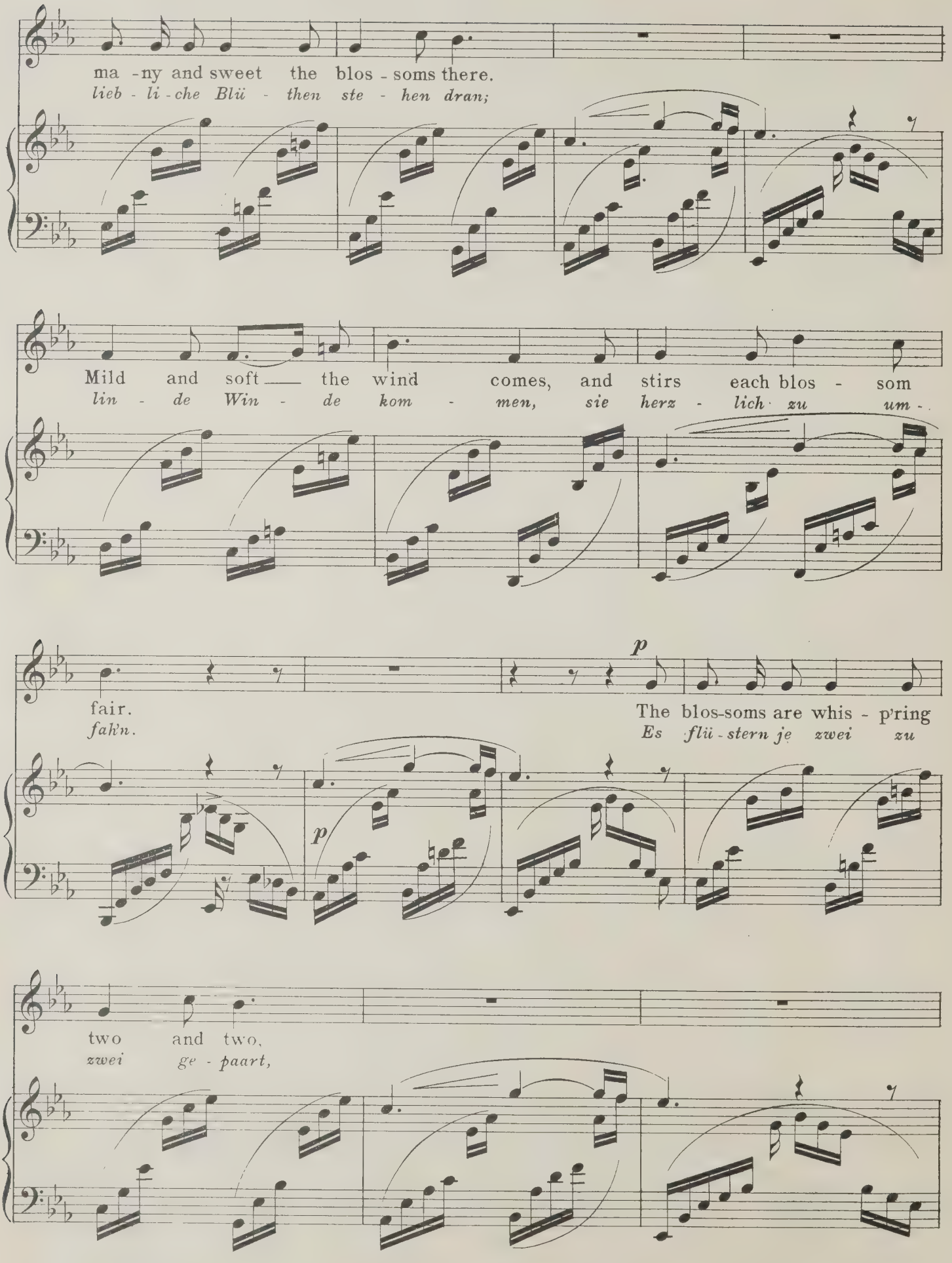
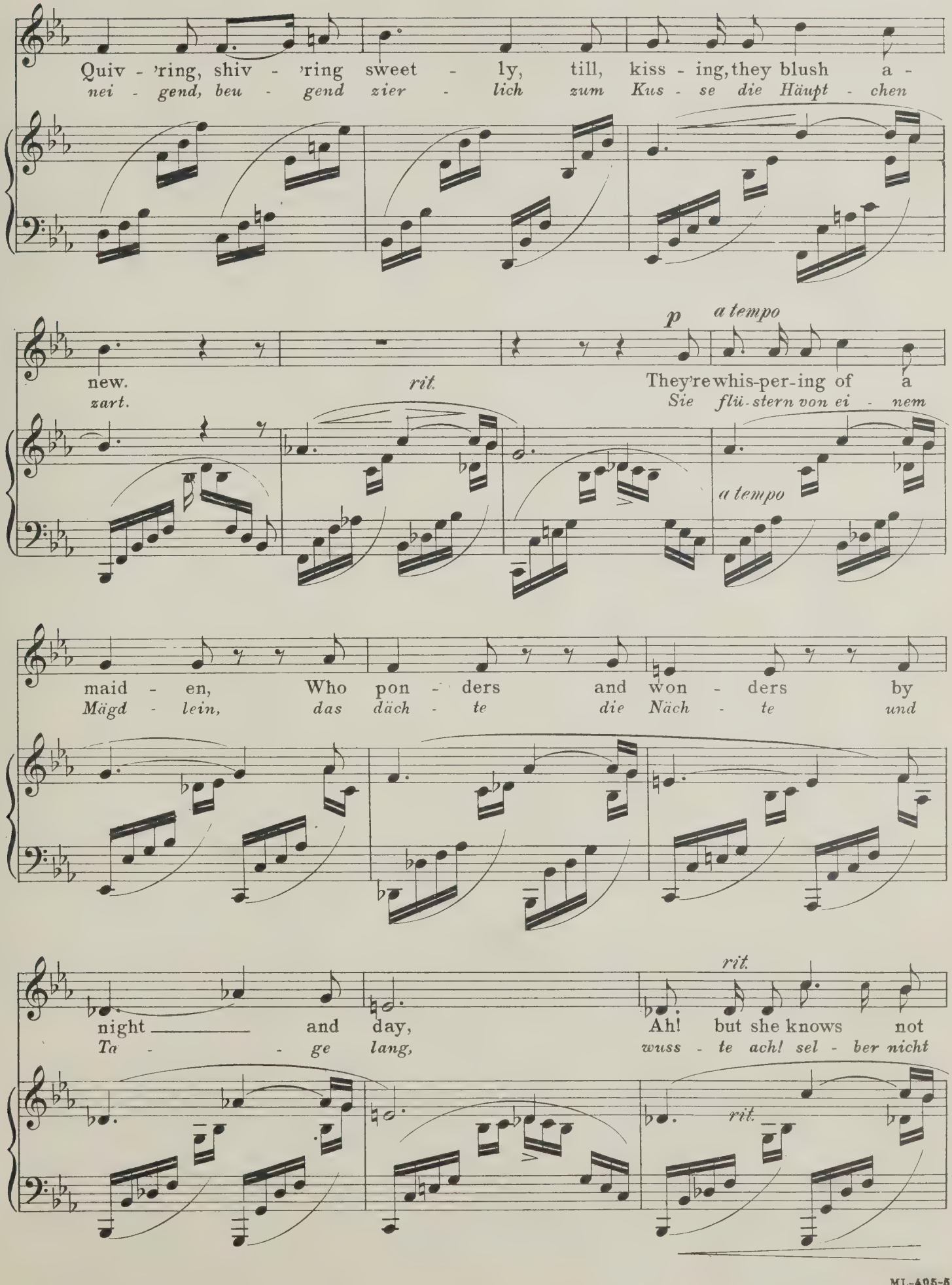
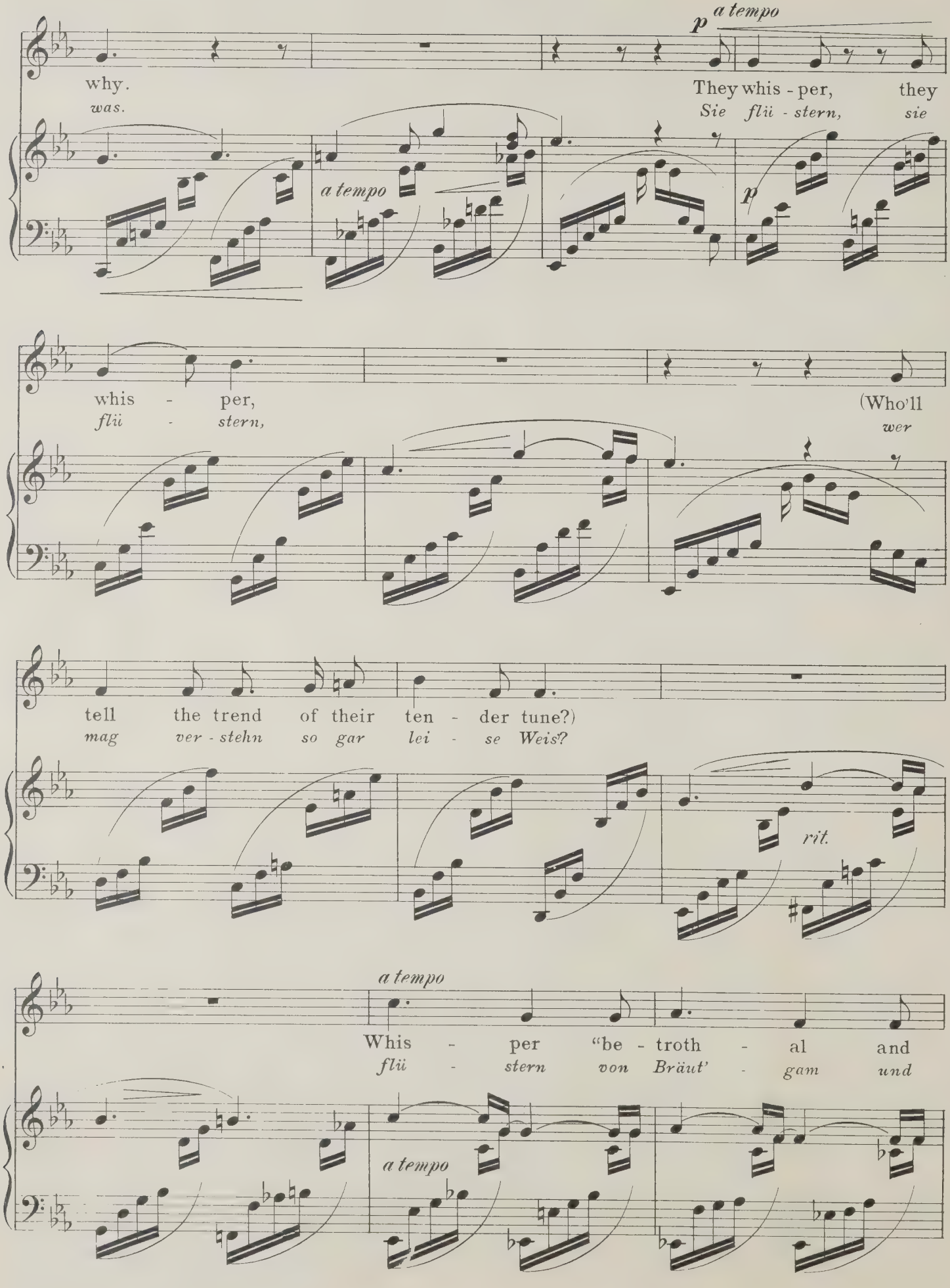
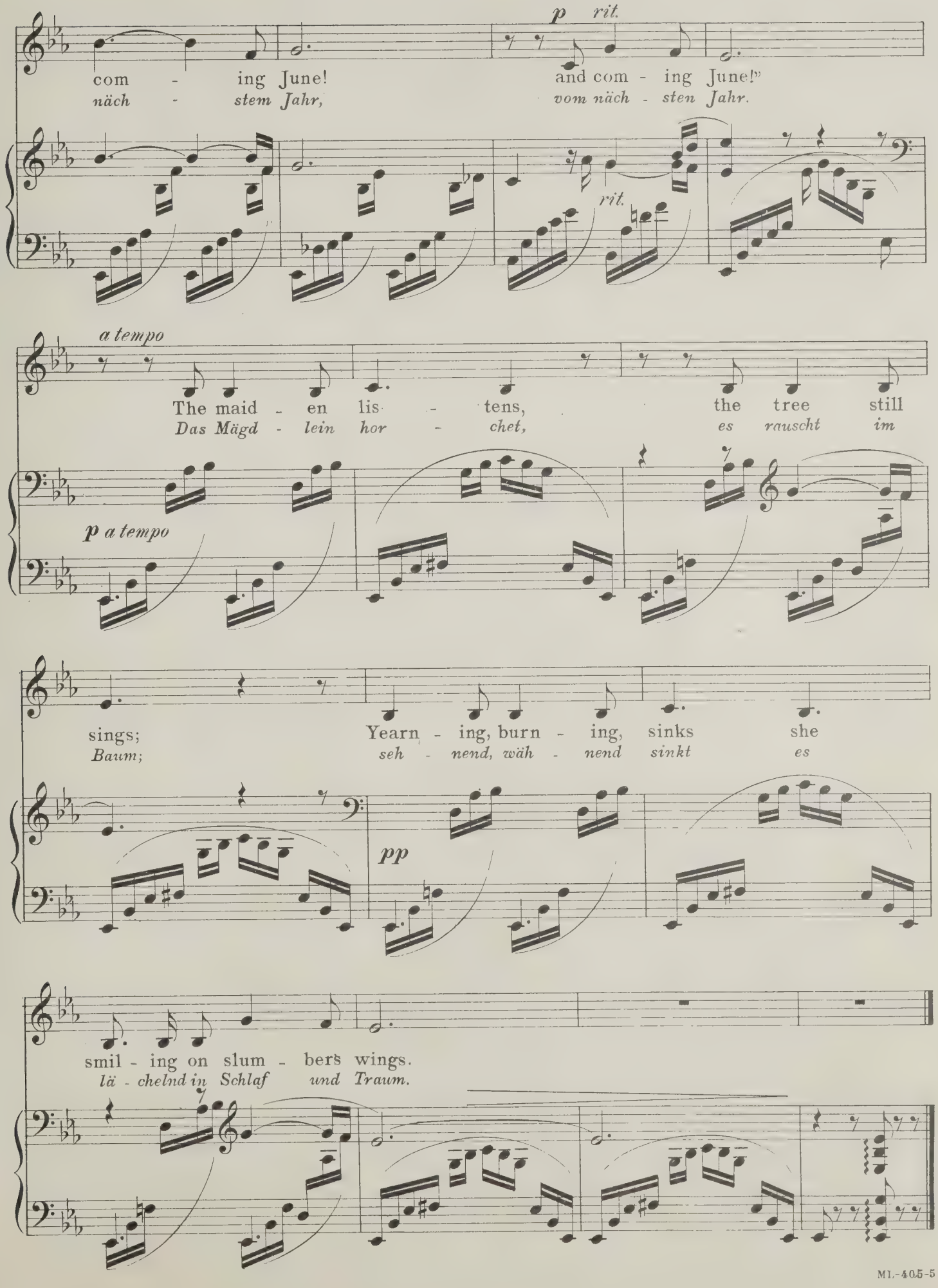

ma - ny and sweet the blos - soms there.
lieb - li - che Blü - then ste - hen dran;
Mild and soft the wind comes, and stirs each blos - som
lin - de Win - de kom - men, sie herz - lich zu um -
fair.
fah'n.
p
The blos-soms are whis - p'ring
Es flü - stern je zwei zu
p
two and two,
zwei ge - paart,

Quiv - 'ring, shiv - 'ring sweet - ly, till, kiss - ing, they blush a -
nei - gend, beu - gend zier - lich zum Kus - se die Häupt - chen
new.
zart.
rit.
p
a tempo
They're whis-per-ing of a
Sie flü-stern von ei - nem
a tempo
maid - en, Who pon - ders and won - ders by
Mägd - lein, das däch - te die Näch - te und
night ___ and day,
Ta - - ge lang,
rit.
Ah! but she knows not
wuss - te ach! sel - ber nicht
rit.

p a tempo
why.
was.
a tempo
They whis - per, they
Sie flii - stern, sie
p
whis - per,
flii - stern,
(Who'll
wer
tell the trend of their ten - der tune?)
mag ver - stehn so gar lei - se Weis?
rit.
a tempo
Whis - per "be - troth - al and
flii - stern von Bräut' - gam und
a tempo

p rit.
com - ing June!
näch - stem Jahr,
and com - ing June!"
vom näch - sten Jahr.
rit.
a tempo
The maid - en lis - tens,
Das Mägd - lein hor - chet,
the tree still
es rauscht im
p a tempo
sings;
Baum;
Yearn - ing, burn - ing, sinks she
seh - nend, wäh - nend sinkt es
pp
smil - ing on slum - ber's wings.
lä - chelnd in Schlaf und Traum.

THE LOTUS FLOWER
(DIE LOTOSBLUME)

(Composed in 1840)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, F)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No. 7
"Myrtles" *(Myrthen)*

Larghetto *(Ziemlich langsam)*

VOICE

PIANO

p

The Lo - tus flow'r doth lan - guish
Die Lo - tos - blu - me äng - stigt

Un - der the sun's fierce light; With droop - ing head she
sich vor der Son - ne Pracht, und mit ge - senk - tem

wait - eth, She dream - i - ly waits for the night. The
Haup - te er - war - tet sie träu - mend die Nacht. Der

moon is her true lov - er, He wakes her with fond em -
Mond, der ist ihr Buh - le, er weckt sie mit sei - nem

pp

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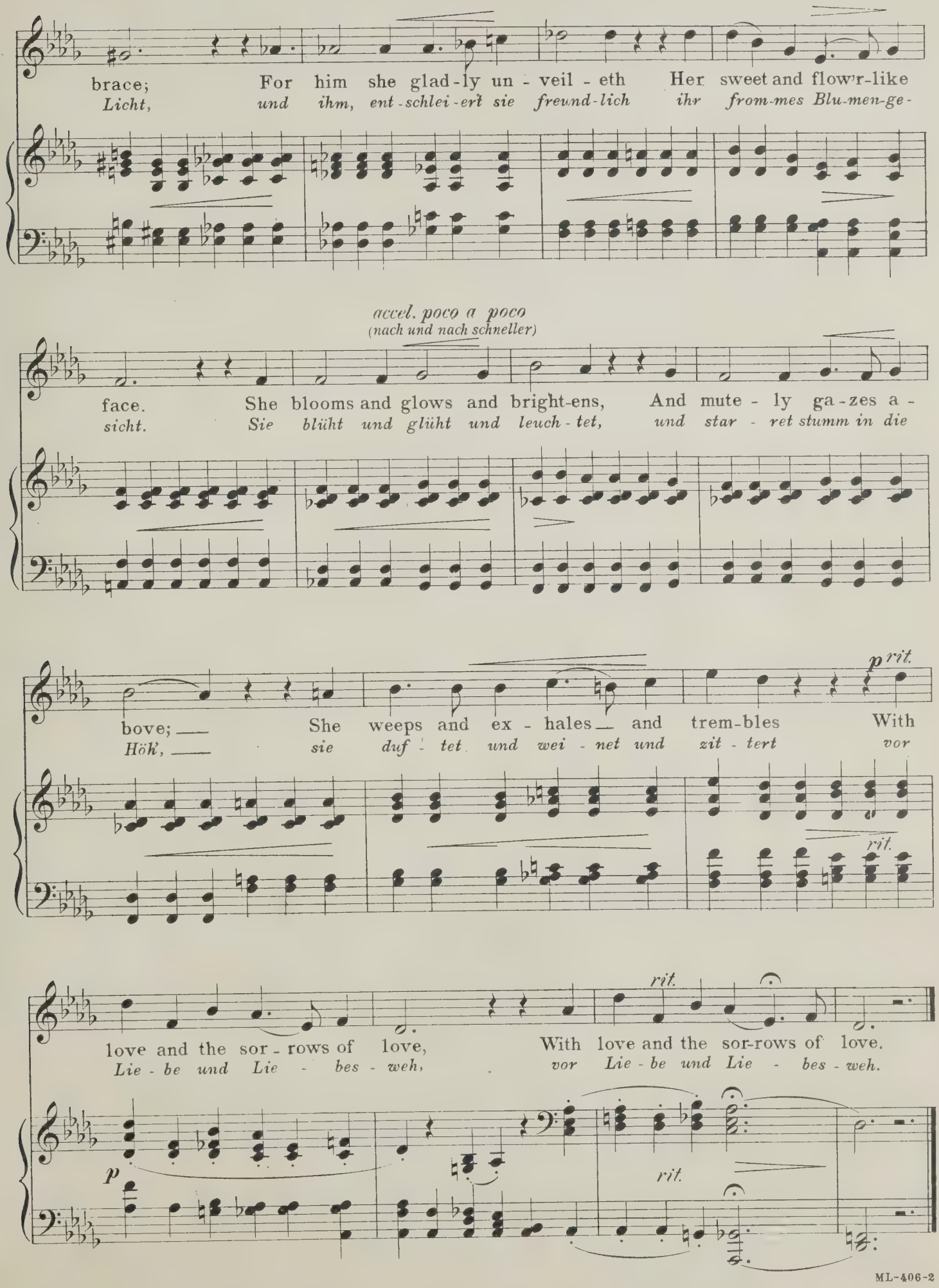
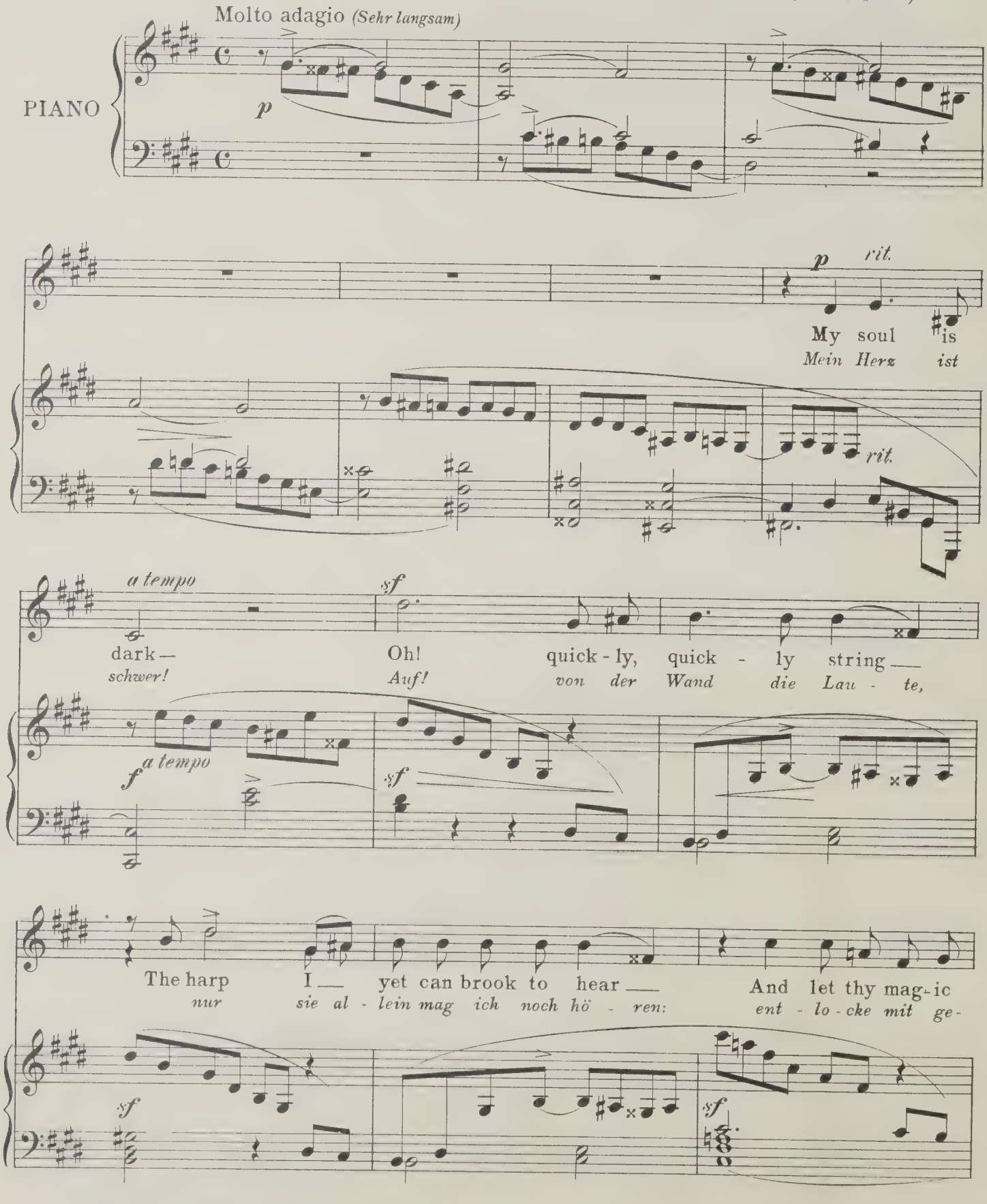
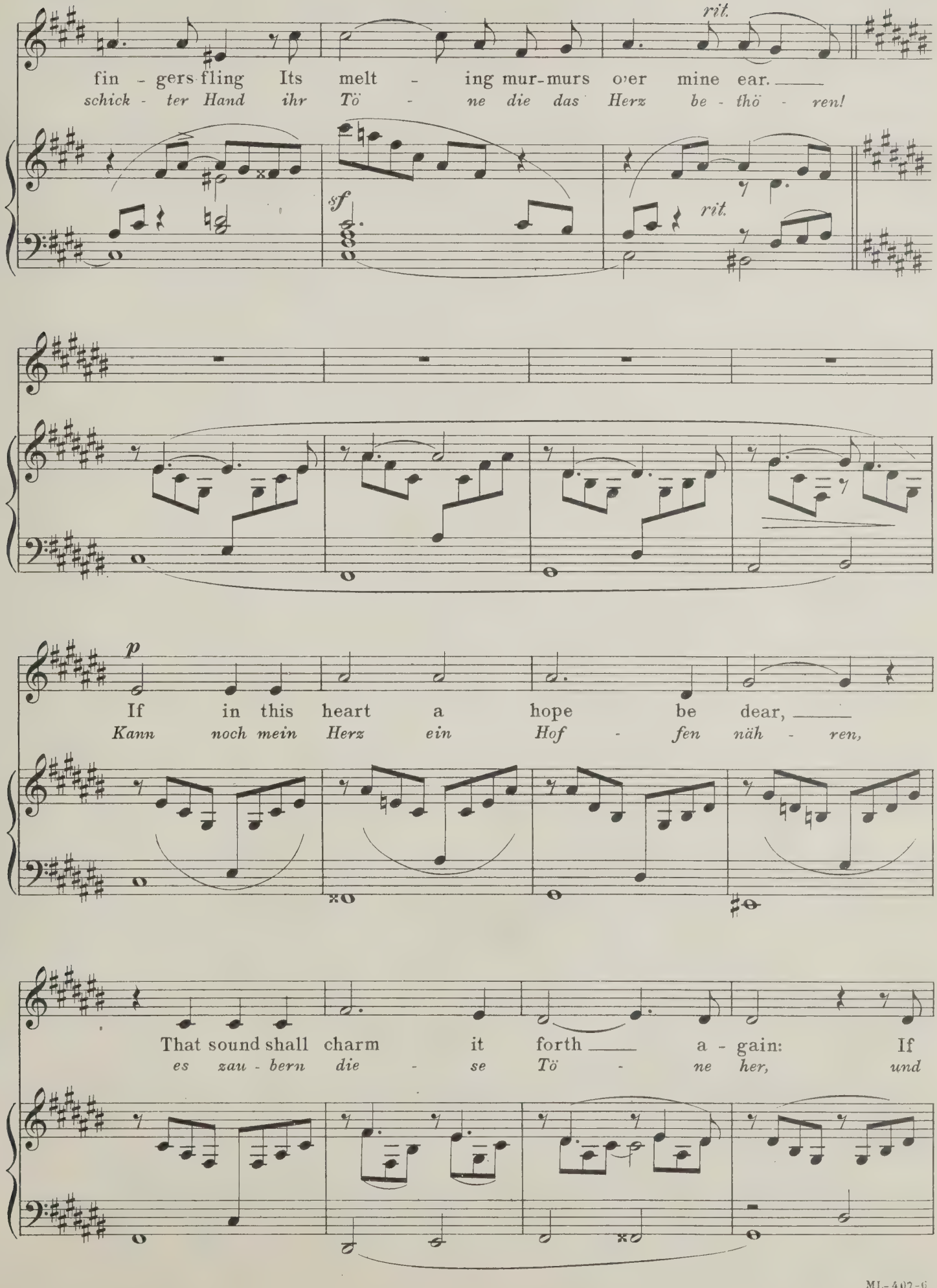

brace; For him she glad-ly un-veil-eth Her sweet and flow'r-like
Licht, und ihm, ent-schlei-ert sie freund-lich ihr from-mes Blu-men-ge-
accel. poco a poco
(nach und nach schneller)
face. She blooms and glows and bright-ens, And mute-ly ga-zes a-
sicht. Sie blüht und glüht und leuch-tet, und star-ret stumm in die
bove; She weeps and ex-hales and trem-bles With
Höh', sie duf-tet und wei-net und zit-tert vor
p rit.
rit.
love and the sor-rows of love, With love and the sor-rows of love.
Lie-be und Lie-bes-weh, vor Lie-be und Lie-bes-weh.
rit.
p
rit.

MY SOUL IS DARK
(MEIN HERZ IST SCHWER)

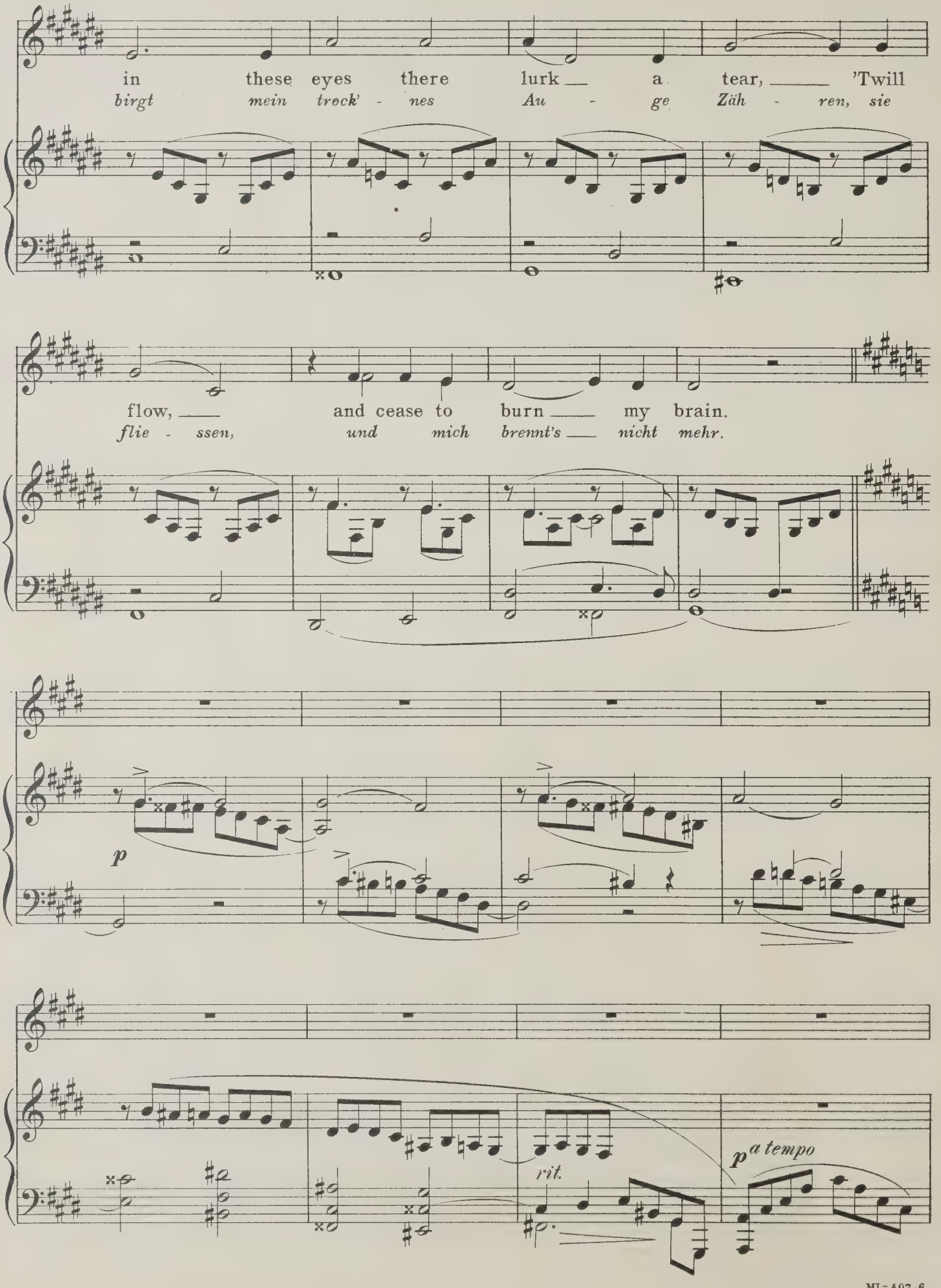
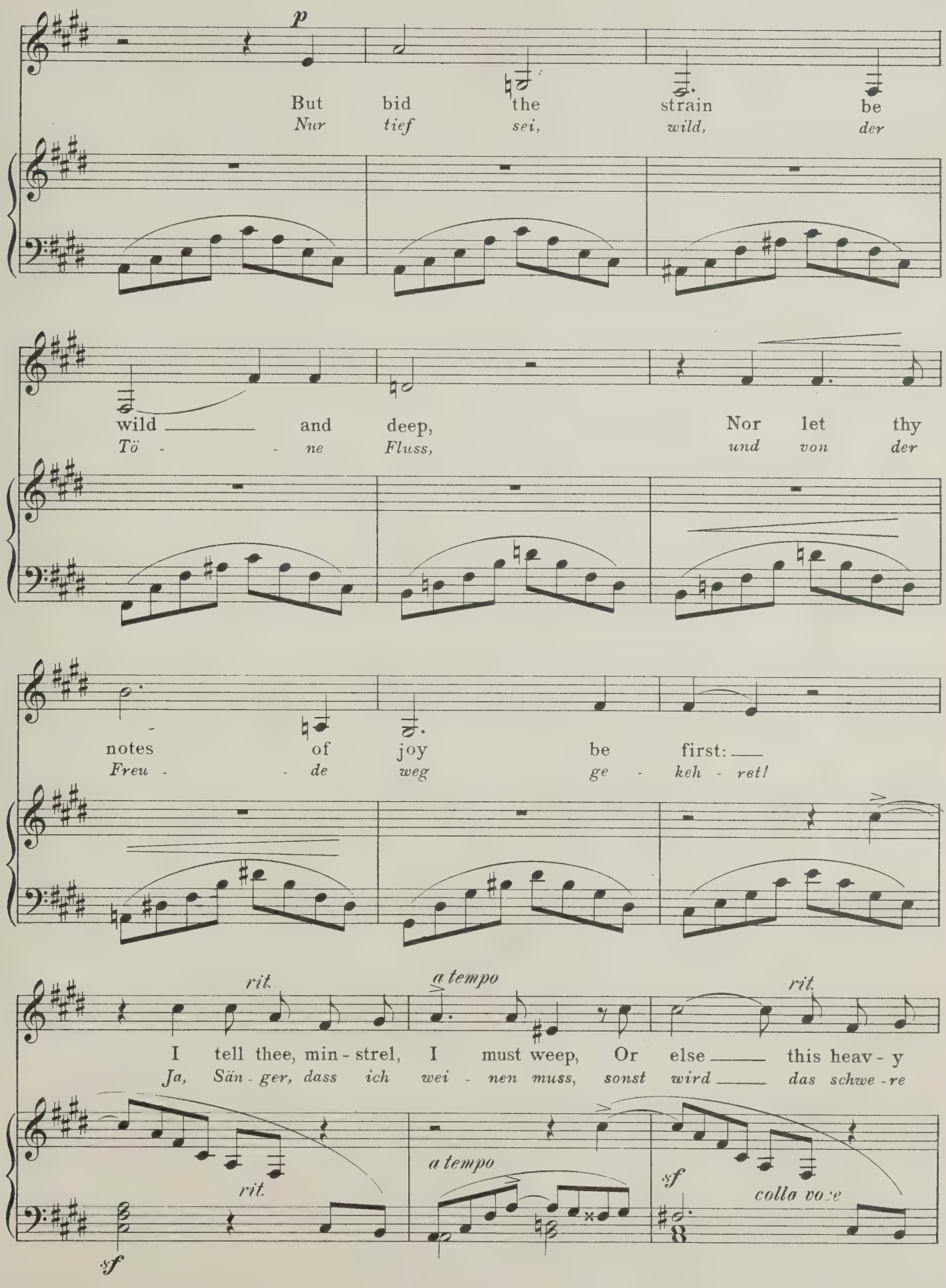
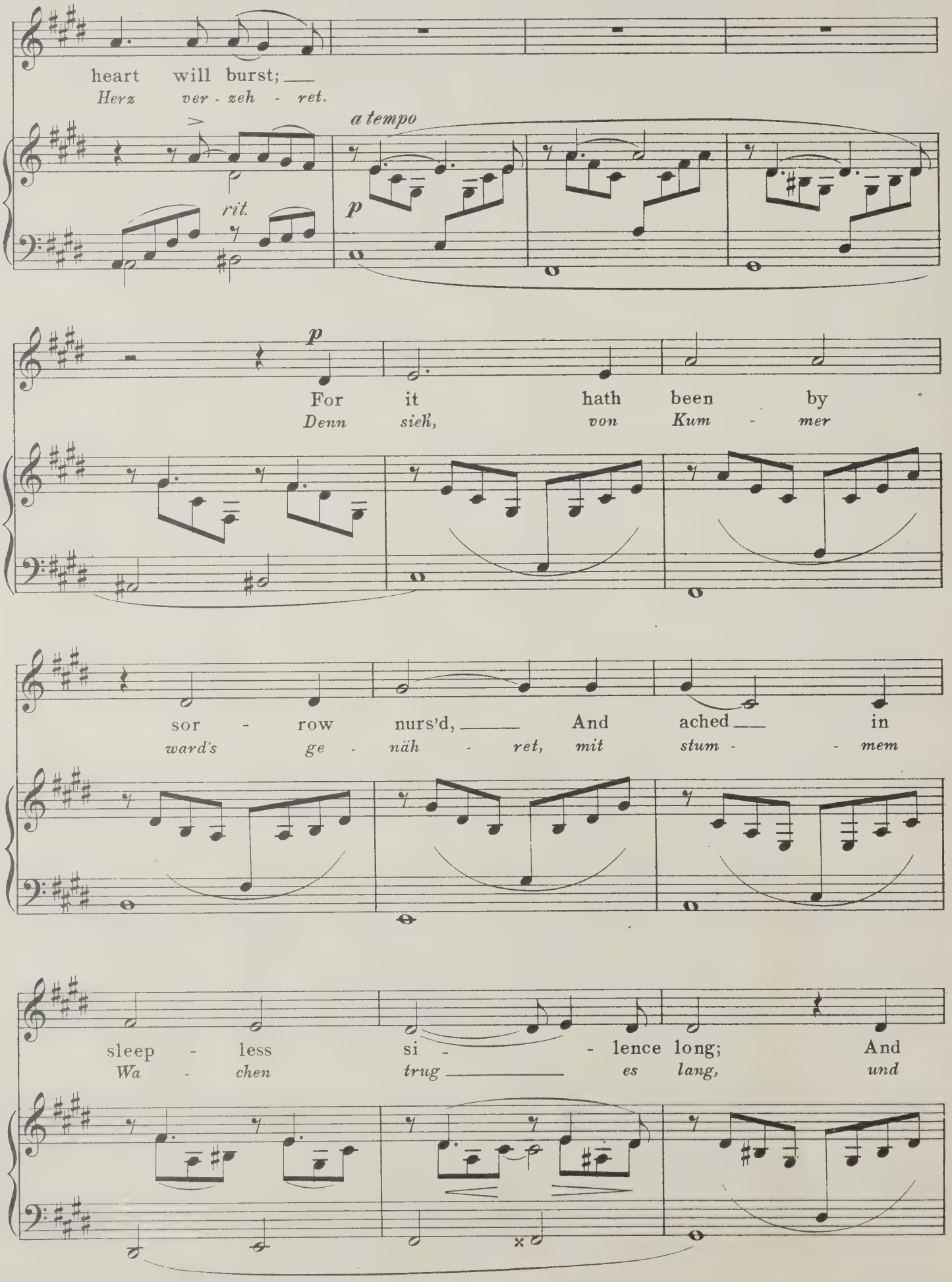
(From the "Hebrew Melodies").

(Composed in 1840)

LORD BYRON (1788-1824) *(Original Key, E minor)* ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, № 15
"Myrtles" *(Myrthen)*



rit.
fin - gers fling Its melt - ing mur-murs o'er mine ear.
schick - ter Hand ihr Tö - ne die das Herz be - thö - ren!
sf
rit.
p
If in this heart a hope be dear,
Kann noch mein Herz ein Hof - fen näh - ren,
That sound shall charm it forth a - gain: If
es zau - bern die - se Tö - ne her, und


in these eyes there lurk a tear, 'Twill
birgt mein trock' - nes Au - ge Zäh - ren, sie
flow, and cease to burn my brain.
flie - ssen, und mich brennt's nicht mehr.
p
rit.
p a tempo

p
But bid the strain be
Nur tief sei, wild, der
wild and deep, Nor let thy
Tö - ne Fluss, und von der
notes of joy be first:
Freu - de weg ge - keh - ret!
rit.
a tempo
rit.
I tell thee, min - strel, I must weep, Or else this heav - y
Ja, Sän - ger, dass ich wei - nen muss, sonst wird das schwe - re
rit.
a tempo
sf
colla voce
sf

heart will burst;
Herz ver - zeh - ret.
a tempo
rit.
p
For it hath been by
Denn sieh, von Kum - mer
sor - row nurs'd, And ached in
ward's ge - näh - ret, mit stum - mem
sleep - less si - lence long; And
Wa - chen trug es lang, und

sempre più animato
(nach und nach schneller)

now 'tis doomed to know, to know the
jetzt, und jetzt, von Aeu - sser - sten be -

worst,
leh - ret,

f

And break at once or
da brech' es o - der

sf

sf

yield to song.
heil' im Sang.

rit.

p

OUT OVER THE FORTH

(IM WESTEN)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, F)

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No 23
"Myrtles" *(Myrthen)*

Semplice *(Einfach)*

VOICE

PIANO

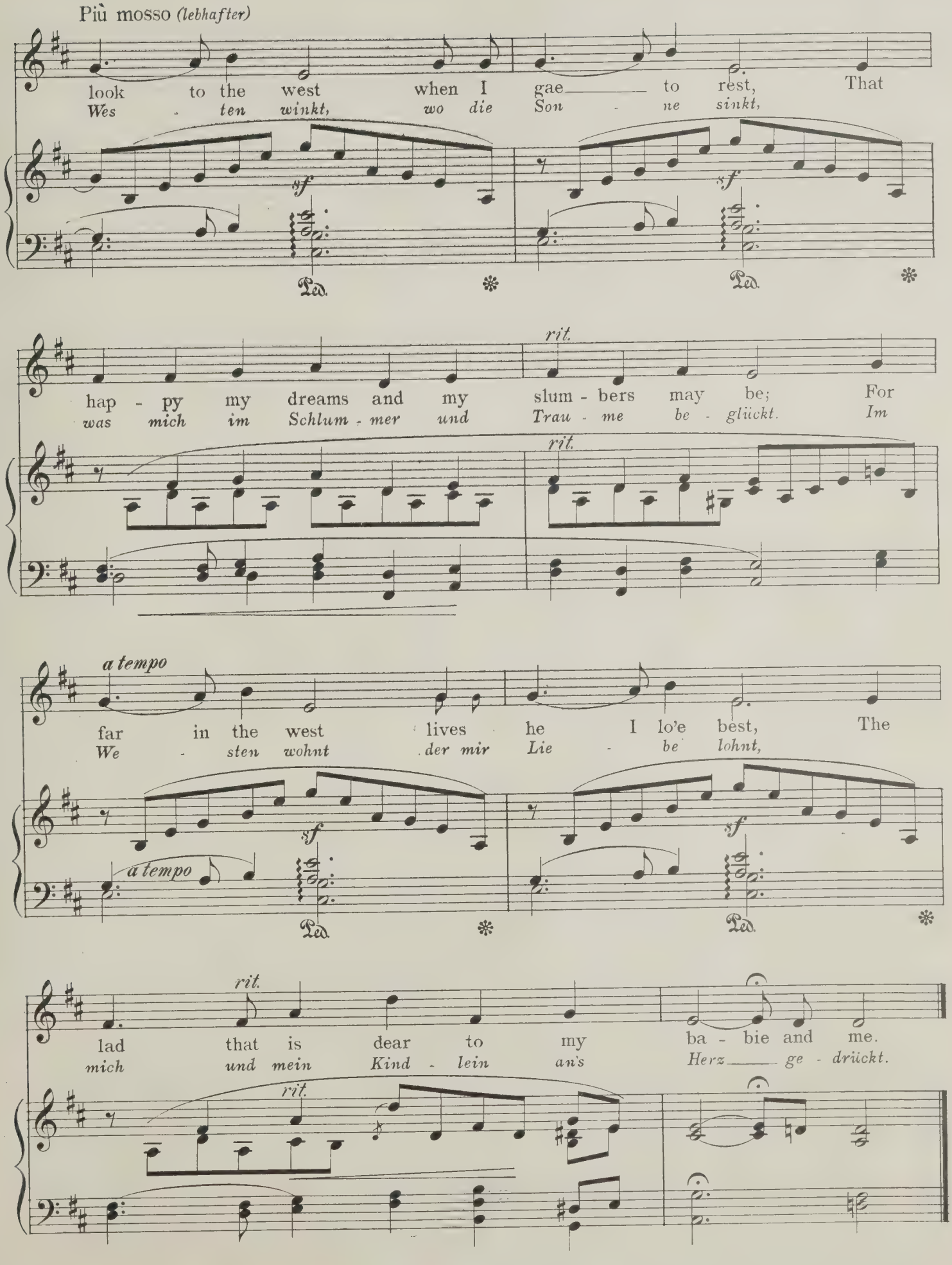
p

Out o - ver the Forth I look to the north, But what is the north and its High-lands to me? The south nor the east give ease to my breast, The far for-eign land, or the wild roll - ing sea; But I

Ich schau ü - ber Forth hin - ü - ber nach Nord: was hel - fen mir Nord und Hoch - lands Schnee? Was O - sten und Süd, wo die Son - ne glüht, das fer ne Land und die wil - de See? Aus

rit.

f


Più mosso (lebhafter)
look to the west when I gae to rest, That
Wes - ten winkt, wo die Son - ne sinkt,
sf
Ped.
rit.
hap - py my dreams and my slum - bers may be; For
was mich im Schlum - mer und Trau - me be - glückt. Im
a tempo
far in the west lives he I lo'e best, The
We - sten wohnt der mir Lie - be lohnt,
lad that is dear to my ba - bie and me.
mich und mein Kind - lein ans Herz ge - drückt.

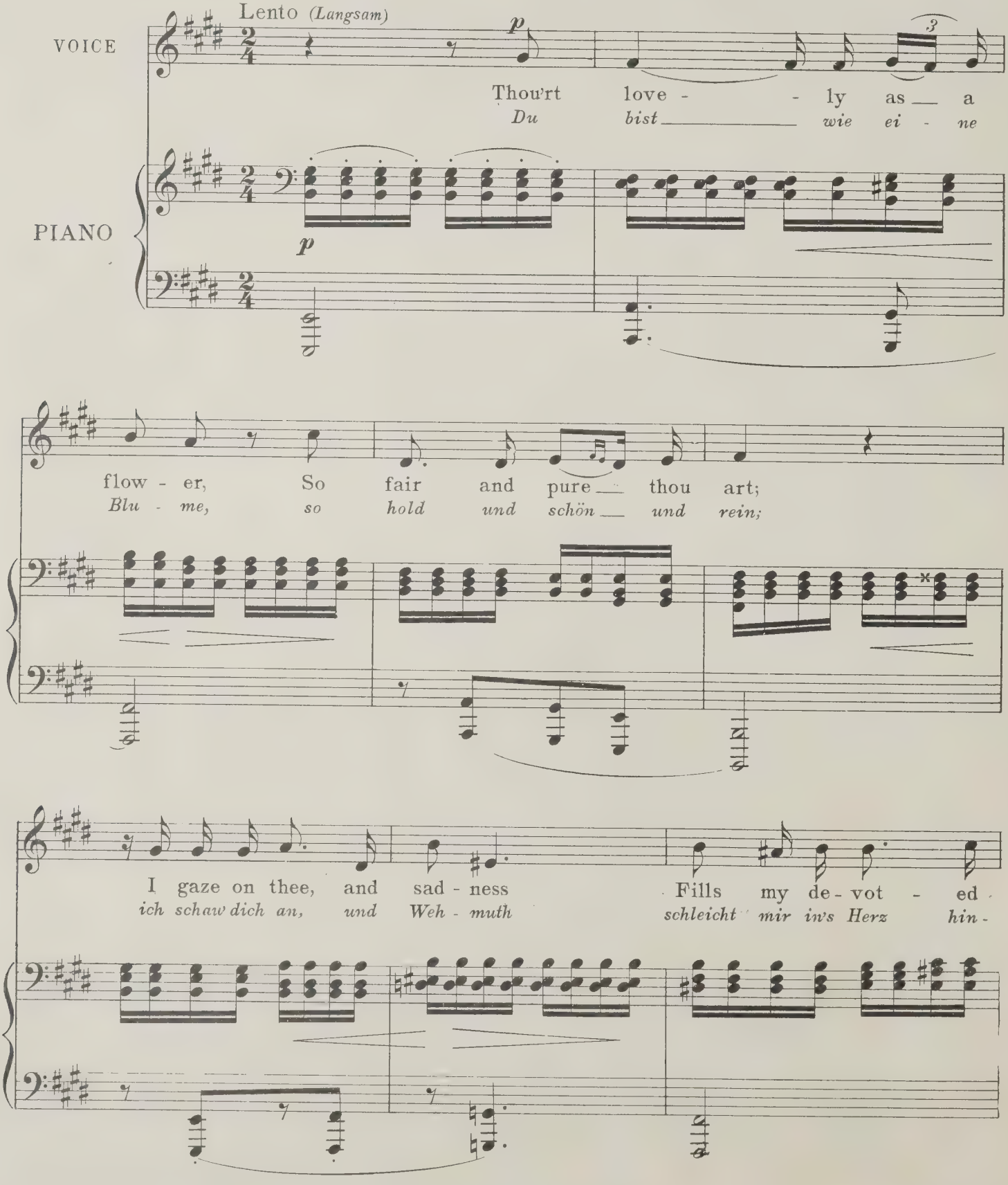
THOU'RT LOVELY AS A FLOWER
(DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, A♭)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No. 24
"Myrtles" *(Myrthen)*



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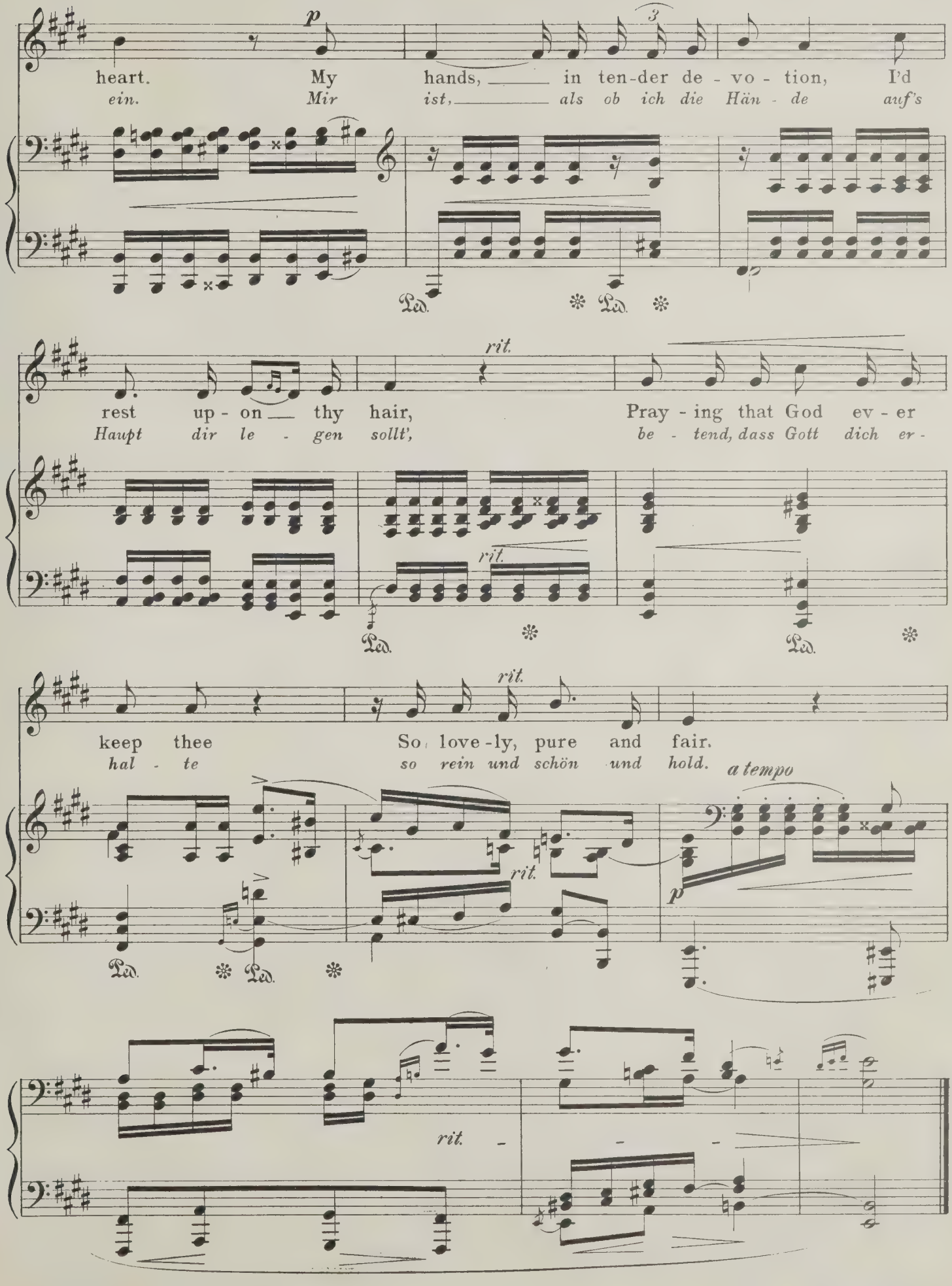
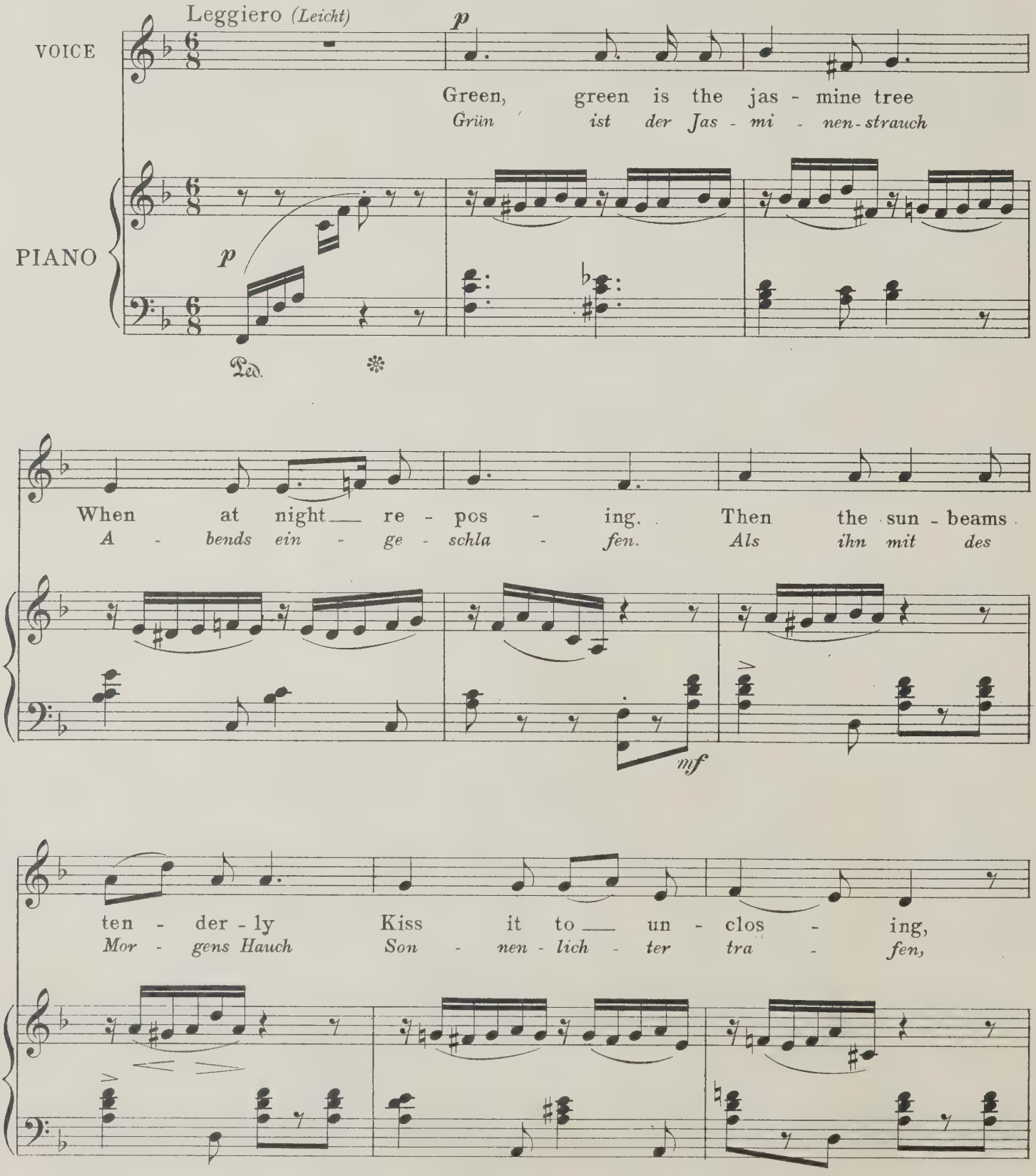

p
heart. My hands, in ten-der de - vo - tion, I'd
ein. Mir ist, als ob ich die Hän - de auf's
rit.
rest up - on thy hair, Pray - ing that God ev - er
Haupt dir le - gen sollt', be - tend, dass Gott dich er -
rit.
keep thee So love-ly, pure and fair.
hal - te so rein und schön und hold.
a tempo
rit.
p
rit.

THE JASMINE TREE
(JASMINENSTRAUCH)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, A)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 27, No 4

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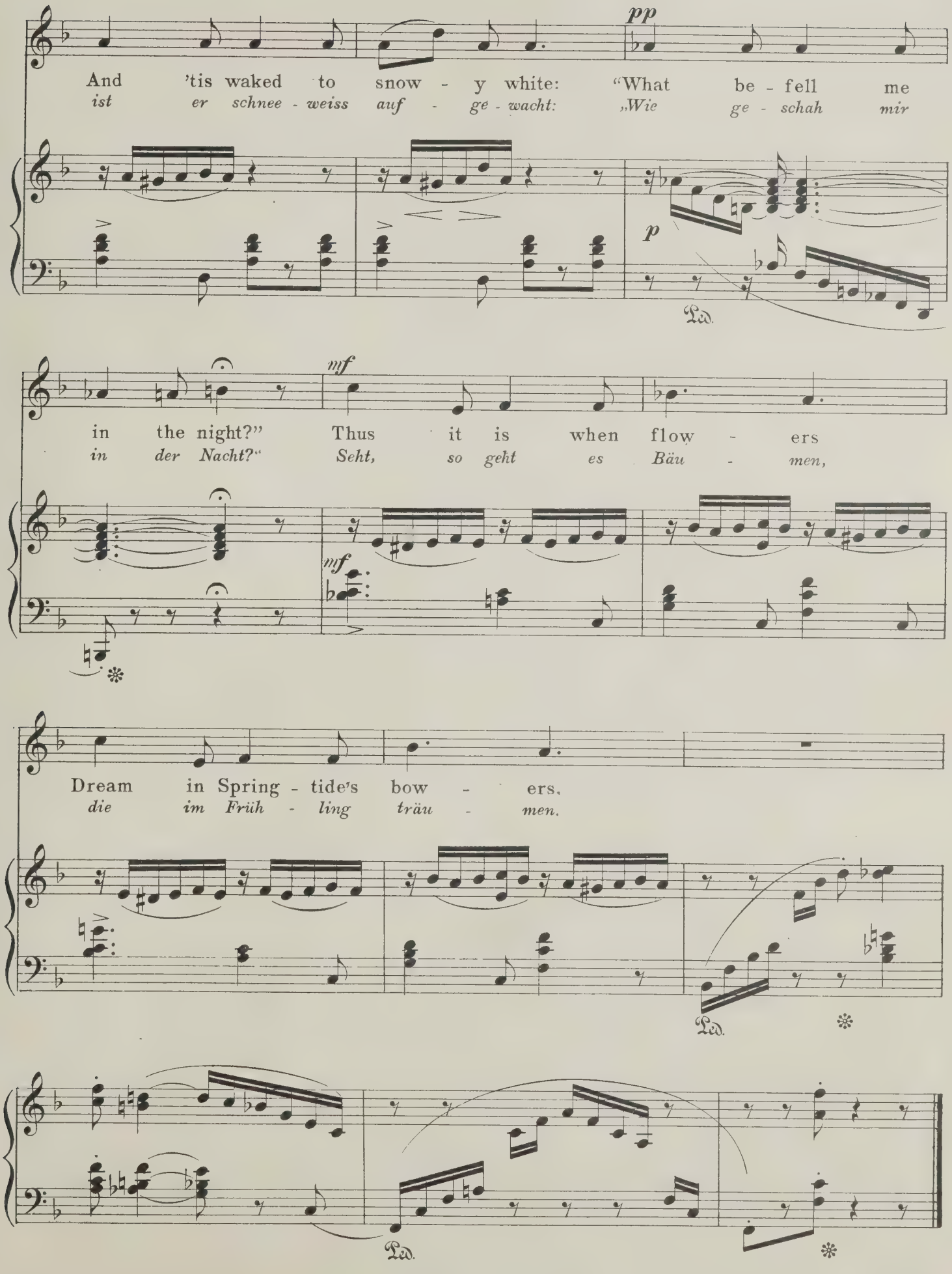

pp
And 'tis waked to snow - y white: "What be - fell me
ist er schnee - weiss auf - ge - wacht: „Wie ge - schah mir
p
Ped.
mf
in the night?" Thus it is when flow - ers
in der Nacht?" Seht, so geht es Bäu - men,
mf
Dream in Spring - tide's bow - ers.
die im Früh - ling träu - men.
Ped.
Ped.

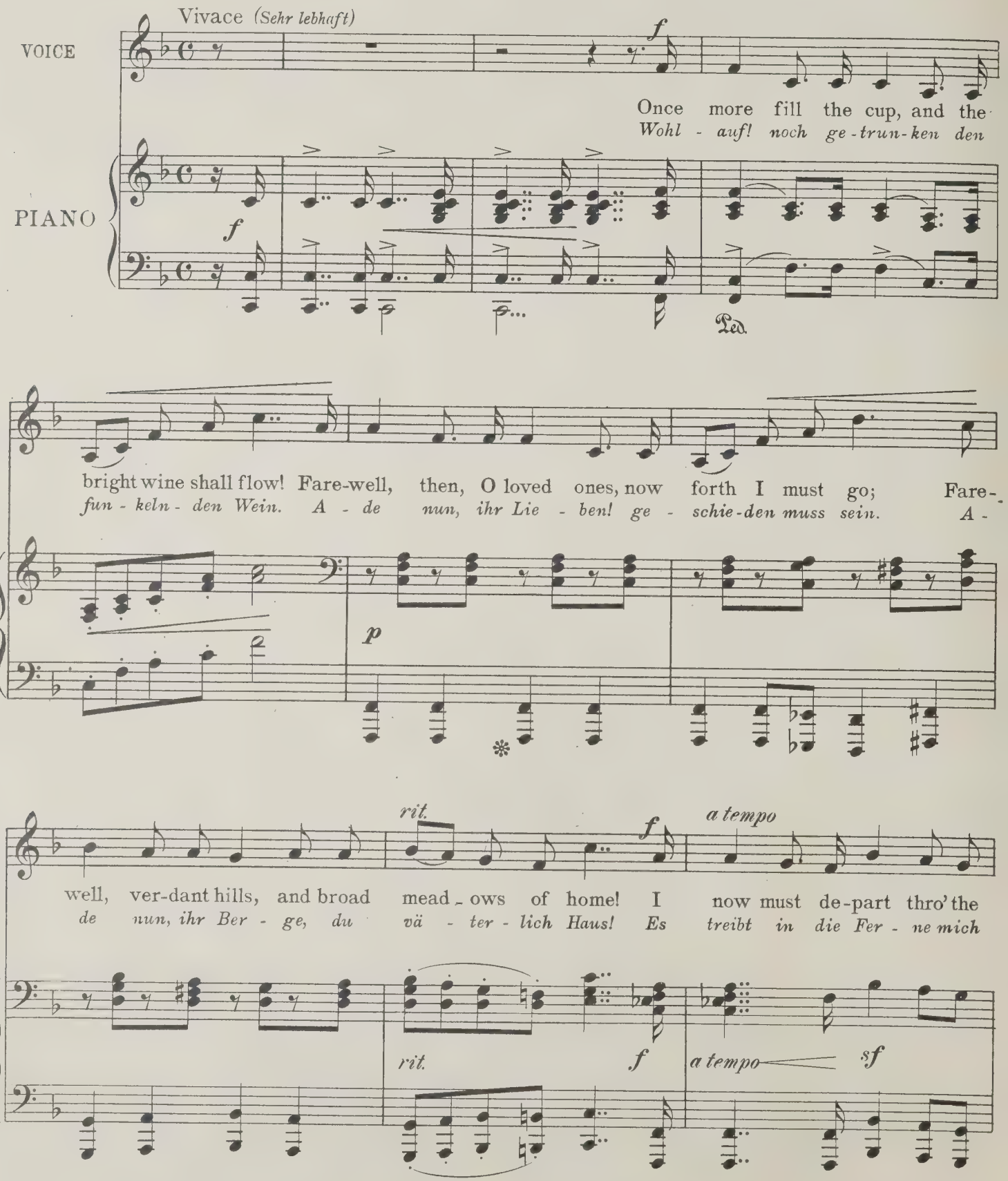
WANDERER'S SONG
(WANDERLIED)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, B♭)

JUSTINUS KERNER (1786-1862)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 35, № 3



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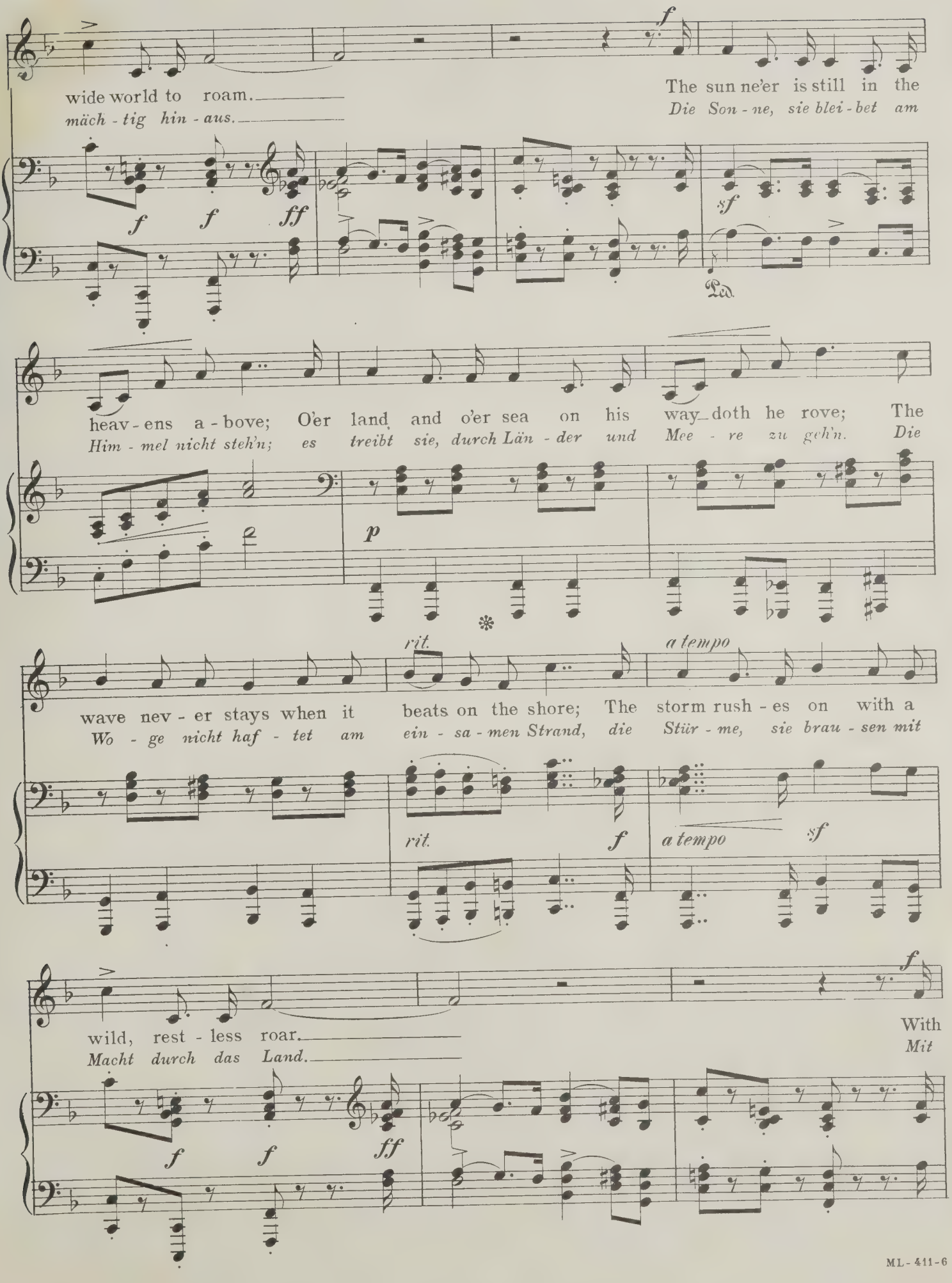
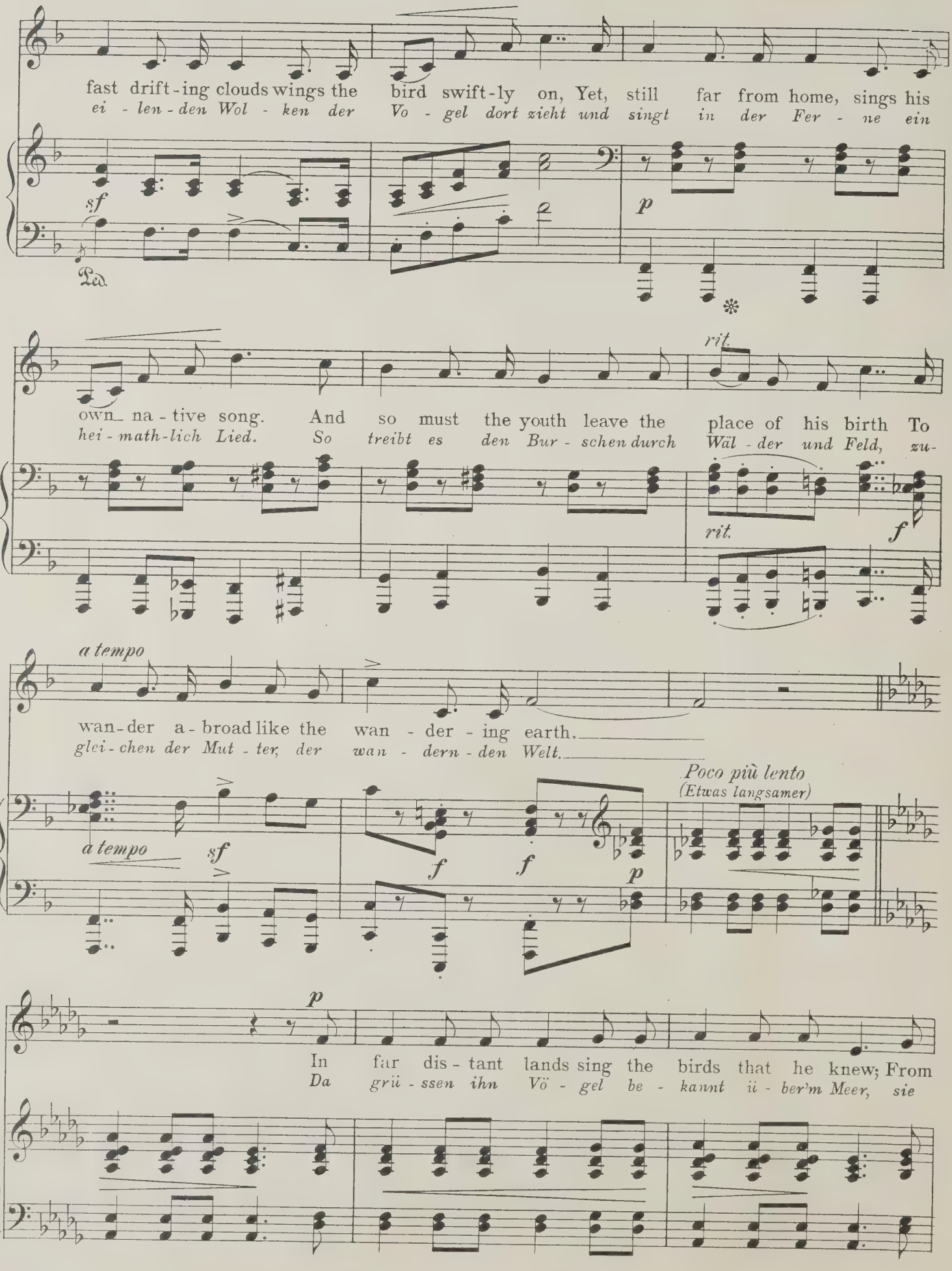
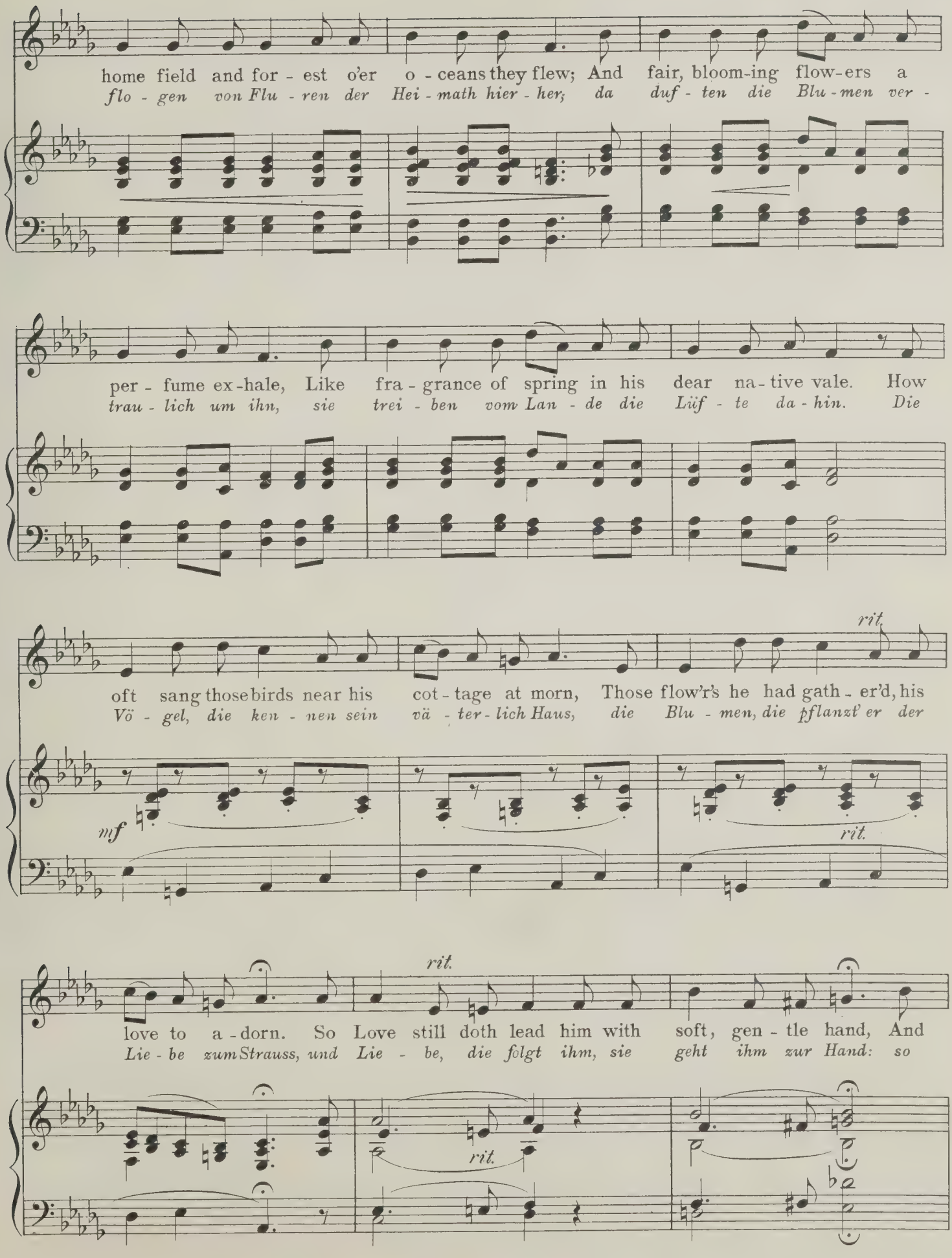
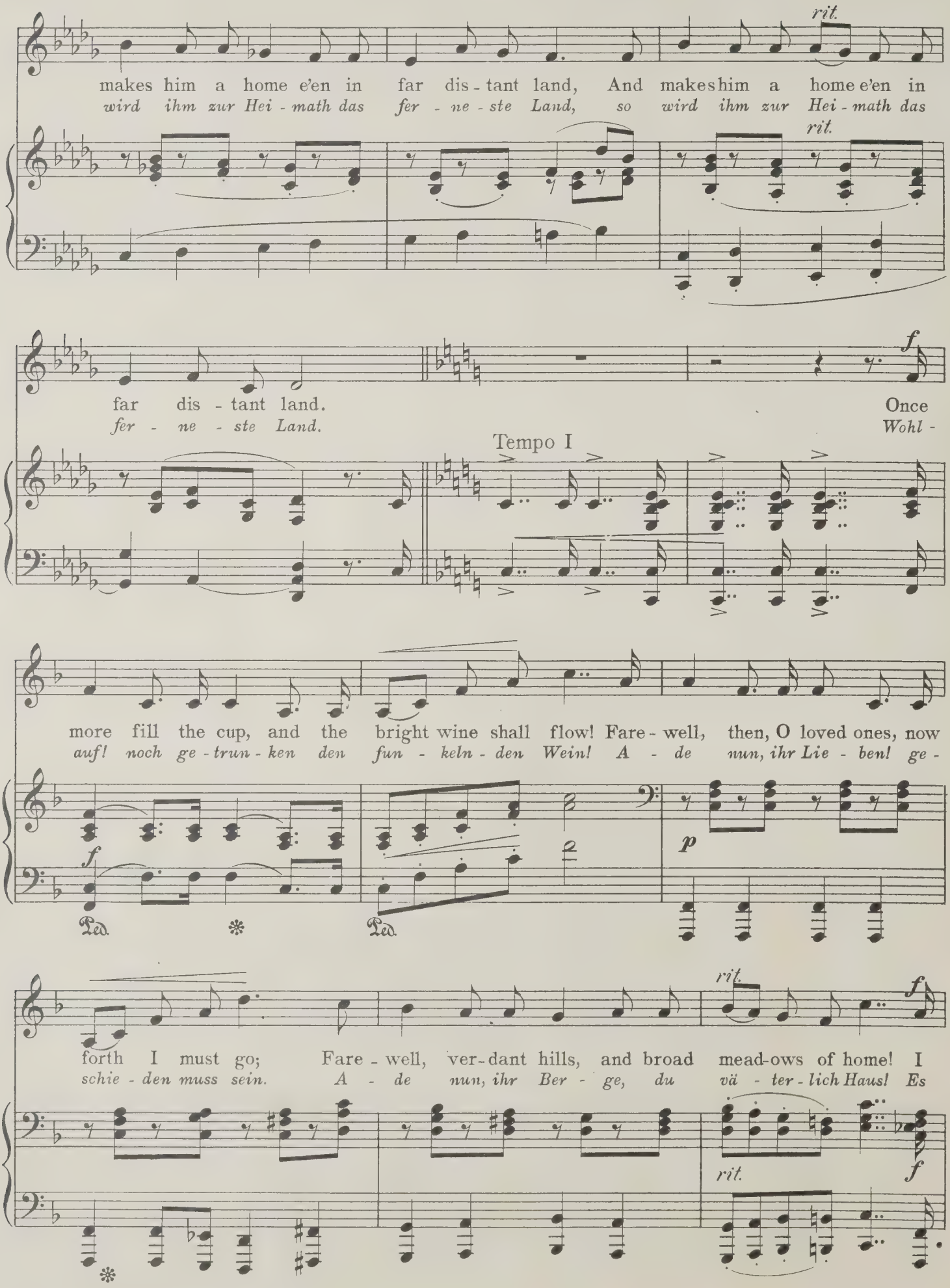
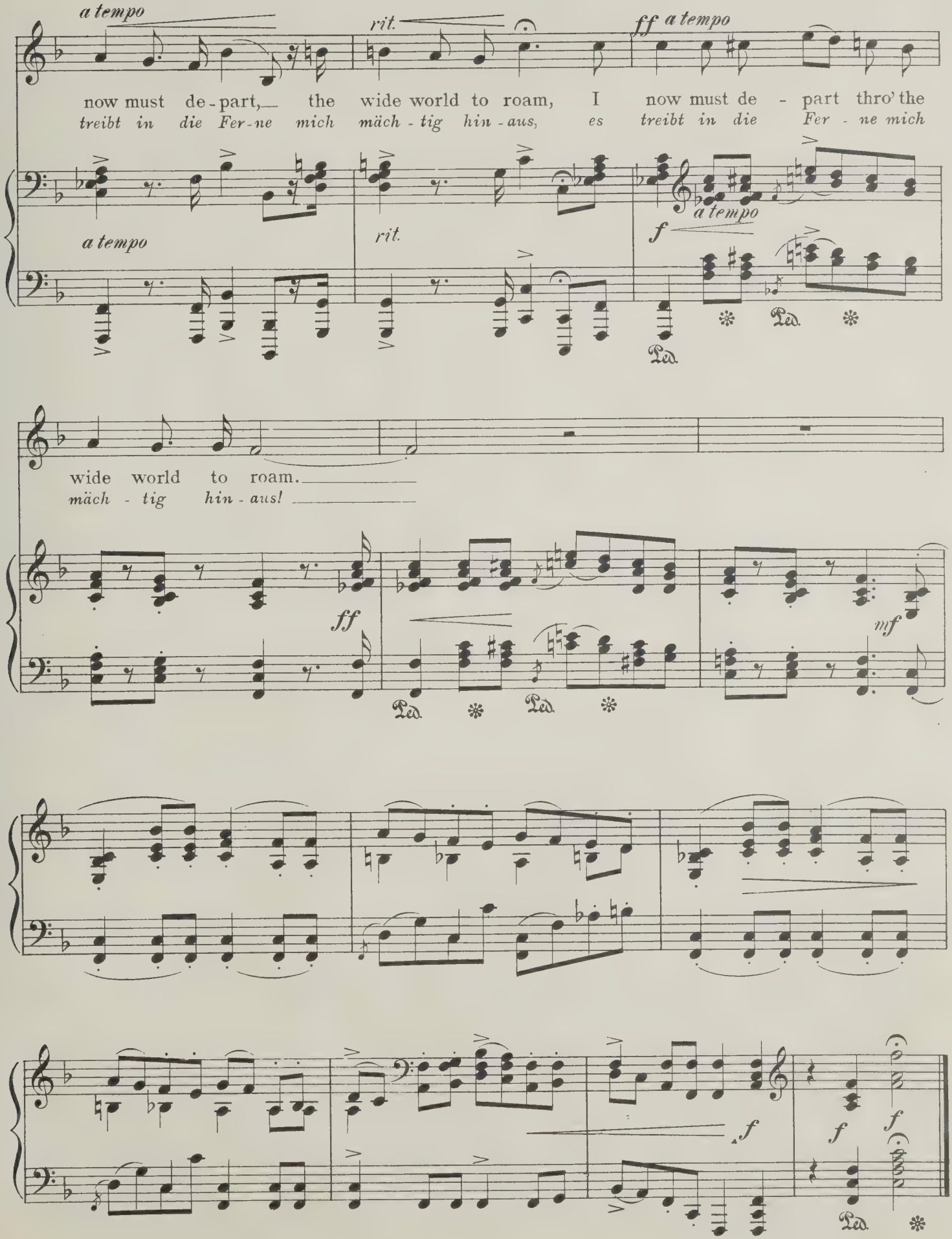

wide world to roam.
mäch - tig hin - aus.
The sun ne'er is still in the
Die Son - ne, sie blei - bet am
heav - ens a - bove; O'er land and o'er sea on his way doth he rove; The
Him - mel nicht steh'n; es treibt sie, durch Län - der und Mee - re zu geh'n. Die
wave nev - er stays when it beats on the shore; The storm rush - es on with a
Wo - ge nicht haf - tet am ein - sa - men Strand, die Stür - me, sie brau - sen mit
wild, rest - less roar.
Macht durch das Land.
With
Mit
rit.
a tempo
Ped.

fast drift-ing clouds wings the bird swift-ly on, Yet, still far from home, sings his
ei - len - den Wol - ken der Vo - gel dort zieht und singt in der Fer - ne ein
sf
Ped.
p
own na - tive song. And so must the youth leave the place of his birth To
hei - math-lich Lied. So treibt es den Bur - schen durch Wäl - der und Feld, zu-
rit.
rit.
f
a tempo
wan-der a - broad like the wan - der - ing earth.
glei - chen der Mut - ter, der wan - dern - den Welt.
Poco più lento
(Etwas langsamer)
a tempo
sf
f
f
p
p
In far dis - tant lands sing the birds that he knew; From
Da grü - ssen ihn Vö - gel be - kannt ü - ber'm Meer, sie


home field and for - est o'er o - ceans they flew; And fair, bloom-ing flow-ers a
flo - gen von Flu - ren der Hei - math hier - her; da duf - ten die Blu - men ver -
per - fume ex-hale, Like fra - grance of spring in his dear na - tive vale. How
trau - lich um ihn, sie trei - ben vom Lan - de die Lüf - te da - hin. Die
rit.
oft sang those birds near his cot - tage at morn, Those flow'r's he had gath - er'd, his
Vö - gel, die ken - nen sein vä - ter - lich Haus, die Blu - men, die pflanzt' er der
mf
rit.
rit.
love to a - dorn. So Love still doth lead him with soft, gen - tle hand, And
Lie - be zum Strauss, und Lie - be, die folgt ihm, sie geht ihm zur Hand: so
rit.

rit.
makes him a home e'en in far dis - tant land, And makes him a home e'en in
wird ihm zur Hei - math das fer - ne - ste Land, so wird ihm zur Hei - math das
rit.
far dis - tant land.
fer - ne - ste Land.
Once
Wohl -
Tempo I
more fill the cup, and the bright wine shall flow! Fare - well, then, O loved ones, now
auf! noch ge - trun - ken den fun - keln - den Wein! A - de nun, ihr Lie - ben! ge -
Ped.
Ped.
rit.
forth I must go; Fare - well, ver - dant hills, and broad mead-ows of home! I
schie - den muss sein. A - de nun, ihr Ber - ge, du vä - ter - lich Haus! Es
rit.

a tempo
rit.
ff a tempo
now must de - part, the wide world to roam, I now must de - part thro' the
treibt in die Fer - ne mich mäch - tig hin - aus, es treibt in die Fer - ne mich
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
f
Ped.
wide world to roam.
mäch - tig hin - aus!
ff
mf
Ped.
f
f
f
Ped.

SILENT LOVE
(STILLE LIEBE)

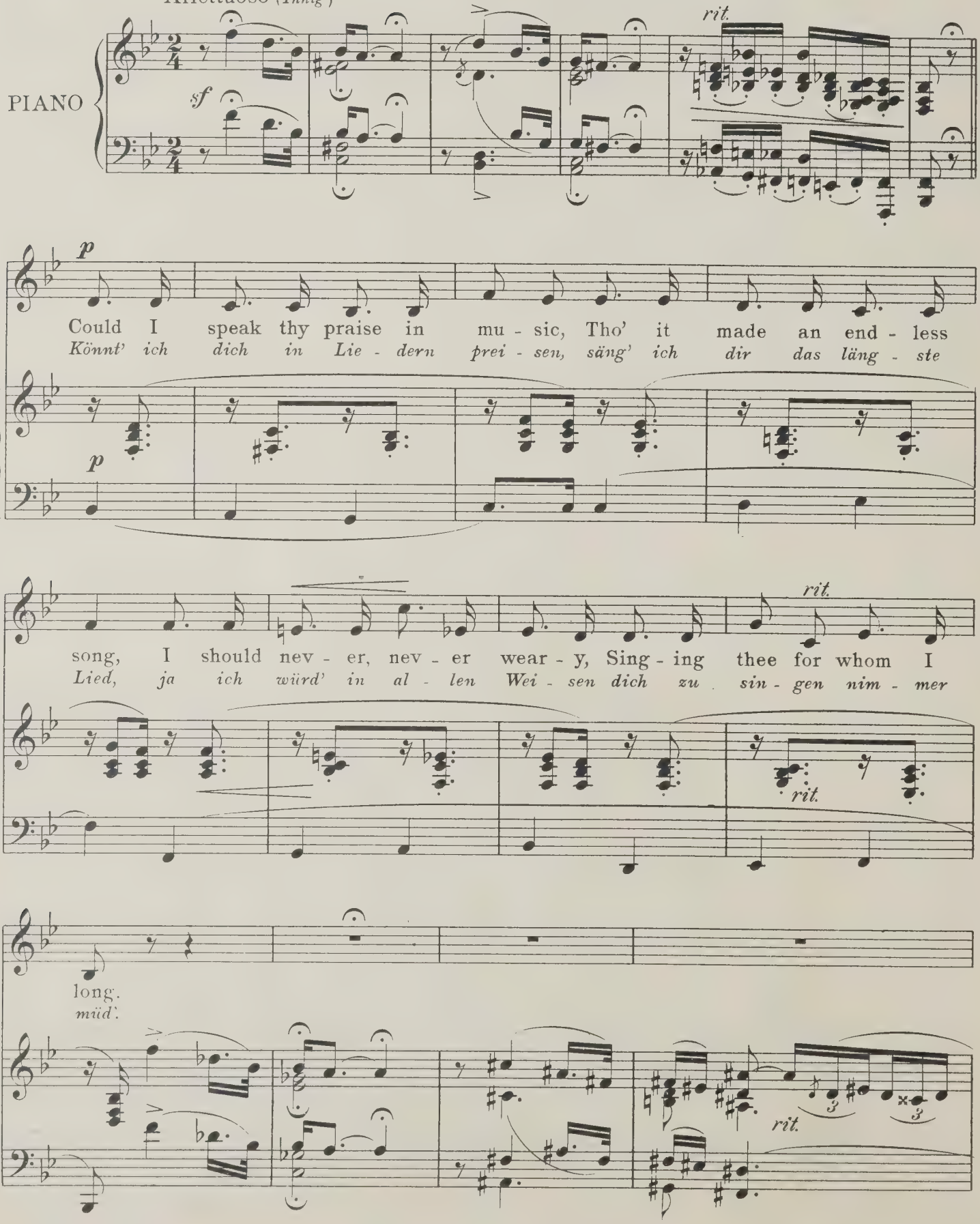
(Composed in 1840)

JUSTINUS KERNER (1786-1862)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, E♭)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.35, No 8

Affettuoso *(Innig)*



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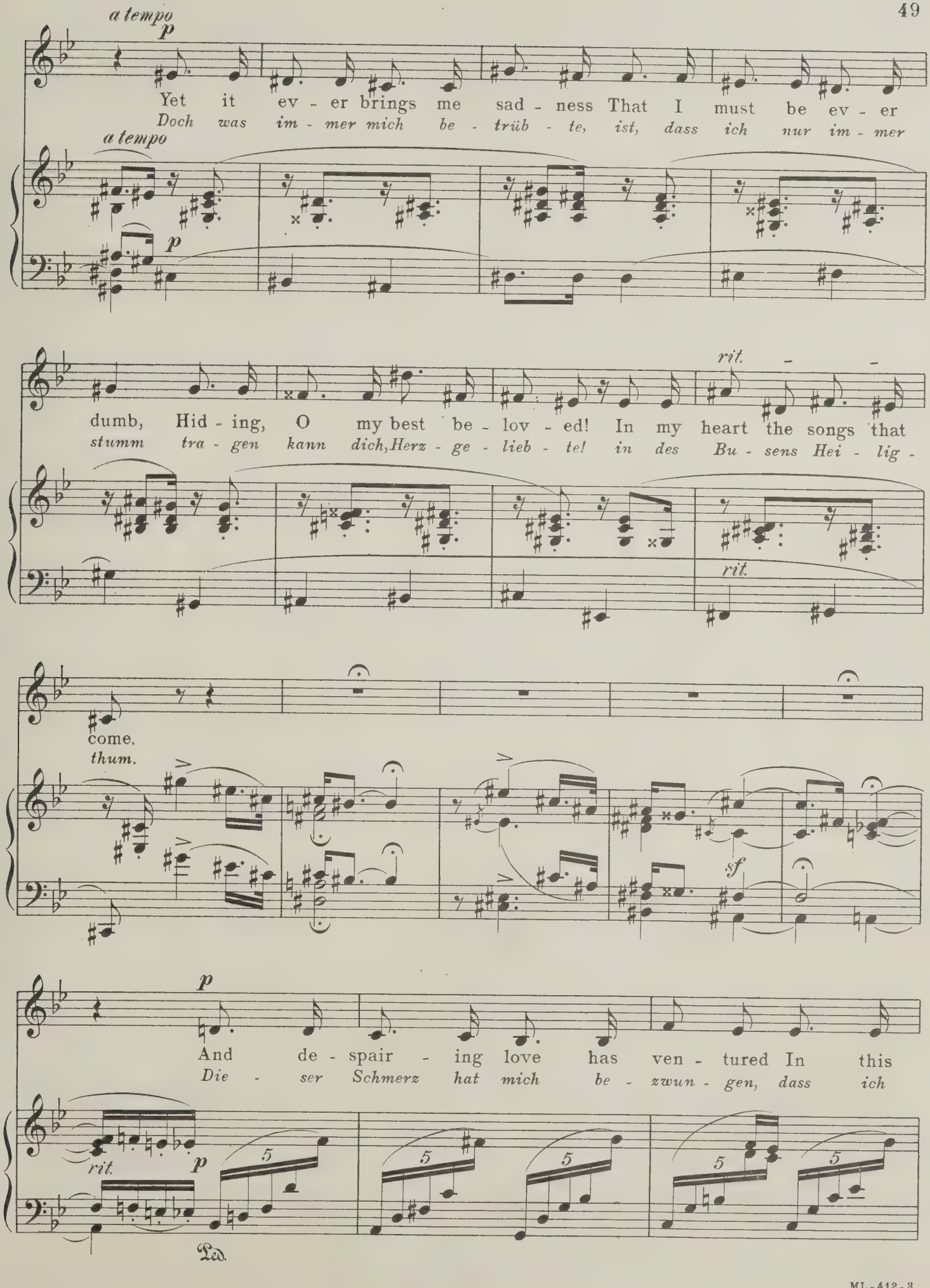
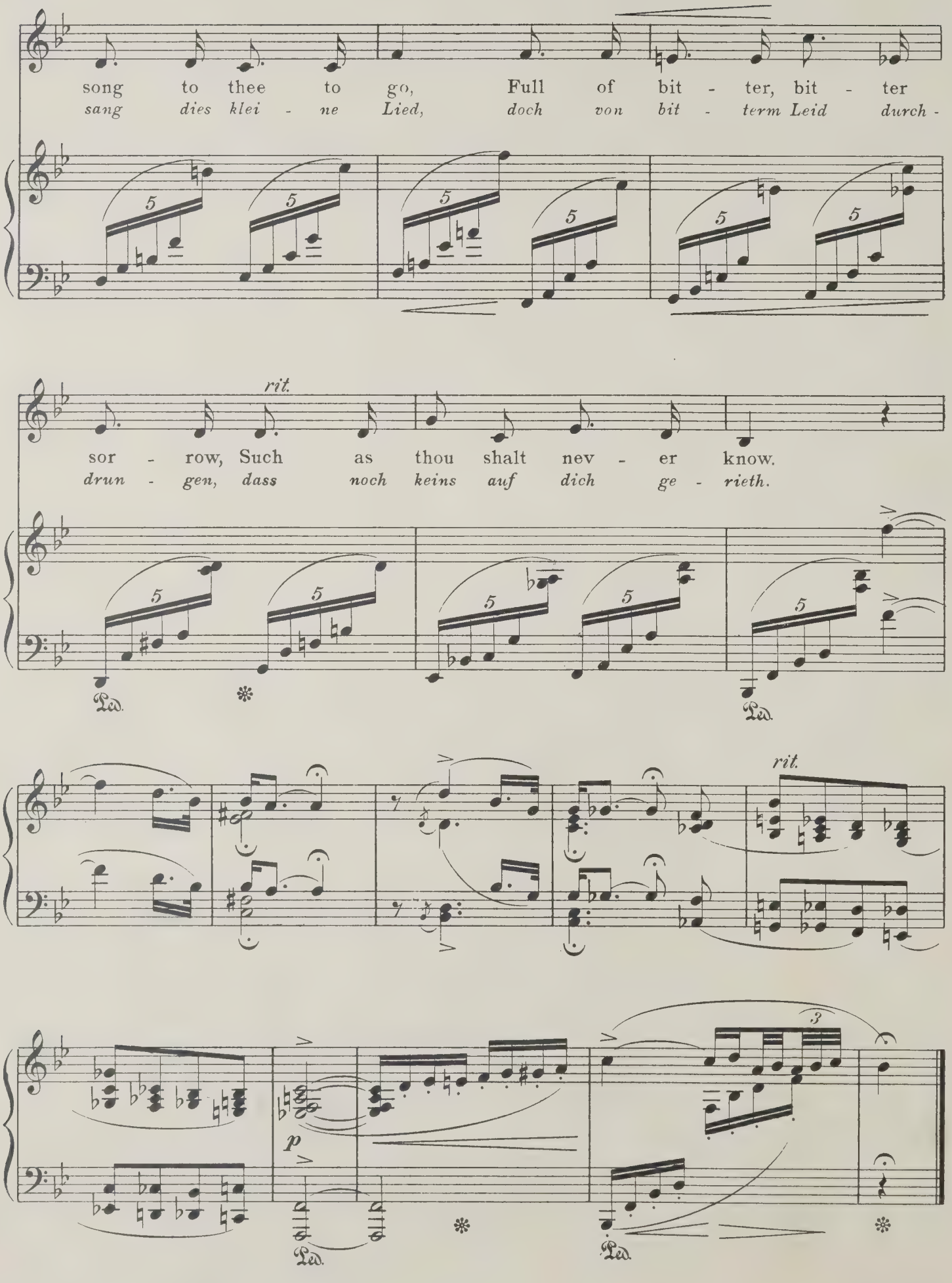

a tempo
p
Yet it ev - er brings me sad - ness That I must be ev - er
Doch was im - mer mich be - trüb - te, ist, dass ich nur im - mer
a tempo
p
rit.
dumb, Hid - ing, O my best be - lov - ed! In my heart the songs that
stumm tra - gen kann dich, Herz - ge - lieb - te! in des Bu - sens Hei - lig -
rit.
come.
thum.
sf
p
And de - spair - ing love has ven - tured In this
Die - ser Schmerz hat mich be - zwun - gen, dass ich
rit.
p
5
5
5
5
5
Ped.

song to thee to go, Full of bit - ter, bit - ter
sang dies klei - ne Lied, doch von bit - term Leid durch -
rit.
sor - row, Such as thou shalt nev - er know.
drun - gen, dass noch keins auf dich ge - rieth.
Ped.
Ped.
rit.
p
Ped.
Ped.

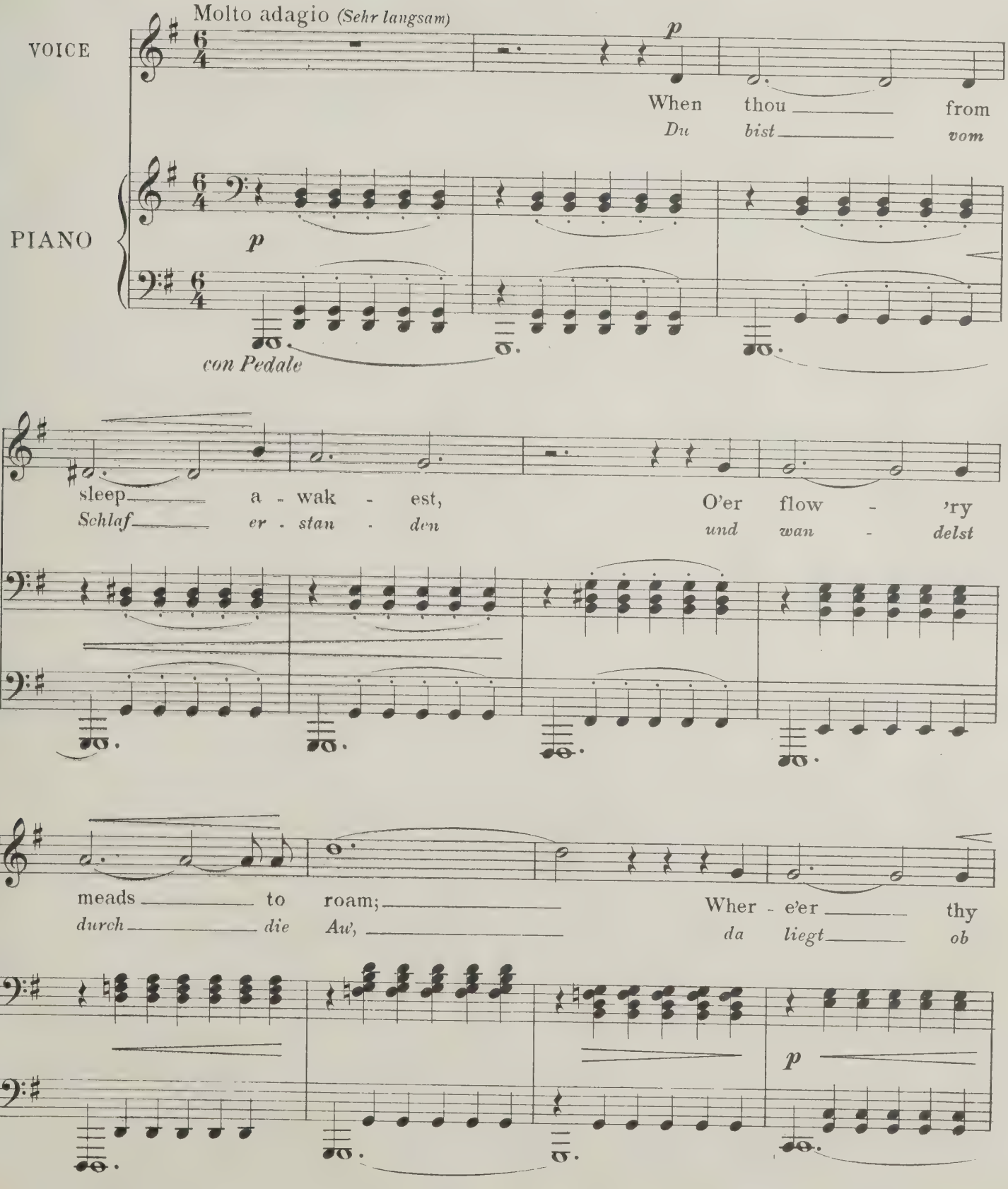
SILENT TEARS
(STILLE THRÄNEN)

(Composed in 1840)

(*Original Key, C*)

JUSTINUS KERNER (1786-1862)
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 35, No. 10



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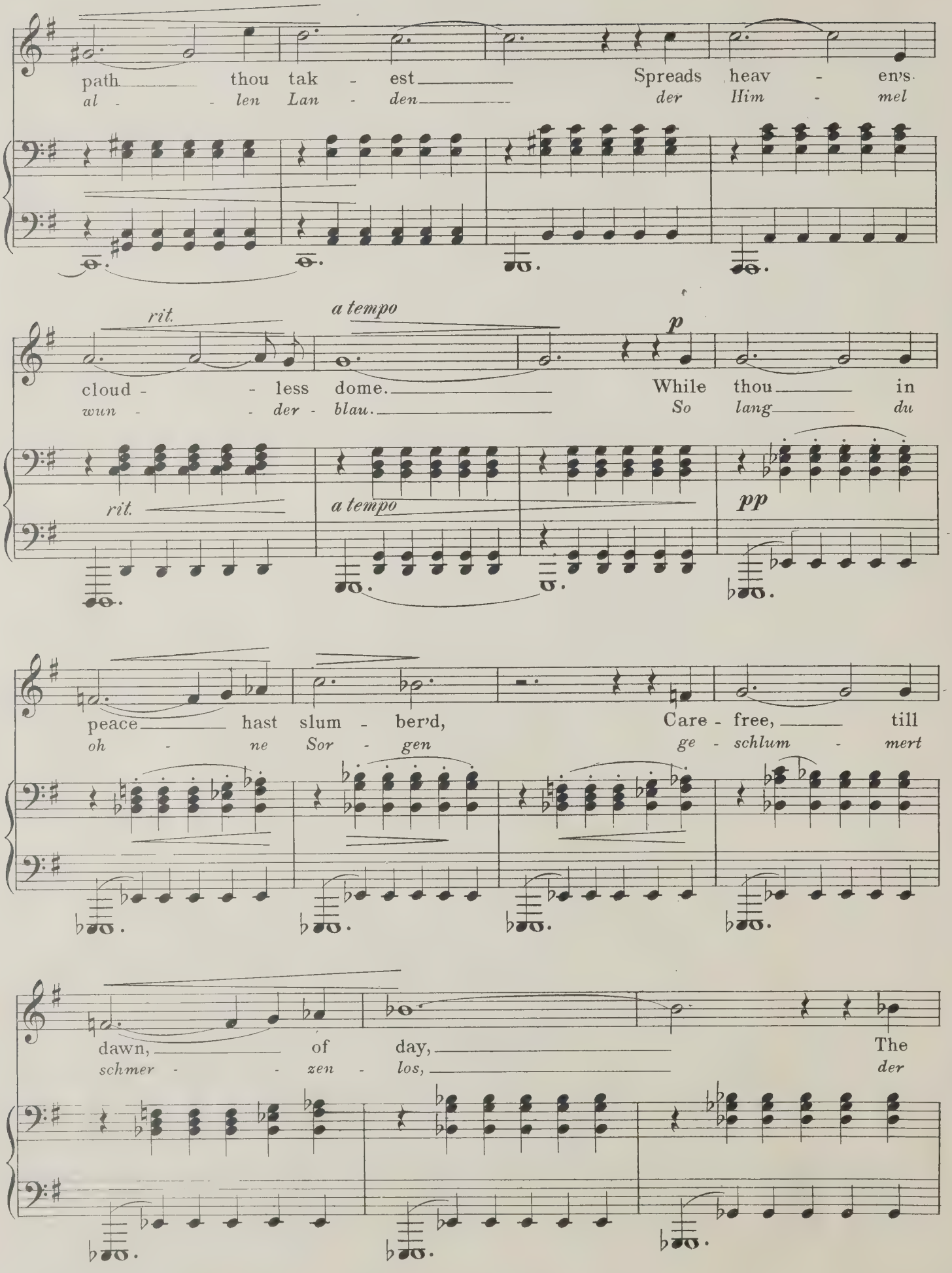
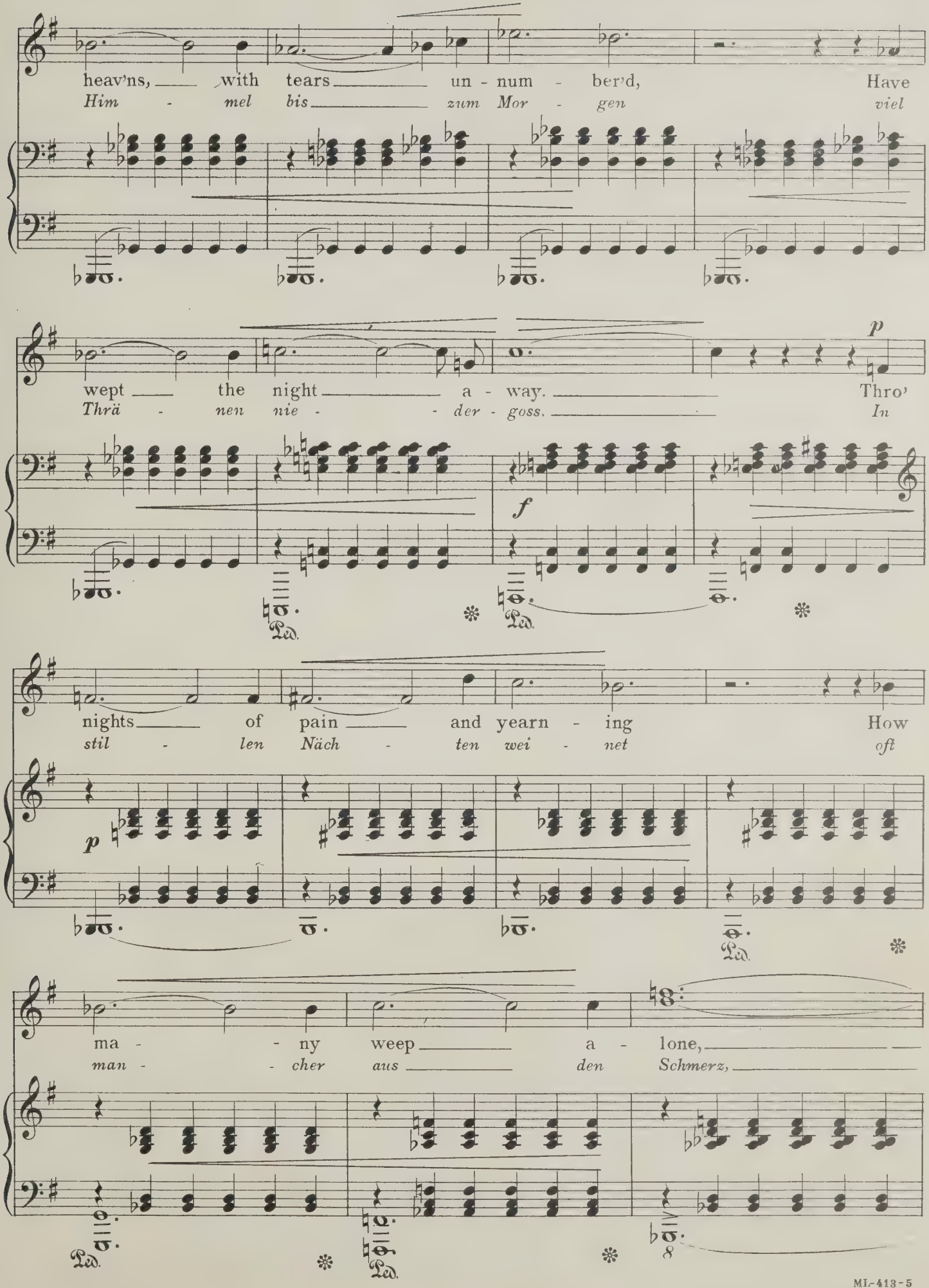
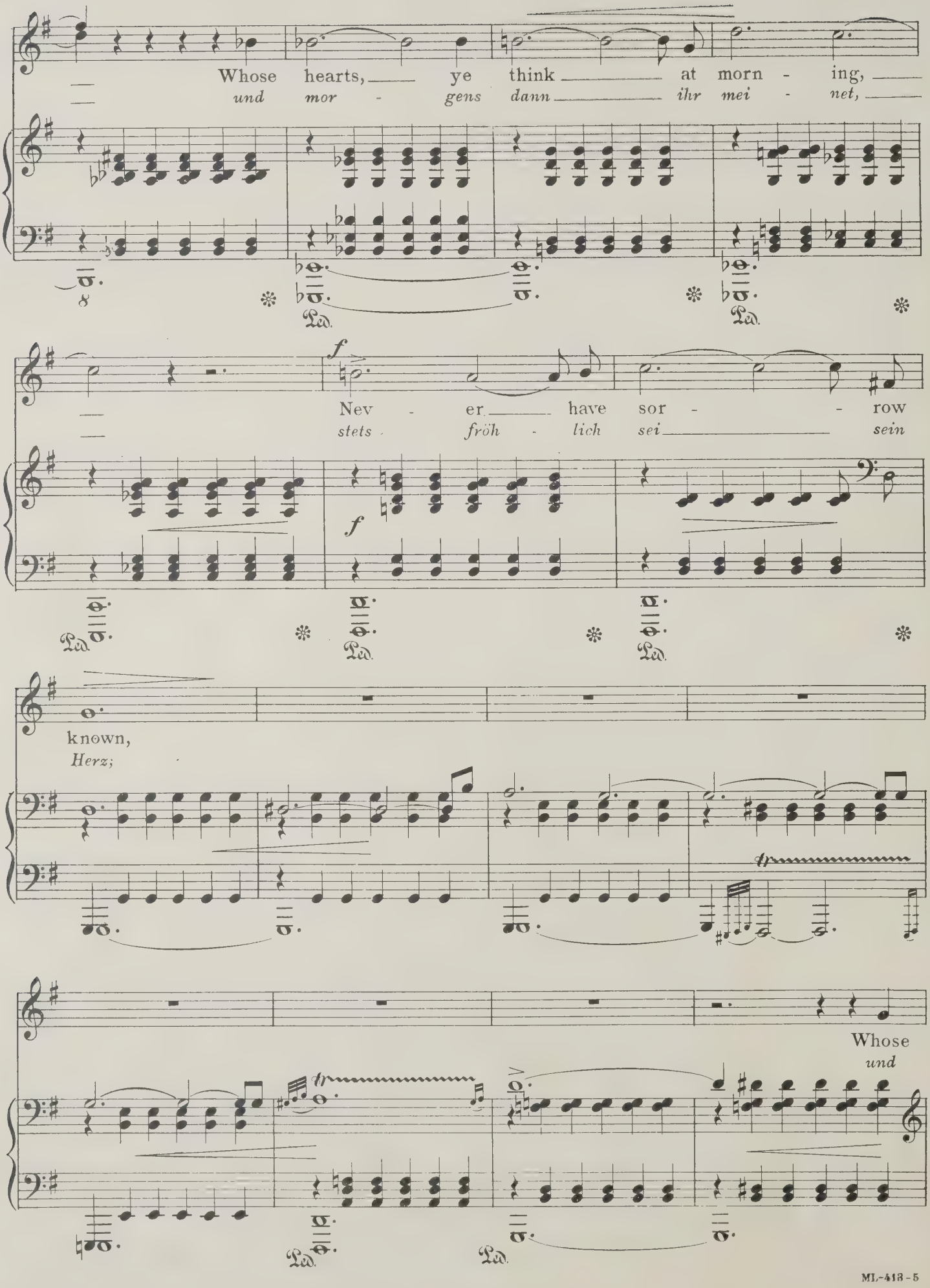
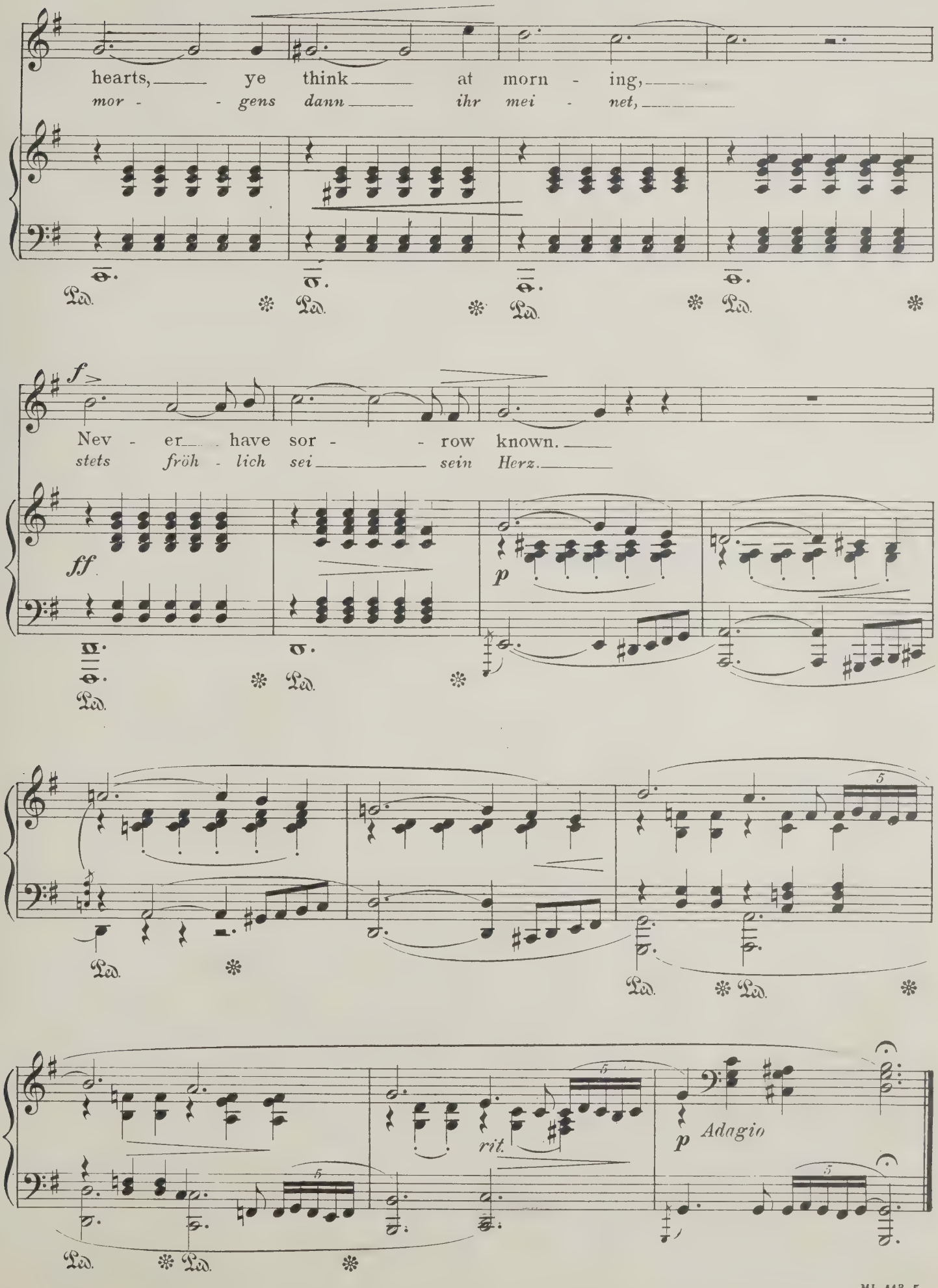

path thou tak - est Spreads heav - en's
al - len Lan - den der Him - mel
rit.
a tempo
p
cloud - less dome. While thou in
wun - der - blau. So lang du
rit.
a tempo
pp
peace hast slum - ber'd, Care - free, till
oh - ne Sor - gen ge - schlum - mert
dawn, of day, The
schmer - zen - los, der

heav'ns, with tears un - num - ber'd, Have
Him - mel bis zum Mor - gen viel
wept the night a - way. Thro'
Thrä - nen nie - der - goss. In
p
f
nights of pain and yearn - ing How
stil - len Näch - ten wei - net oft
p
ma - ny weep a - lone,
man - cher aus den Schmerz,
Ped.
8

Whose hearts, ye think at morn - ing,
und mor - gens dann ihr mei - net,
Nev - er have sor - - row
stets fröh - lich sei sein
known,
Herz;
Whose
und

hearts, ye think at morn - ing,
mor - - gens dann ihr mei - net,
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
f
Nev - er have sor - - row known.
stets fröh - lich sei sein Herz.
ff
p
Ped. * Ped. *
Ped. * Ped. *
rit.
p Adagio
Ped. * Ped. *

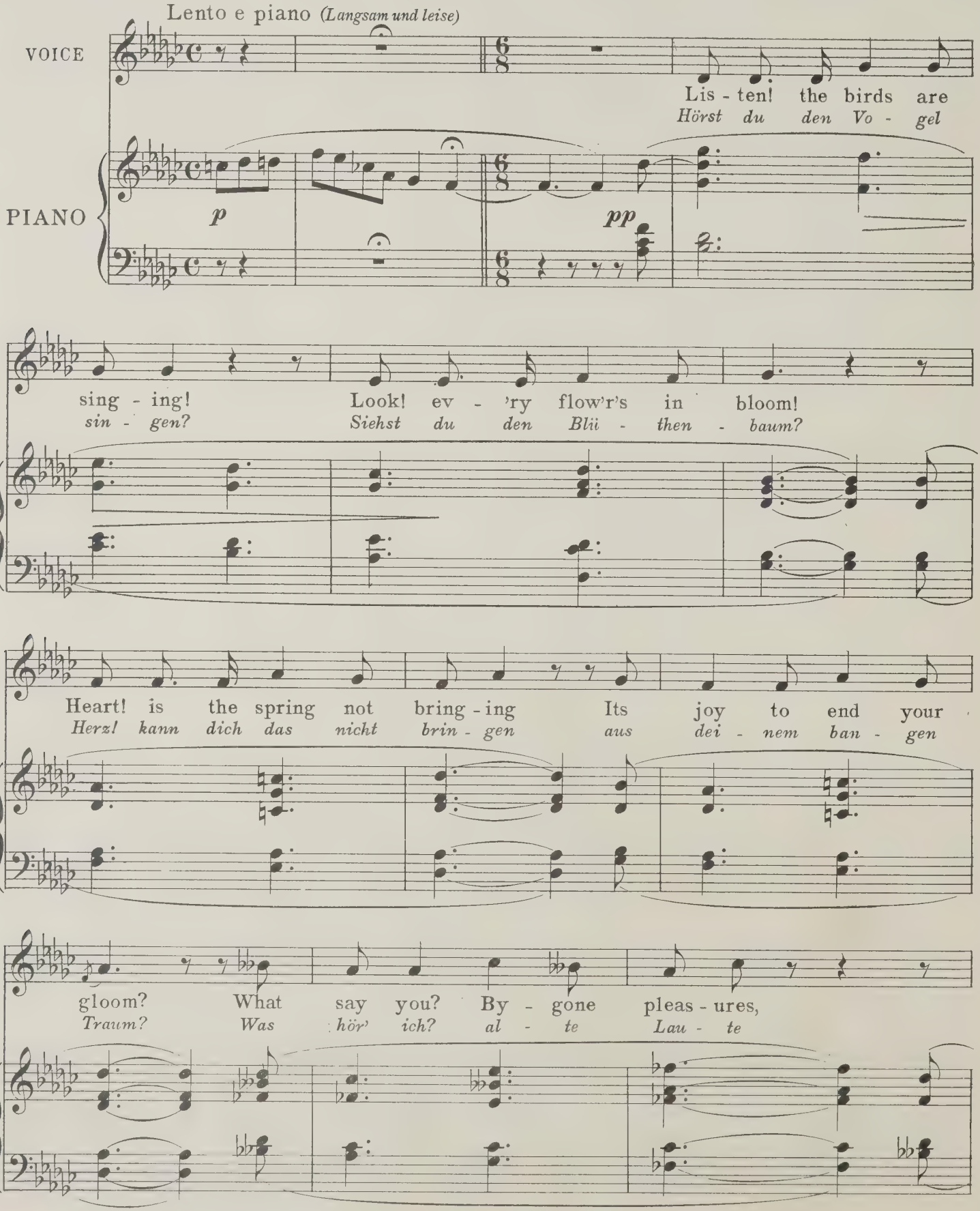
BYGONE PLEASURES
(ALTE LAUTE)

(Composed in 1840)

JUSTINUS KERNER (1786-1862)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, Ab)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 35, No 12



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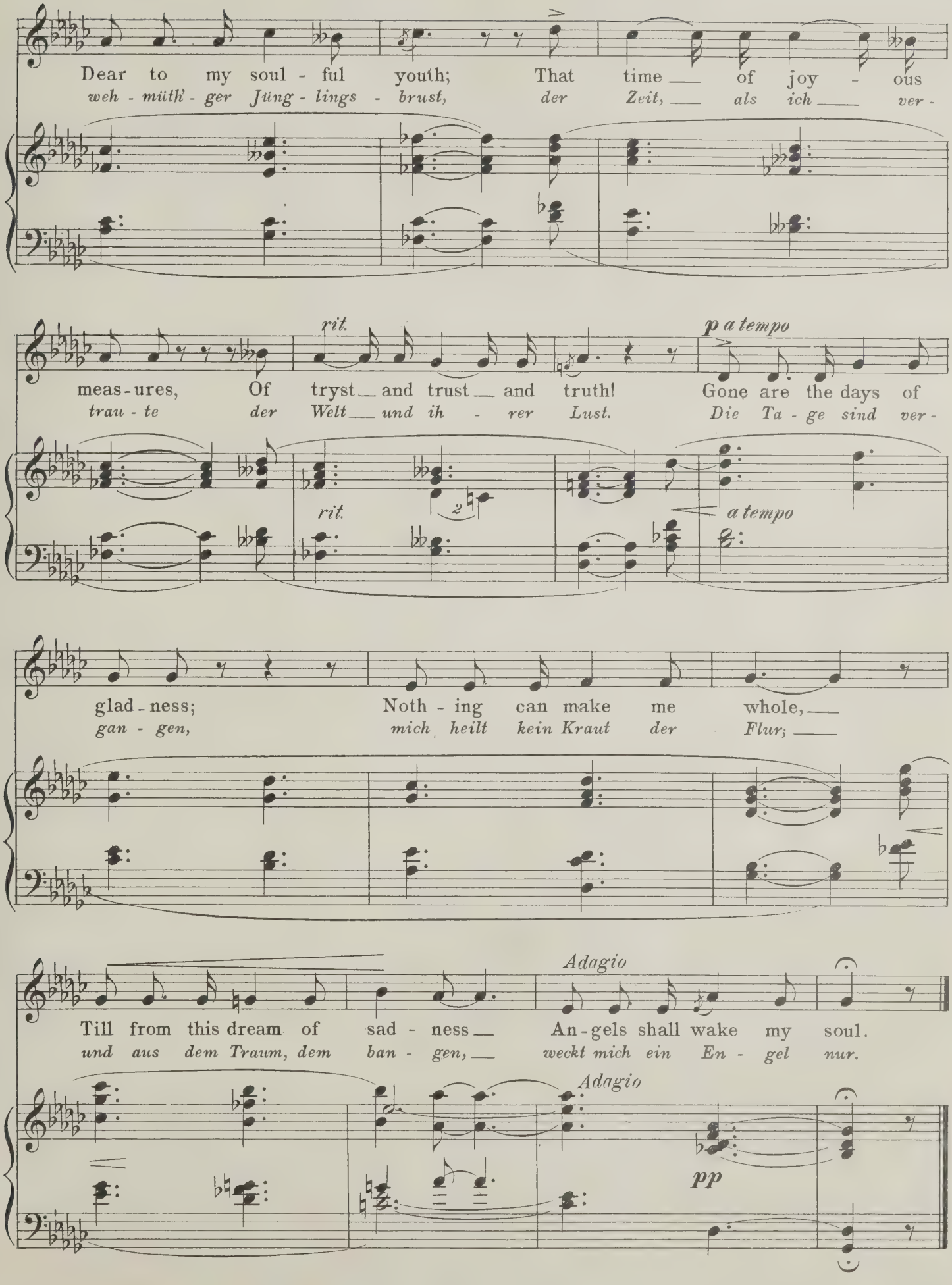

Dear to my soul - ful youth; That time of joy - ous
weh - müth' - ger Jüng - lings - brust, der Zeit, als ich ver -
rit.
p a tempo
meas - ures, Of tryst and trust and truth! Gone are the days of
trau - te der Welt und ih - rer Lust. Die Ta - ge sind ver -
rit.
a tempo
glad - ness; Noth - ing can make me whole,
gan - gen, mich heilt kein Kraut der Flur;
Adagio
Till from this dream of sad - ness An - gels shall wake my soul.
und aus dem Traum, dem ban - gen, weckt mich ein En - gel nur.
Adagio
pp

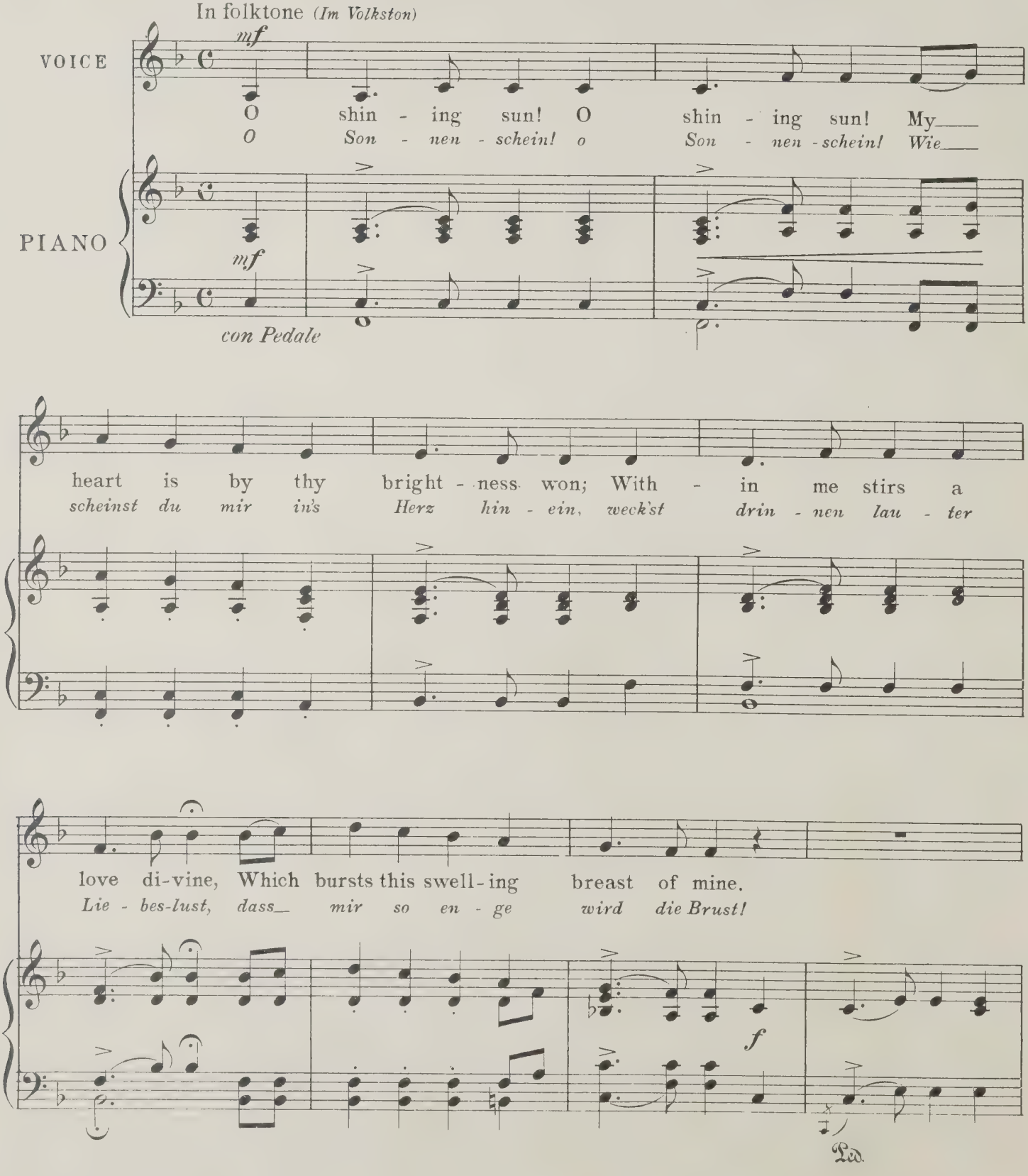
TO THE SUNSHINE
(AN DEN SONNENSCHEIN)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, A)

ROBERT REINICK (1804 - 1852)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.36, No 4



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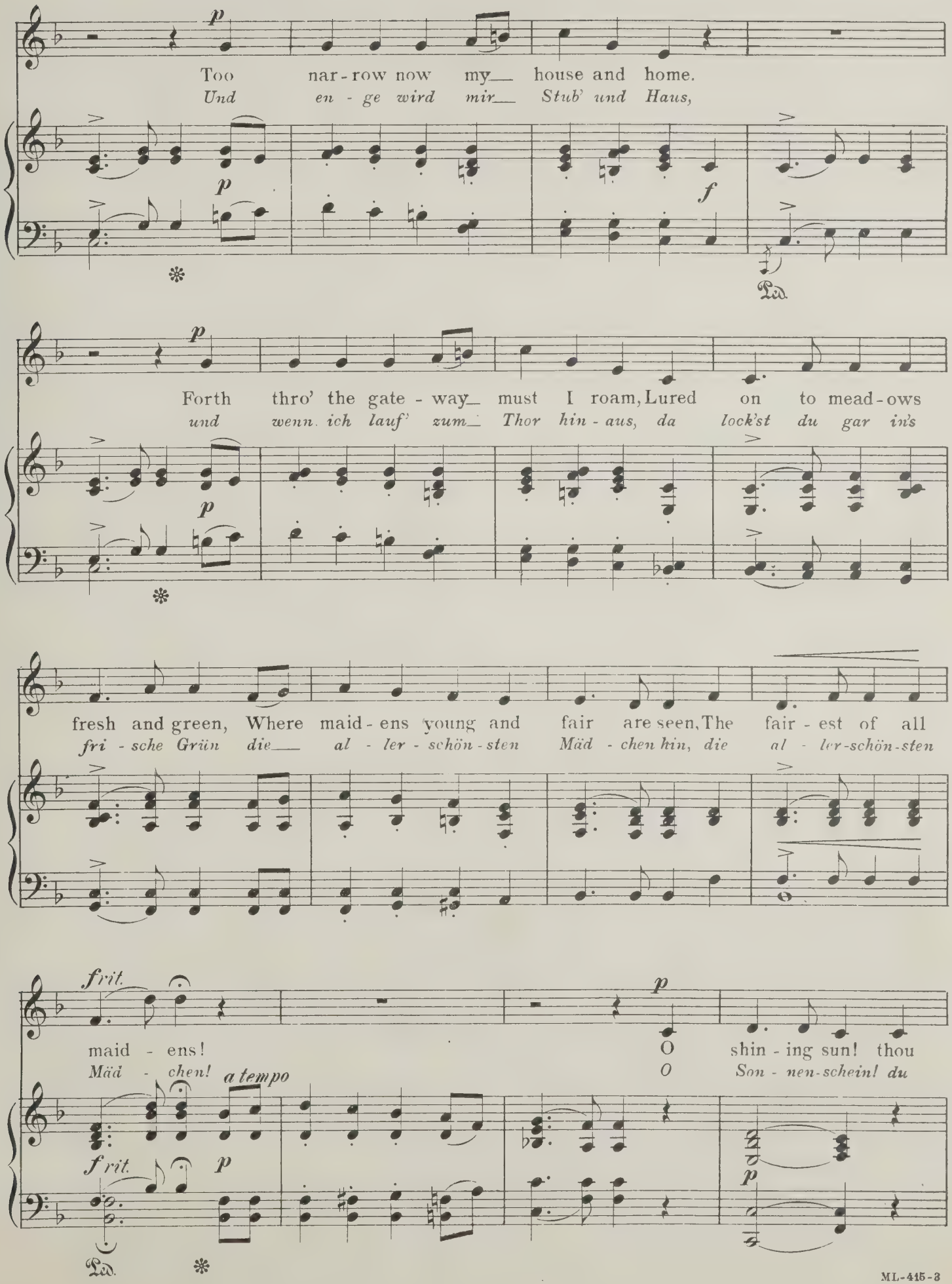
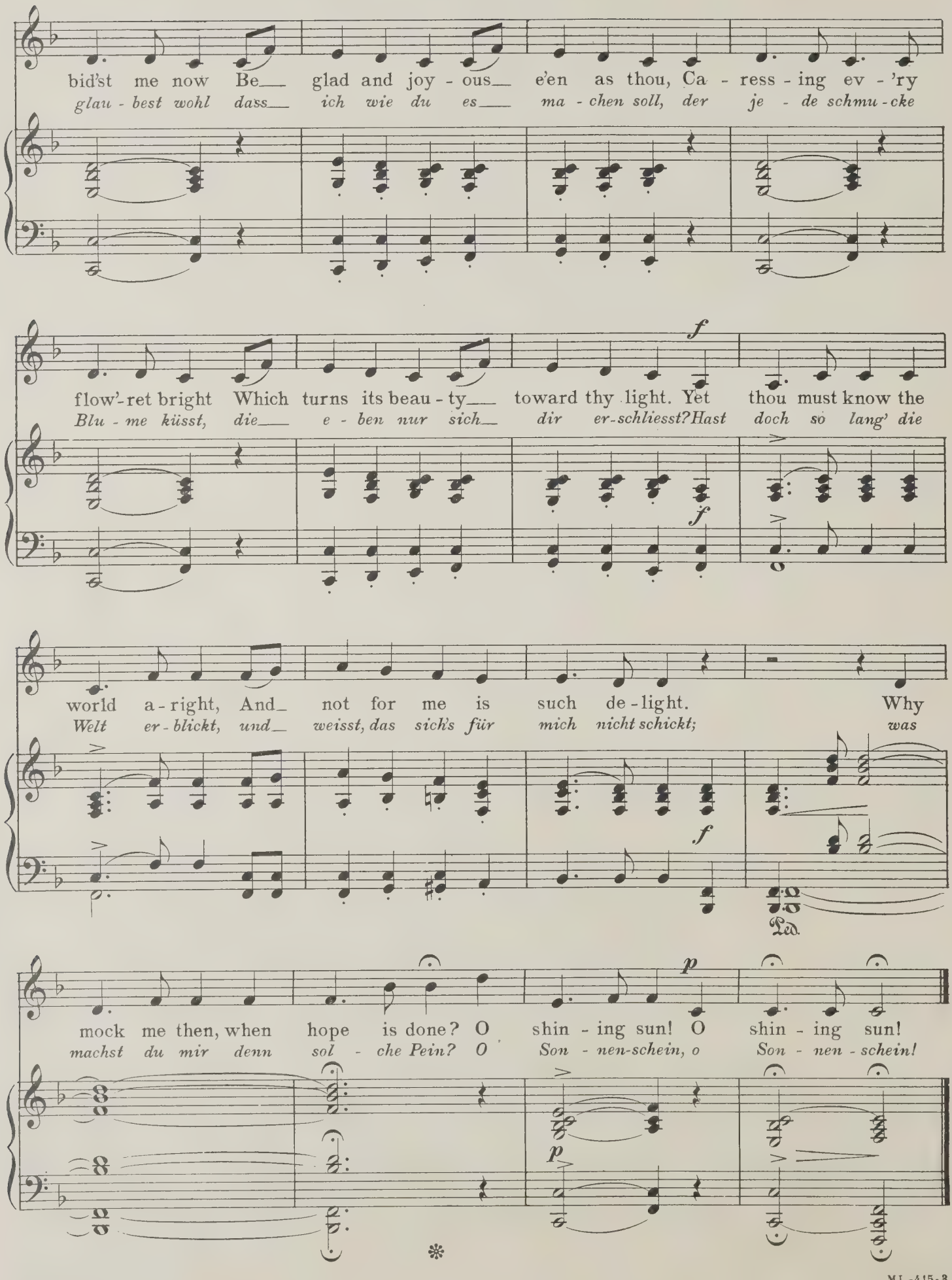

p
Too nar - row now my__ house and home.
Und en - ge wird mir__ Stub' und Haus,
f
Ped.
Forth thro' the gate - way__ must I roam, Lured on to mead - ows
und wenn ich lauf' zum__ Thor hin - aus, da lock'st du gar in's
fresh and green, Where maid - ens young and fair are seen, The fair - est of all
fri - sche Grün die__ al - ler - schön - sten Mäd - chen hin, die al - ler-schön-sten
frit.
maid - ens!
Mäd - chen!
a tempo
O shin - ing sun! thou
O Son - nen-schein! du
Ped.

bid'st me now Be__ glad and joy - ous__ e'en as thou, Ca - ress - ing ev - 'ry
glau - best wohl dass__ ich wie du es__ ma - chen soll, der je - de schmu - cke
flow'-ret bright Which turns its beau - ty__ toward thy light. Yet thou must know the
Blu - me küsst, die__ e - ben nur sich__ dir er-schliesst? Hast doch so lang' die
world a - right, And__ not for me is such de - light. Why
Welt er - blickt, und__ weisst, das sich's für mich nicht schickt; was
mock me then, when hope is done? O shin - ing sun! O shin - ing sun!
machst du mir denn sol - che Pein? O Son - nen-schein, o Son - nen - schein!
f
f
f
p
p
Ped.

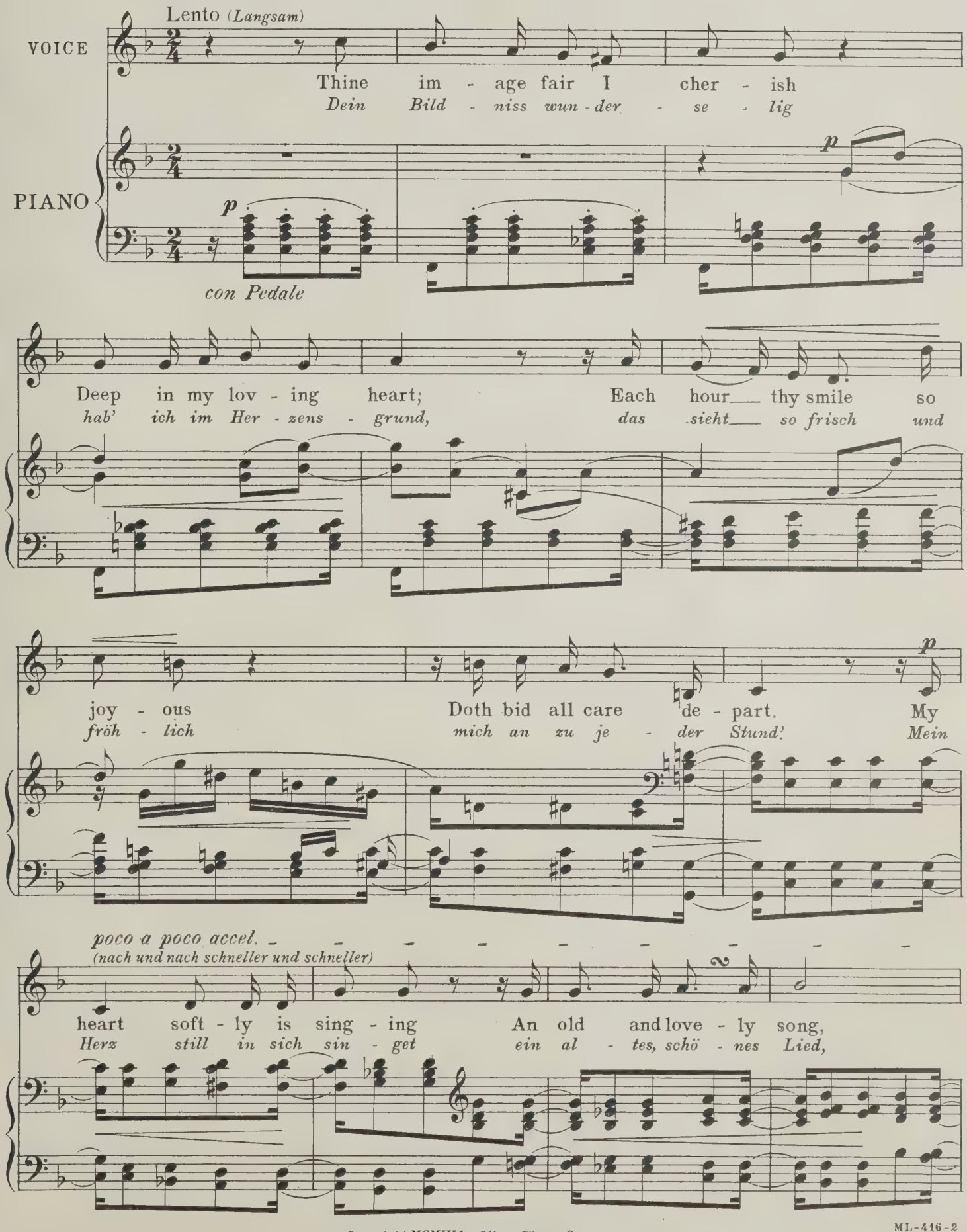
INTERMEZZO

(Composed in 1840)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788 - 1857)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, A)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, No 2



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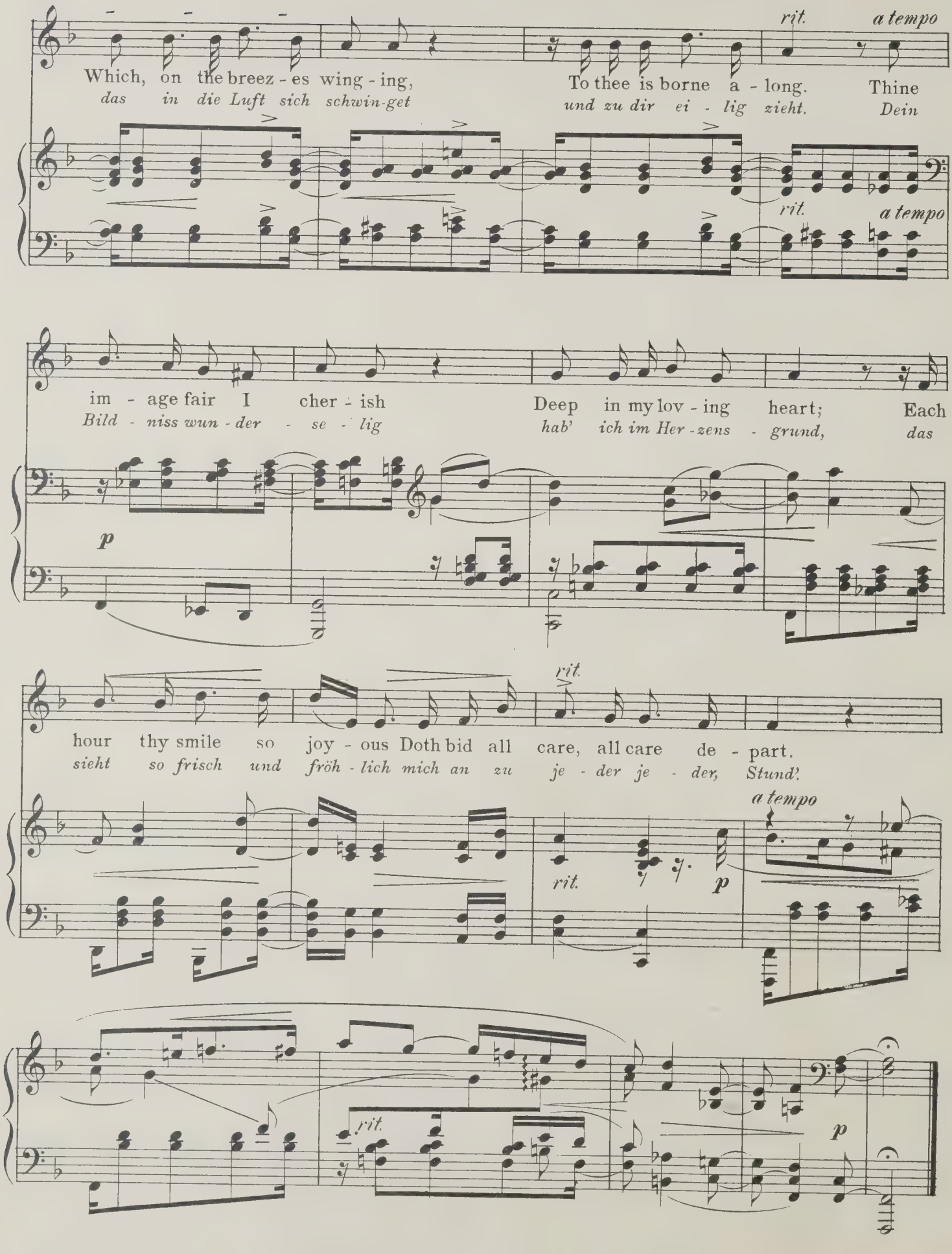

Which, on the breez - es wing - ing,
das in die Luft sich schwin-get
To thee is borne a - long. Thine
und zu dir ei - lig zieht. Dein
rit.
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
im - age fair I cher - ish
Bild - niss wun - der - se - lig
Deep in my lov - ing heart; Each
hab' ich im Her - zens - grund, das
p
hour thy smile so joy - ous Doth bid all care, all care de - part.
sieht so frisch und fröh - lich mich an zu je - der je - der, Stund'.
rit.
a tempo
rit.
p
rit.
p

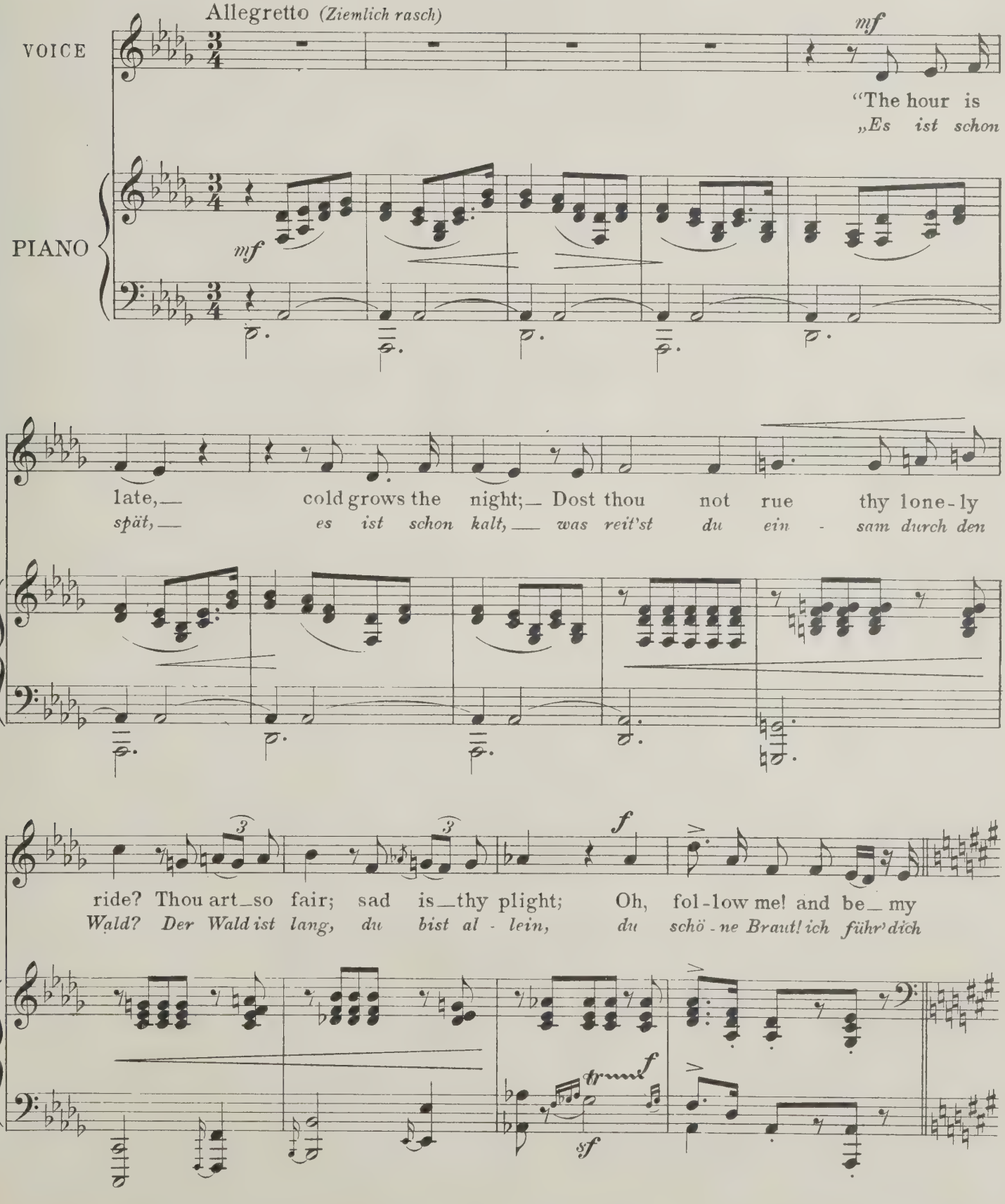
IN THE FOREST
(WALDESGESPRÄCH)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, E)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Alexander Blaess

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, No 3



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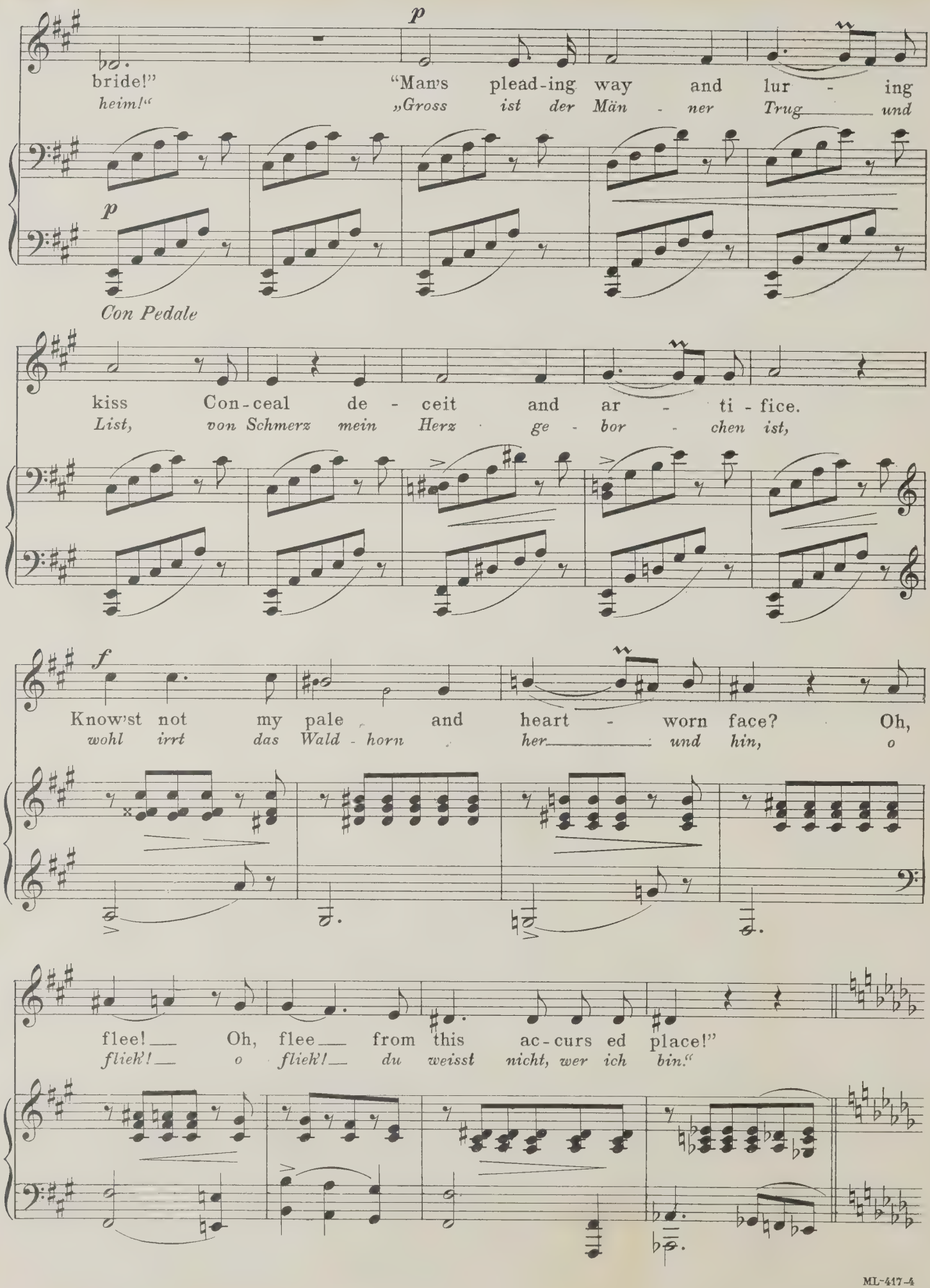
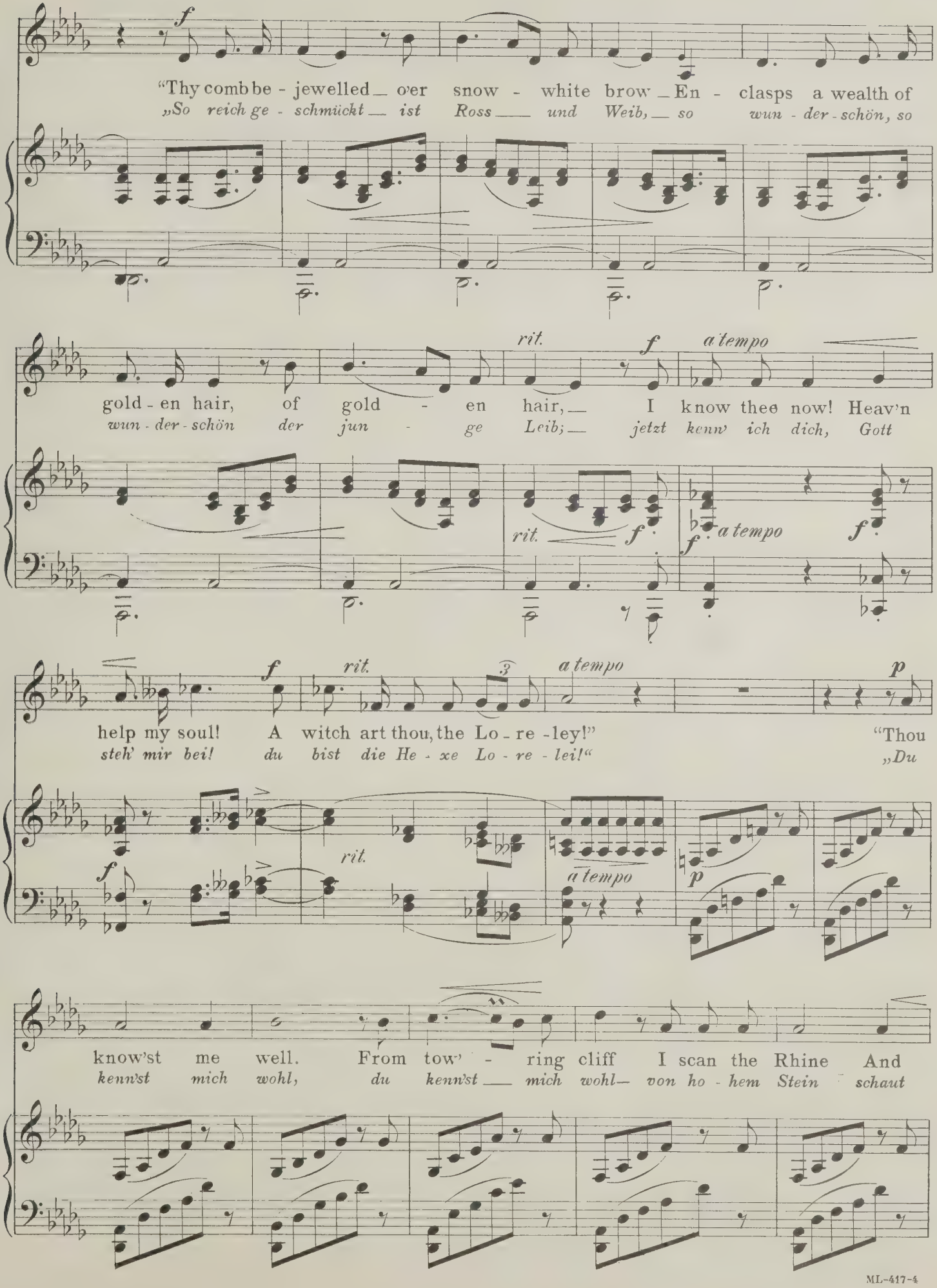
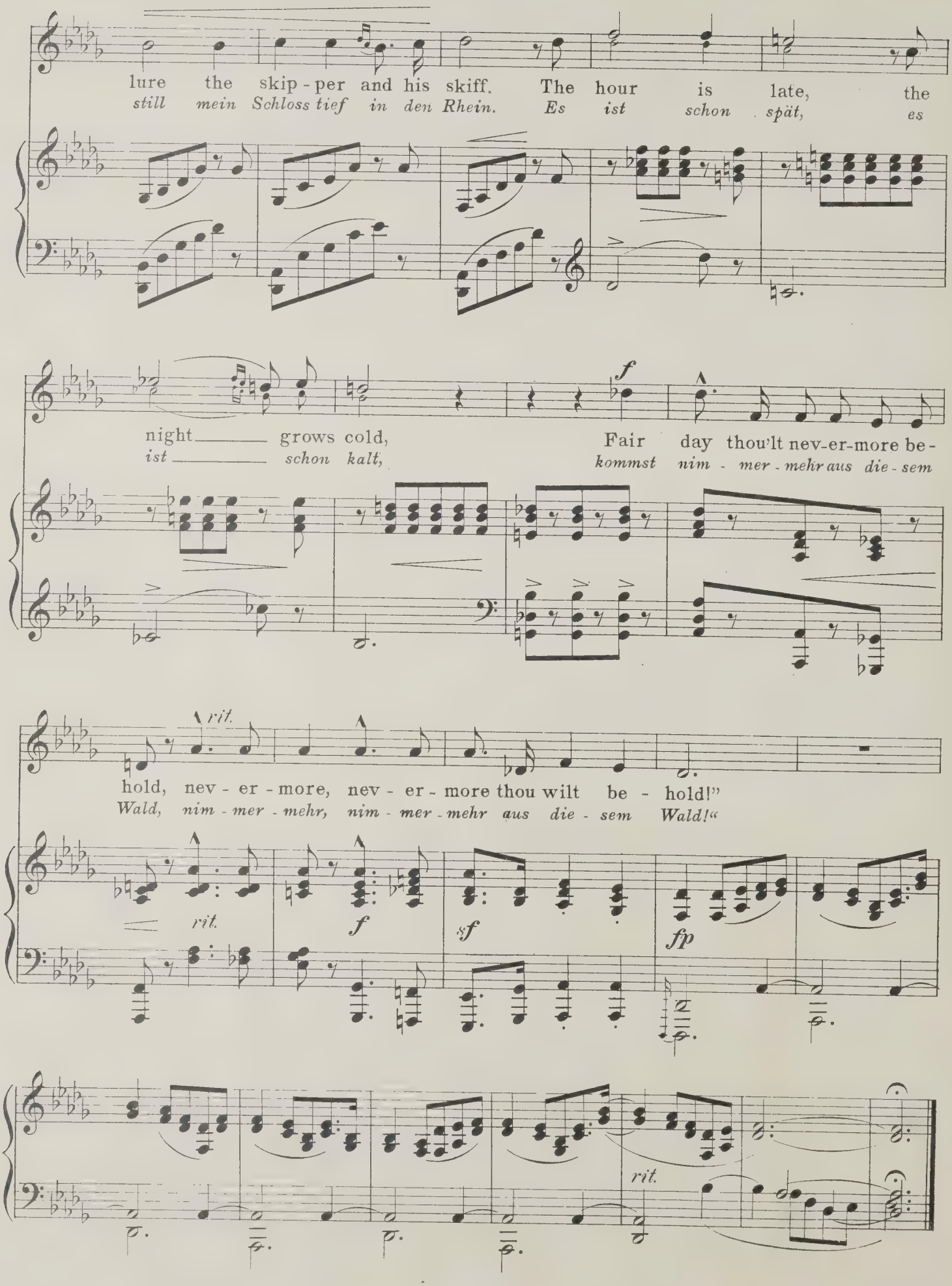

p
bride!"
heim!"
"Man's plead-ing way and lur - ing
„Gross ist der Män - ner Trug und
p
Con Pedale
kiss Con-ceal de - ceit and ar - ti - fice.
List, von Schmerz mein Herz ge - bor - chen ist,
f
Know'st not my pale and heart - worn face? Oh,
wohl irrt das Wald - horn her und hin, o
flee! Oh, flee from this ac-curs ed place!"
flieh'! o flieh'! du weisst nicht, wer ich bin."

"Thy comb be - jewelled_ o'er snow - white brow_ En - clasps a wealth of
„So reich ge - schmückt_ ist Ross_ und Weib,_ so wun - der - schön, so
gold - en hair, of gold - en hair,_ I know thee now! Heav'n
wun - der - schön der jun - ge Leib;_ jetzt kenn' ich dich, Gott
help my soul! A witch art thou, the Lo - re - ley!"
steh' mir bei! du bist die He - xe Lo - re - lei!"
"Thou
„Du
know'st me well. From tow' - ring cliff I scan the Rhine And
kenn'st mich wohl, du kenn'st_ mich wohl— von ho - hem Stein schaut
rit.
a tempo
f
p


lure the skip - per and his skiff. The hour is late, the
still mein Schloss tief in den Rhein. Es ist schon spät, es
night grows cold, Fair day thou'lt nev-er-more be -
ist schon kalt, kommst nim - mer - mehr aus die - sem
rit.
hold, nev - er - more, nev - er - more thou wilt be - hold!"
Wald, nim - mer - mehr, nim - mer - mehr aus die - sem Wald!"
rit.
f
sf
fp
rit.

MOONLIGHT
(MONDNACHT)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, E)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, No. 5

Teneramente, misterioso *(zart, heimlich)*

PIANO

p

Ped.

rit.

a tempo

p

It seem'd as tho' the heav - ens Had kiss'd the
Es war, als hätt' der Him - mel die Er - de

earth to rest,
still ge - küsst,

That she, 'mid moon - lit flow - ers,
dass sie im Blü - then-schim - mer

Might dream of re - gions blest.
von ihm nur träu - men müsst!

a tempo

rit.

p

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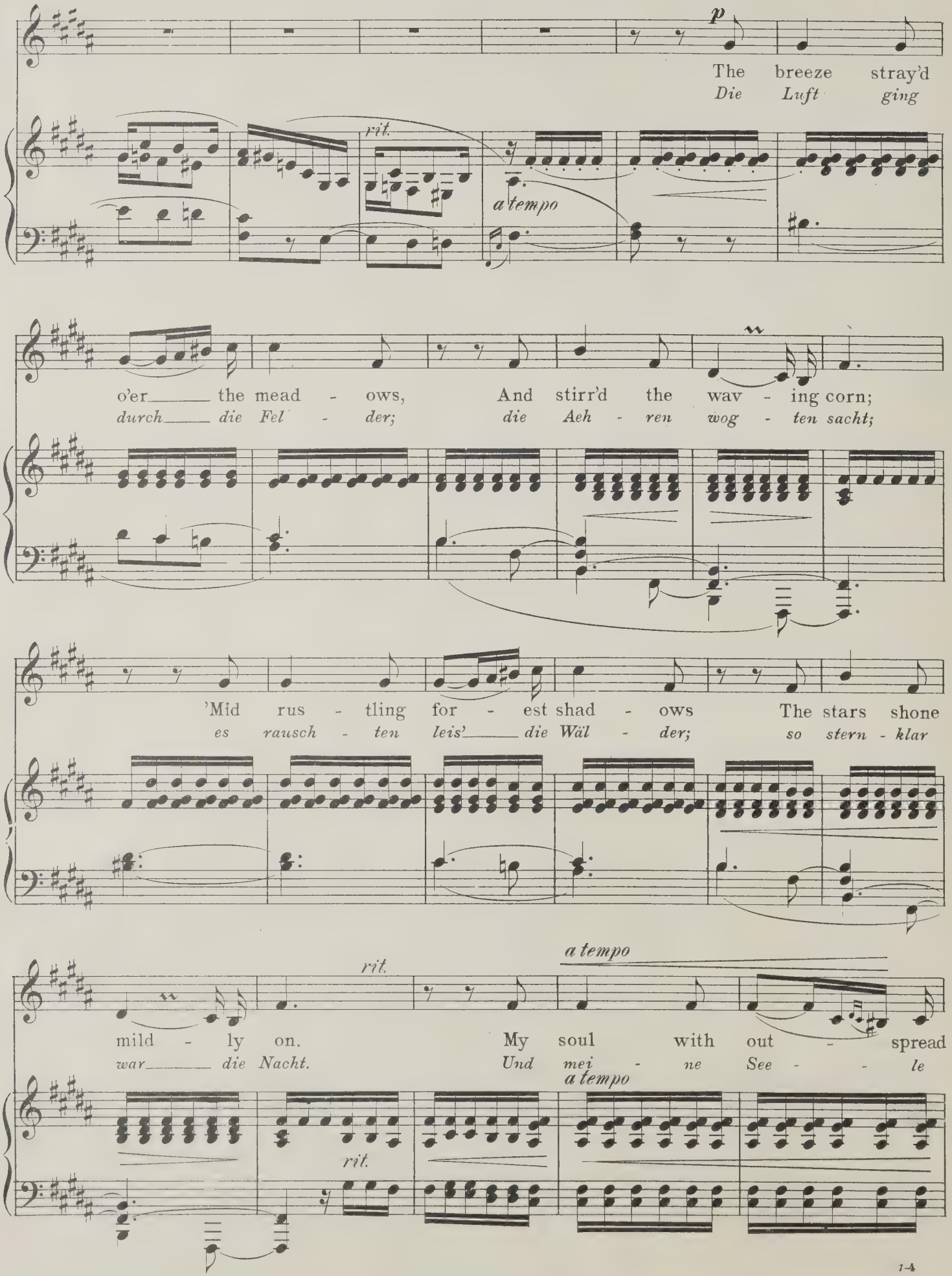
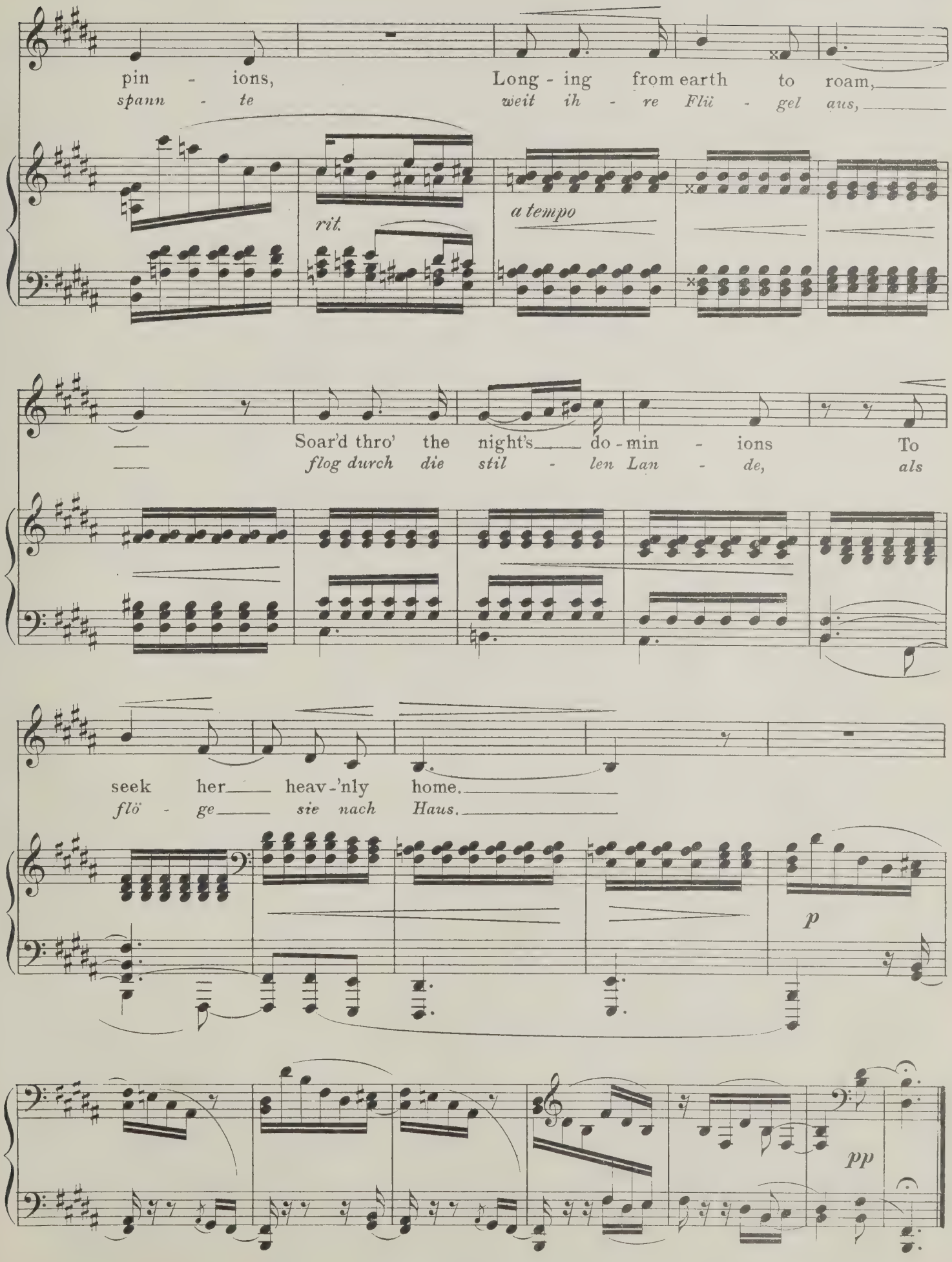
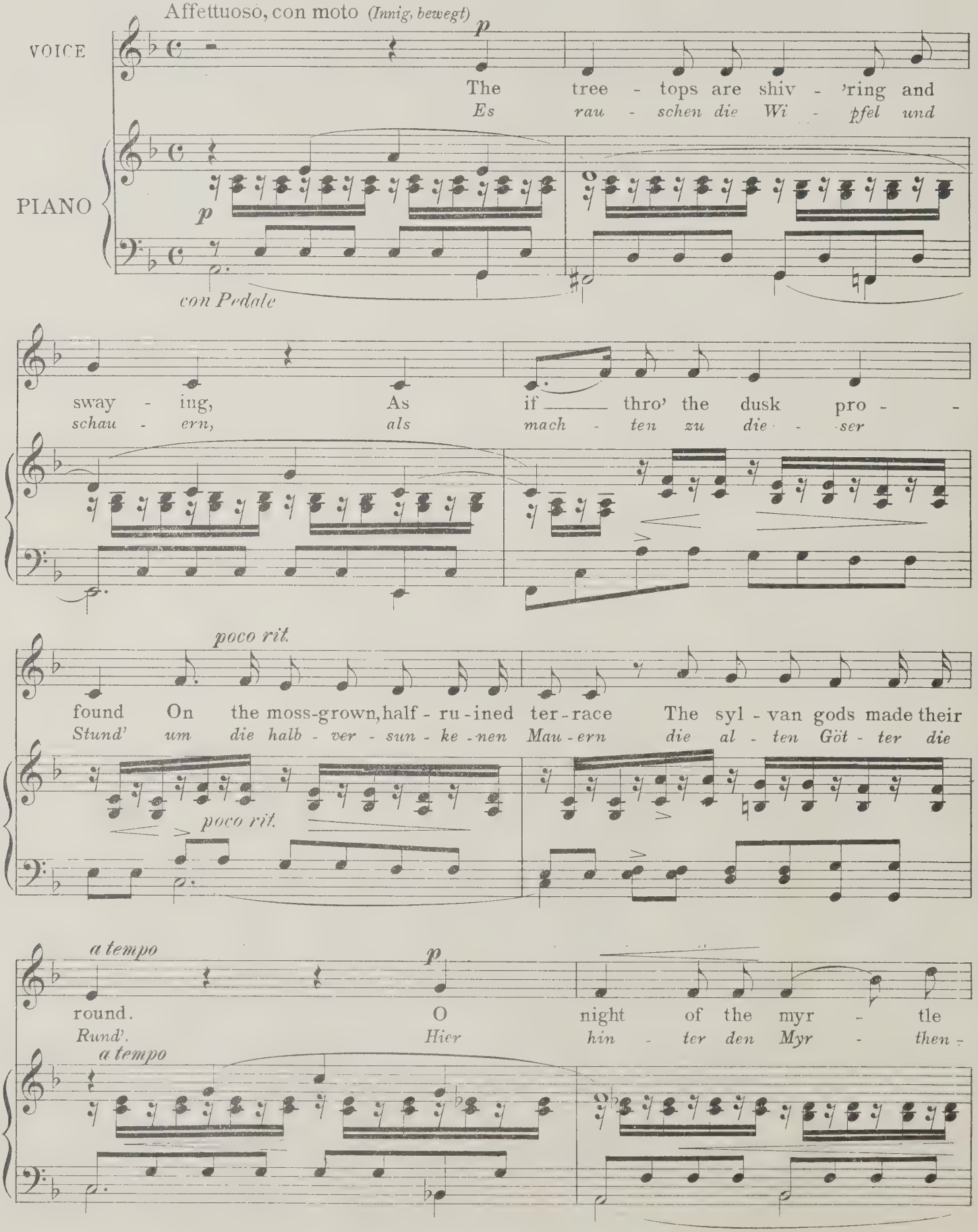

p
The breeze stray'd
Die Luft ging
rit.
a tempo
o'er the mead - ows, And stirr'd the wav - ing corn;
durch die Fel - der; die Aeh - ren wog - ten sacht;
'Mid rus - tling for - est shad - ows The stars shone
es rausch - ten leis' die Wäl - der; so stern - klar
rit.
a tempo
mild - ly on. My soul with out - spread
war die Nacht. Und mei - ne See - le
a tempo
rit.

pin - ions, Long - ing from earth to roam,
spann - te weit ih - re Flü - gel aus,
rit.
a tempo
Soar'd thro' the night's do - min - ions To
flog durch die stil - len Lan - de, als
seek her heav-'nly home.
flö - ge sie nach Haus.
p
pp

IN A FAIR AND FOREIGN LAND
(SCHÖNE FREMDE)

(Composed in 1840)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, B)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, No 6

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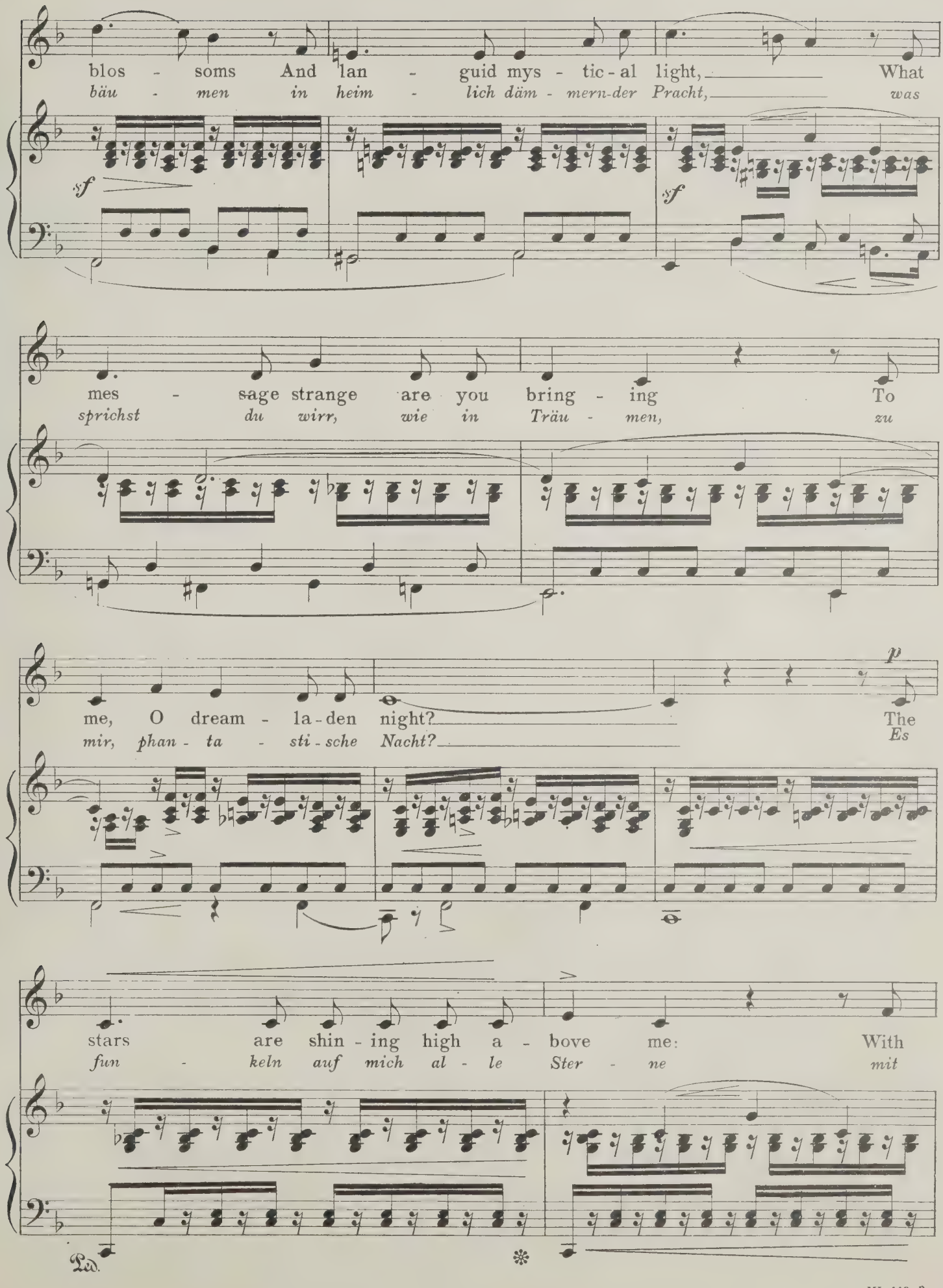
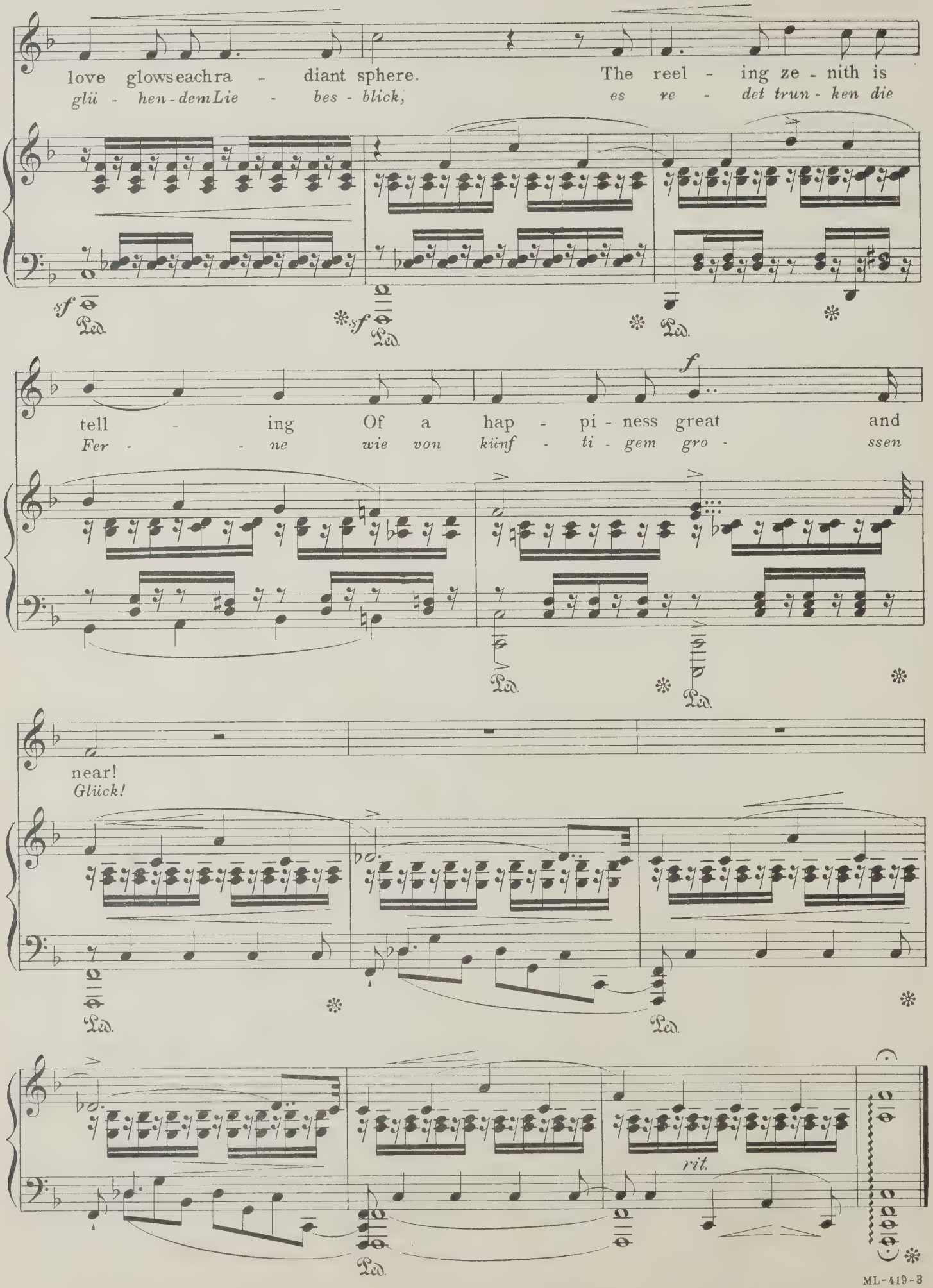

blos - soms And lan - guid mys - tic-al light, What
bäu - men in heim - lich däm - mern-der Pracht, was
sf
sf
mes - sage strange are you bring - ing To
sprichst du wirr, wie in Träu - men, zu
p
me, O dream - la-den night? The
mir, phan - ta - sti-sche Nacht? Es
stars are shin - ing high a - bove me: With
fun - keln auf mich al - le Ster - ne mit
Ped.
*

love glows each ra - diant sphere. The reel - ing ze - nith is
glü - hen - dem Lie - bes - blick, es re - det trun - ken die
sf Ped. sf Ped. Ped.
tell - ing Of a hap - pi - ness great and
Fer - - ne wie von küinf - ti - gem gro - ssen
f
Ped. Ped.
near!
Glück!
Ped. Ped.
rit.
Ped.

MEMORIES
(IN DER FREMDE)

(Composed in 1840)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by M. X. Hayes

(Original Key, A minor)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, No 8

Con tenerezza, misterioso *(Zart, heimlich)*

VOICE

PIANO

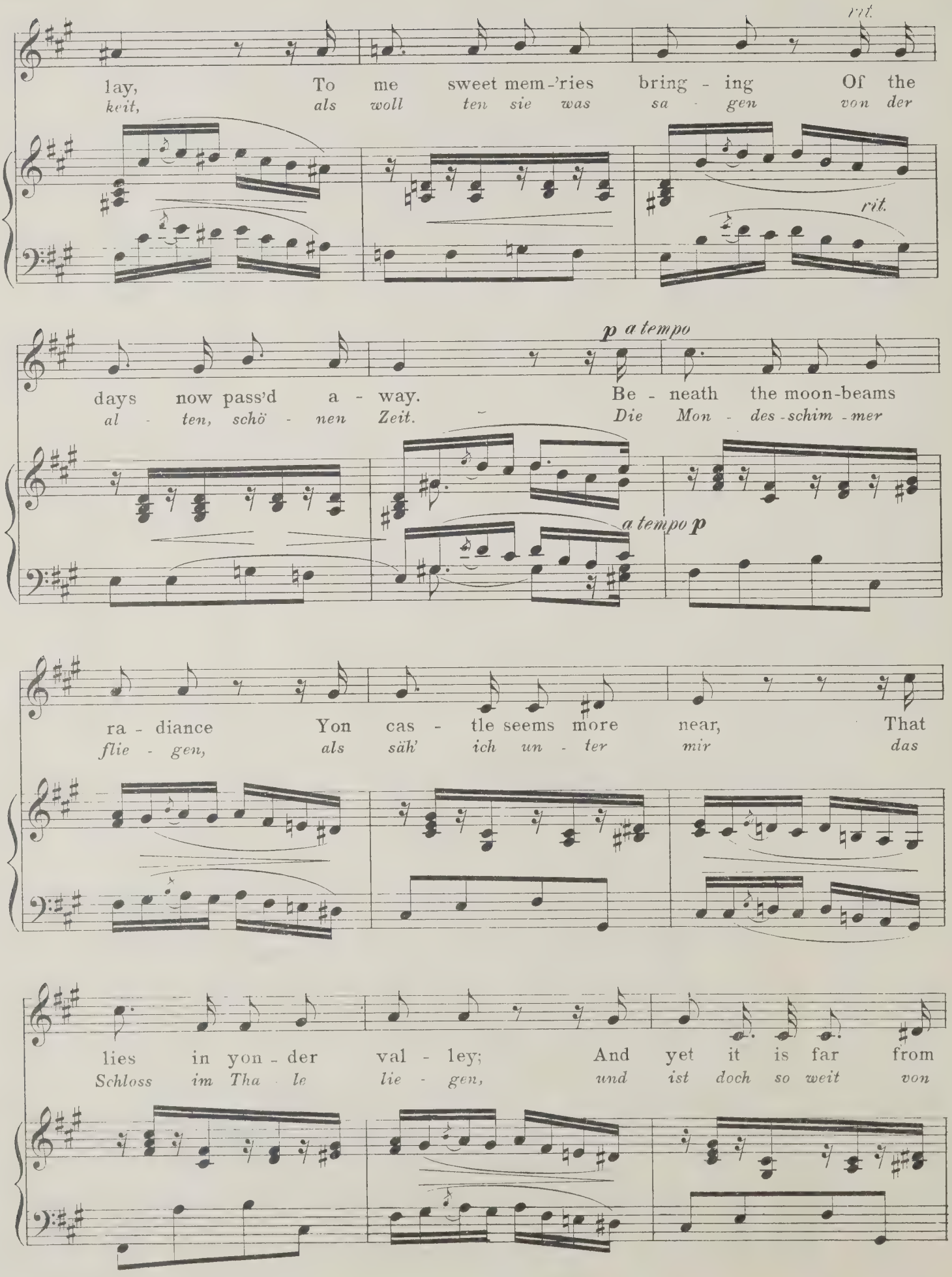
p

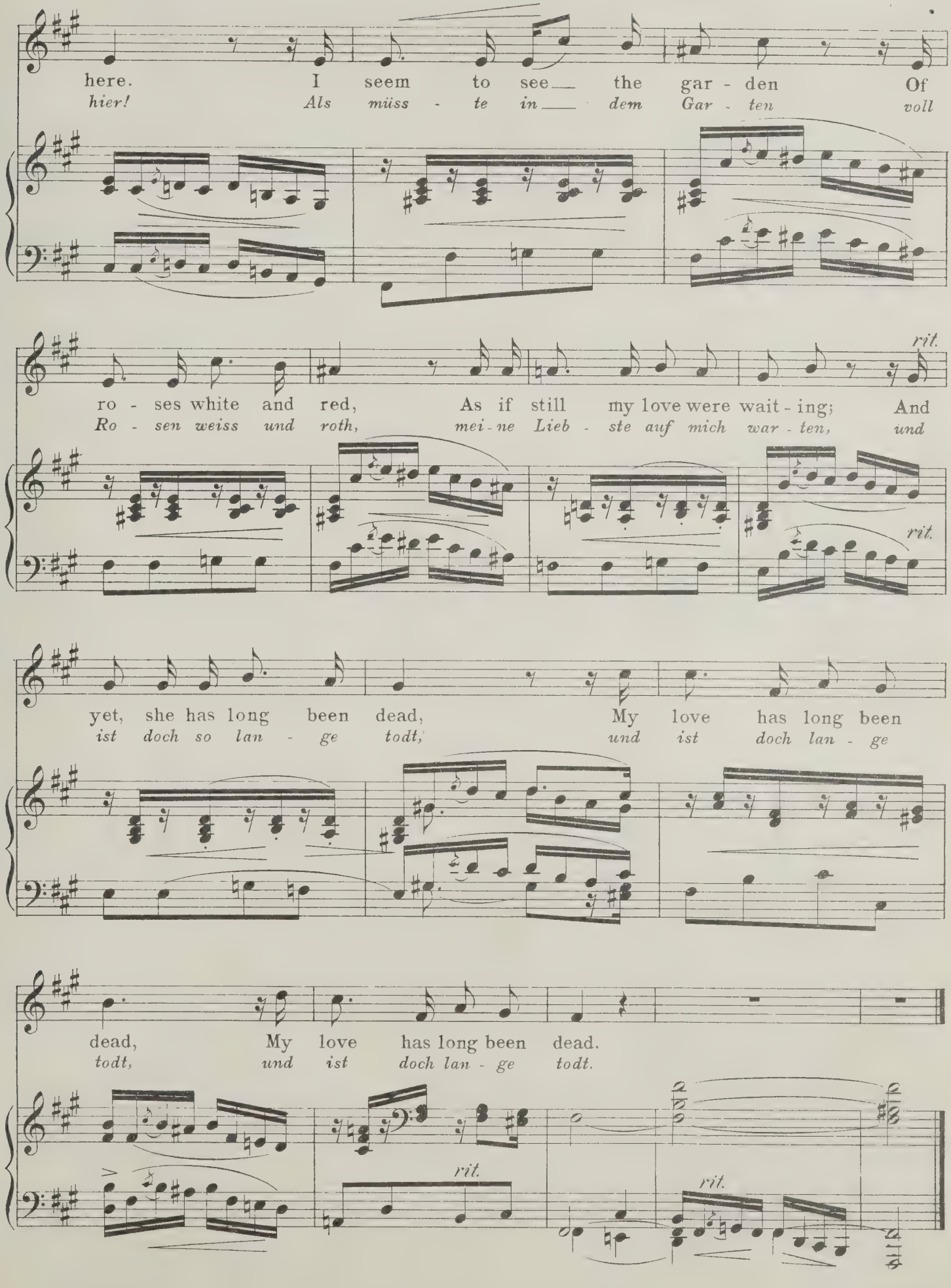
mf

I hear the brook-let mur - mur A -
Ich hör' die Bäch - lein rau - schen im

mid the dark-'ning wood; To sleep its bab - bling
Wal - de her und hin, im Wal - de, in dem

lulls me In this sweet so - li - tude. The
Rau - schen ich weiss nicht, wo ich bin. Die

night - in - gale is sing - ing Soft - ly her lone - ly
Nach - ti - gal - len schla - gen hier in der Ein - sam -

rit.
lay, To me sweet mem-'ries bring - ing Of the
keit, als woll ten sie was sa - gen von der
rit.
p a tempo
days now pass'd a - way. Be - neath the moon-beams
al - ten, schö - nen Zeit. Die Mon - des-schim - mer
a tempo p
ra - diance Yon cas - tle seems more near, That
flie - gen, als säh' ich un - ter mir das
lies in yon - der val - ley; And yet it is far from
Schloss im Tha - le lie - gen, und ist doch so weit von


here. I seem to see the gar - den Of
hier! Als müss - te in dem Gar - ten voll
ro - ses white and red, As if still my love were wait - ing; And
Ro - sen weiss und roth, mei - ne Lieb - ste auf mich war - ten, und
rit.
rit.
yet, she has long been dead, My love has long been
ist doch so lan - ge todt, und ist doch lan - ge
dead, My love has long been dead.
todt, und ist doch lan - ge todt.
rit.
rit.

SPRING NIGHT
(FRÜHLINGSNACHT)

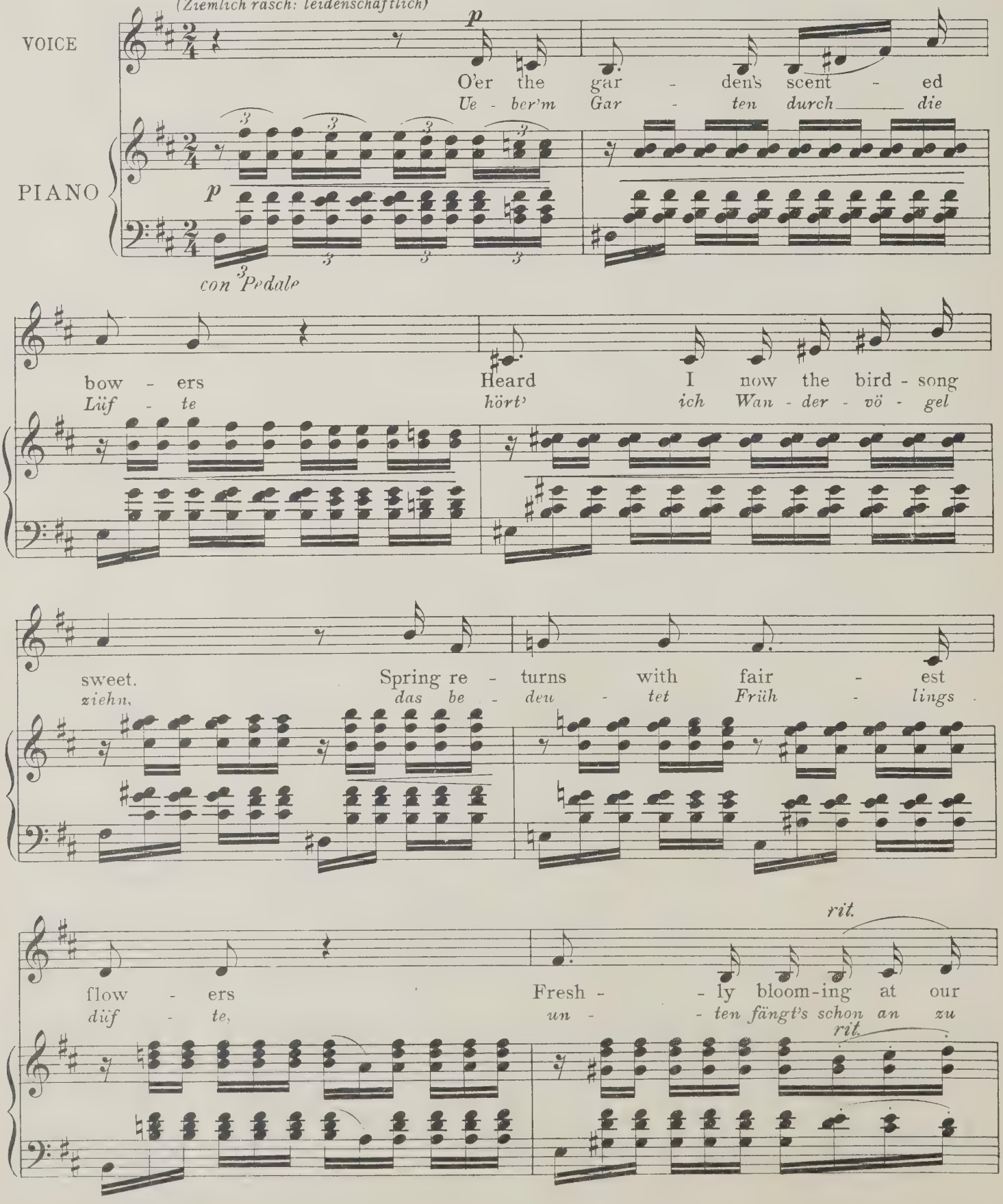
(Composed in 1840)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

(Original Key, F♯)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, № 12

Allegro moderato, appassionato
(Ziemlich rasch: leidenschaftlich)



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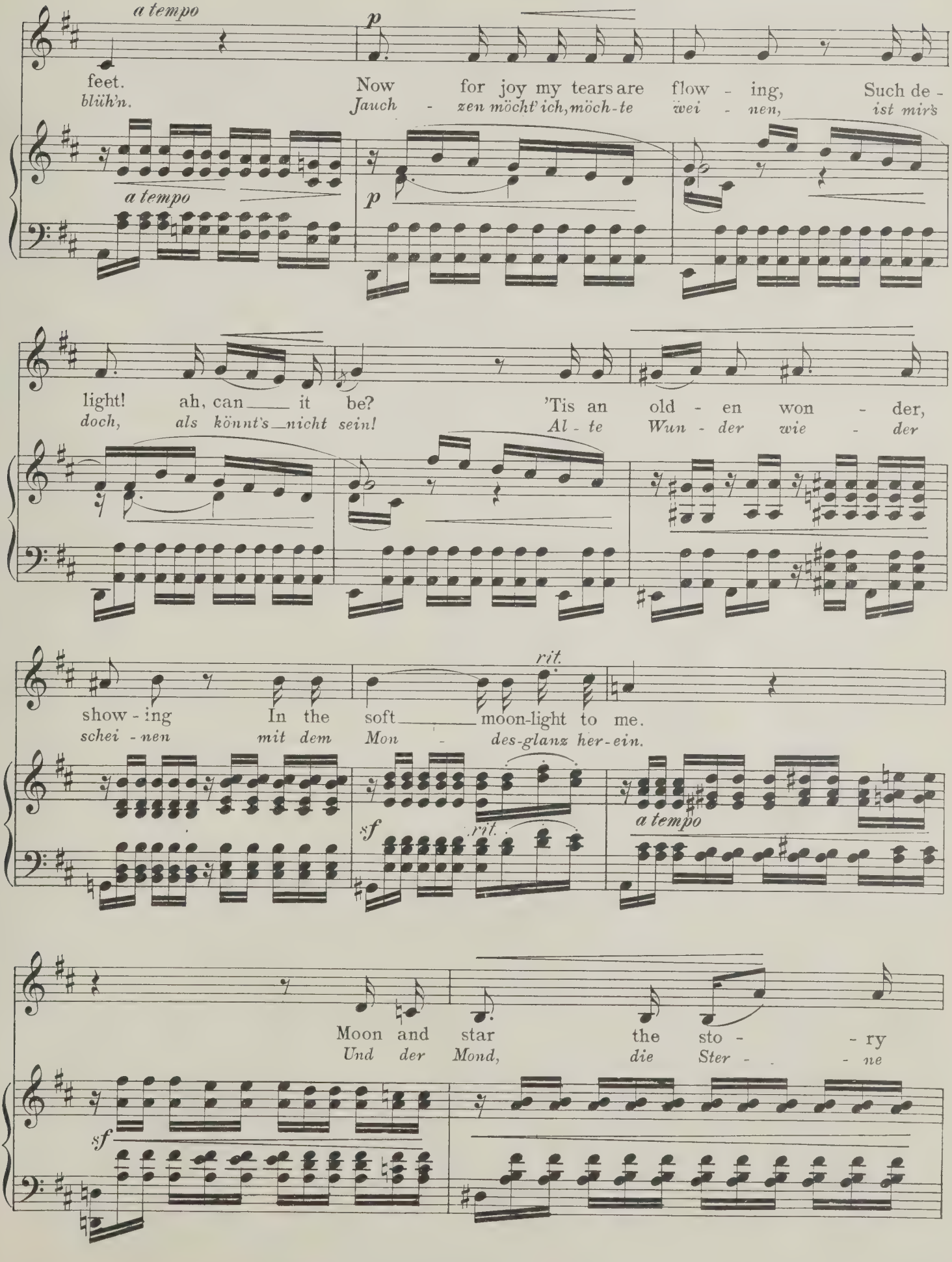
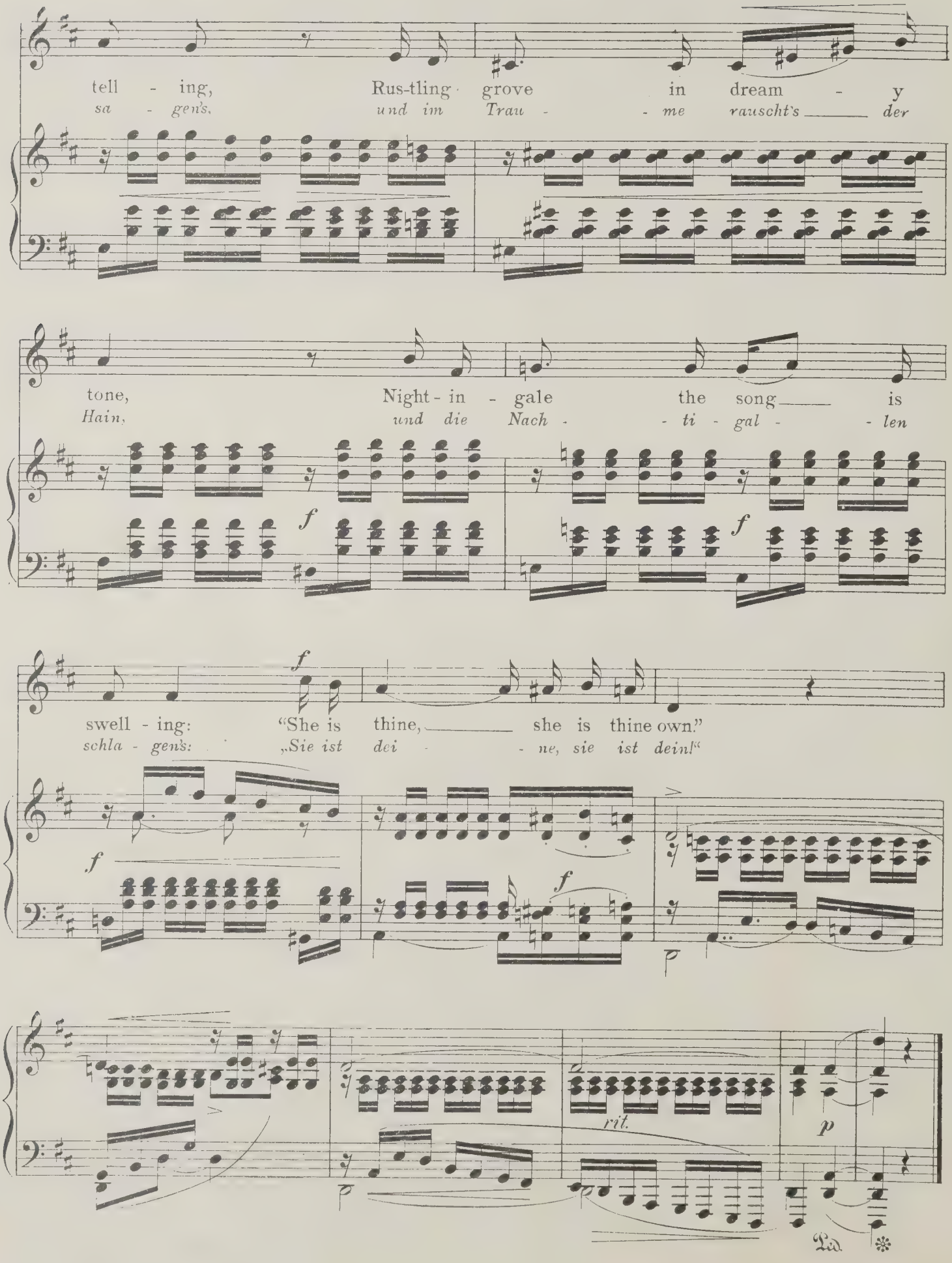

a tempo
p
feet.
blüh'n.
Now for joy my tears are flow - ing, Such de -
Jauch - zen möcht' ich, möch-te wei - nen, ist mir's
a tempo
p
light! ah, can it be? 'Tis an old - en won - der,
doch, als könnt's nicht sein! Al - te Wun - der wie - der
rit.
show - ing In the soft moon-light to me.
schei - nen mit dem Mon - des-glanz her-ein.
sf
rit.
a tempo
Moon and star the sto - ry
Und der Mond, die Ster - ne
sf


tell - ing, Rus-tling grove in dream - y
sa - gen's, und im Trau - - me rauscht's der
tone, Night - in - gale the song is
Hain, und die Nach - - ti - gal - - len
swell - ing: "She is thine, she is thine own."
schla - gen's: „Sie ist dei - - ne, sie ist dein!"
f
rit.
p
Ped.

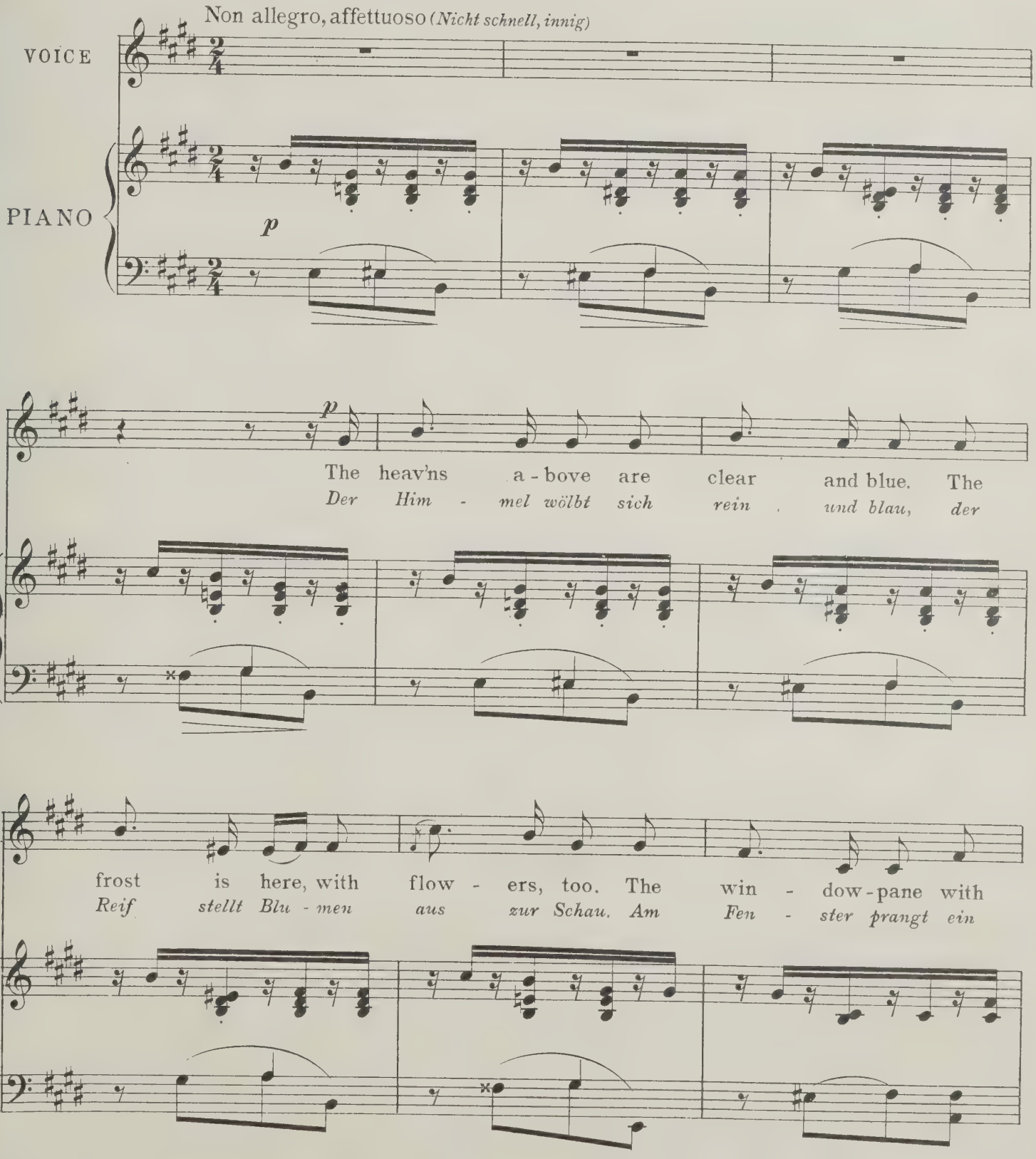
MARCH VIOLETS
(MÄRZVEILCHEN)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, G)

From the Danish of
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 40, No. 1



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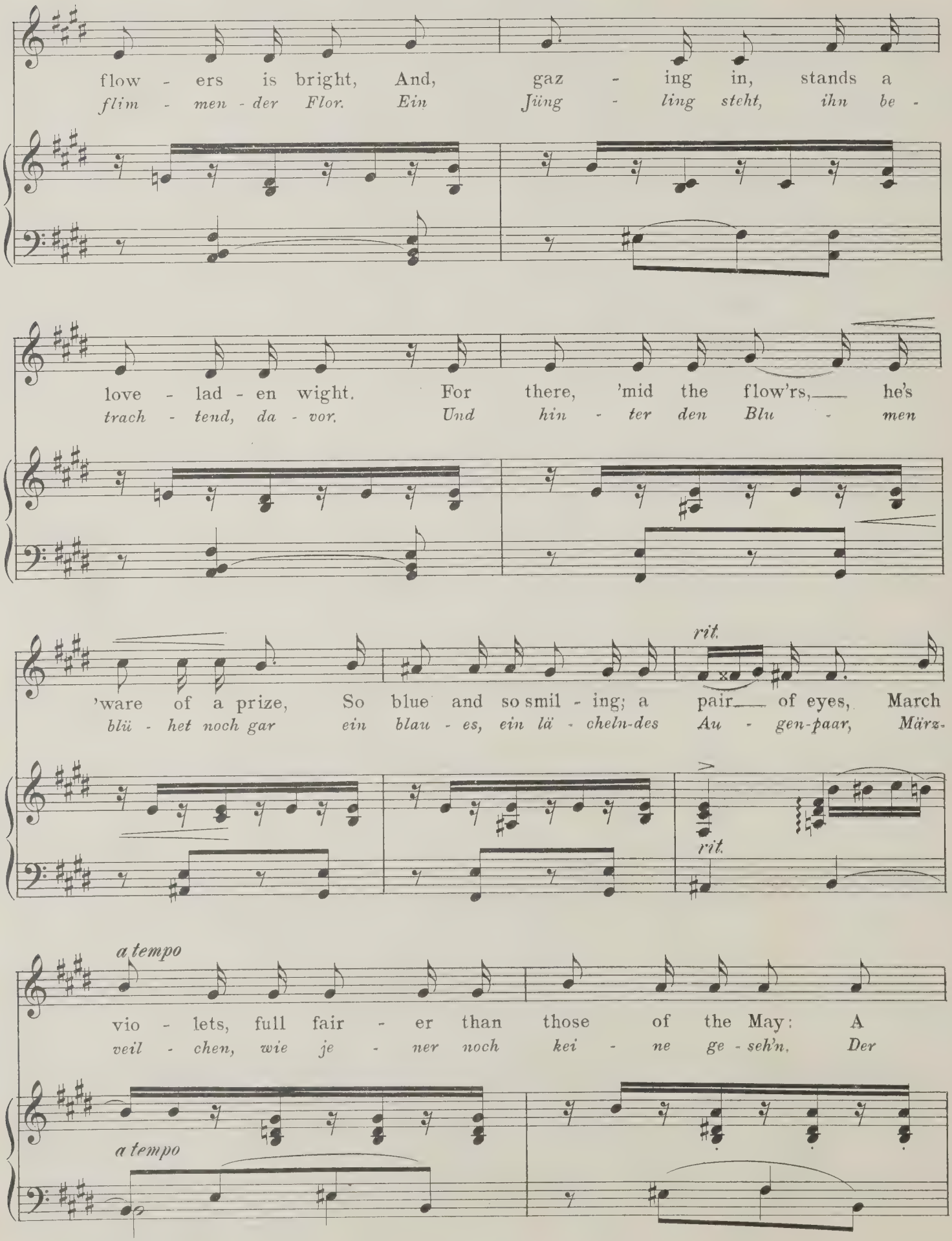
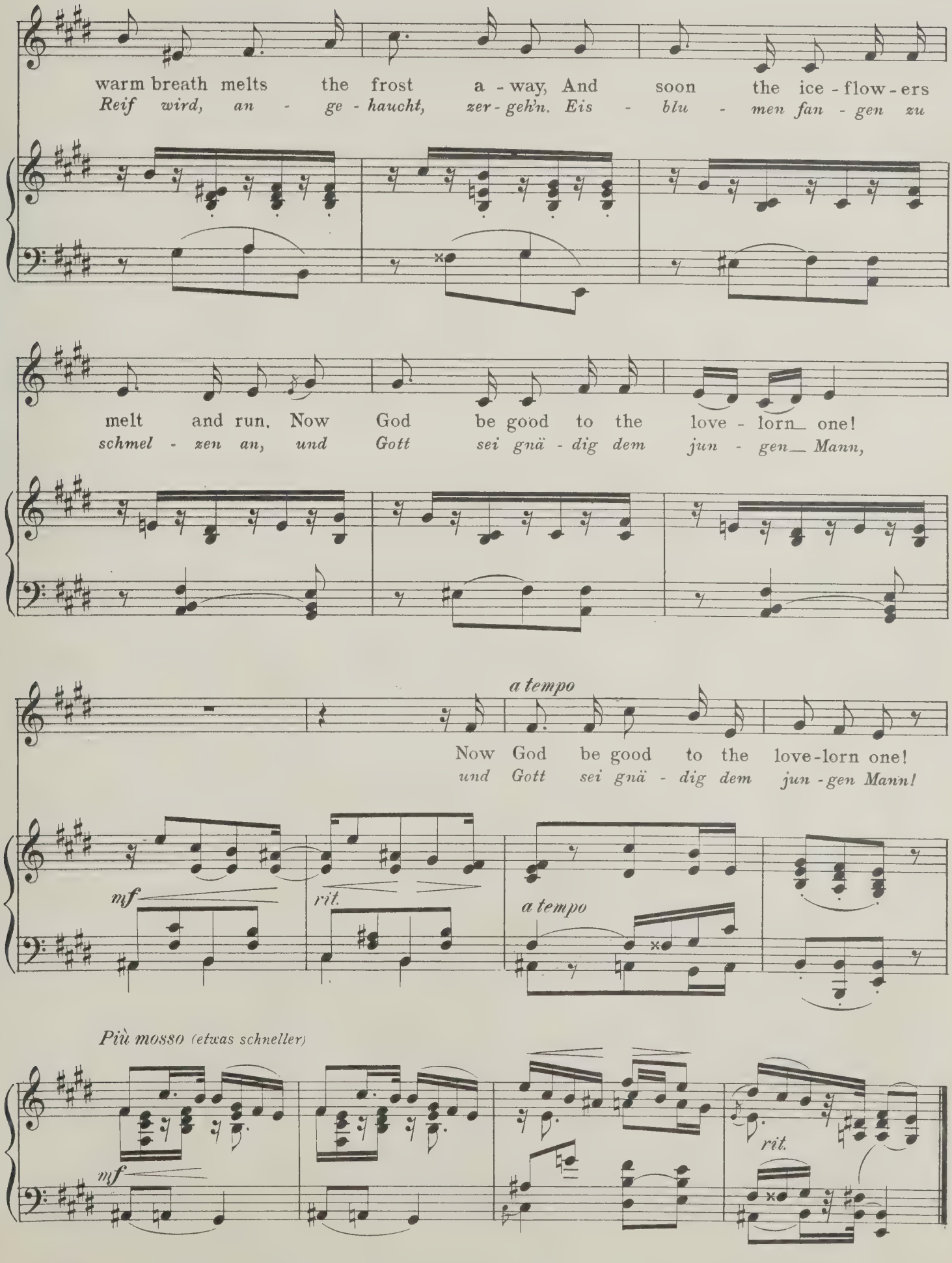

flow - ers is bright, And, gaz - ing in, stands a
flim - men - der Flor. Ein Jüng - ling steht, ihn be -
love - lad - en wight. For there, 'mid the flow'rs, he's
trach - tend, da - vor. Und hin - ter den Blu - men
rit.
'ware of a prize, So blue and so smil - ing; a pair of eyes, March
blü - het noch gar ein blau - es, ein lä - cheln-des Au - gen-paar, März-
rit.
a tempo
vio - lets, full fair - er than those of the May: A
veil - chen, wie je - ner noch kei - ne ge - seh'n. Der
a tempo


warm breath melts the frost a - way, And soon the ice - flow - ers
Reif wird, an - ge - haucht, zer - geh'n. Eis - blu - men fan - gen zu
melt and run. Now God be good to the love - lorn one!
schmel - zen an, und Gott sei gnä - dig dem jun - gen Mann,
a tempo
Now God be good to the love-lorn one!
und Gott sei gnä - dig dem jun - gen Mann!
mf
rit.
a tempo
Più mosso (etwas schneller)
mf
rit.

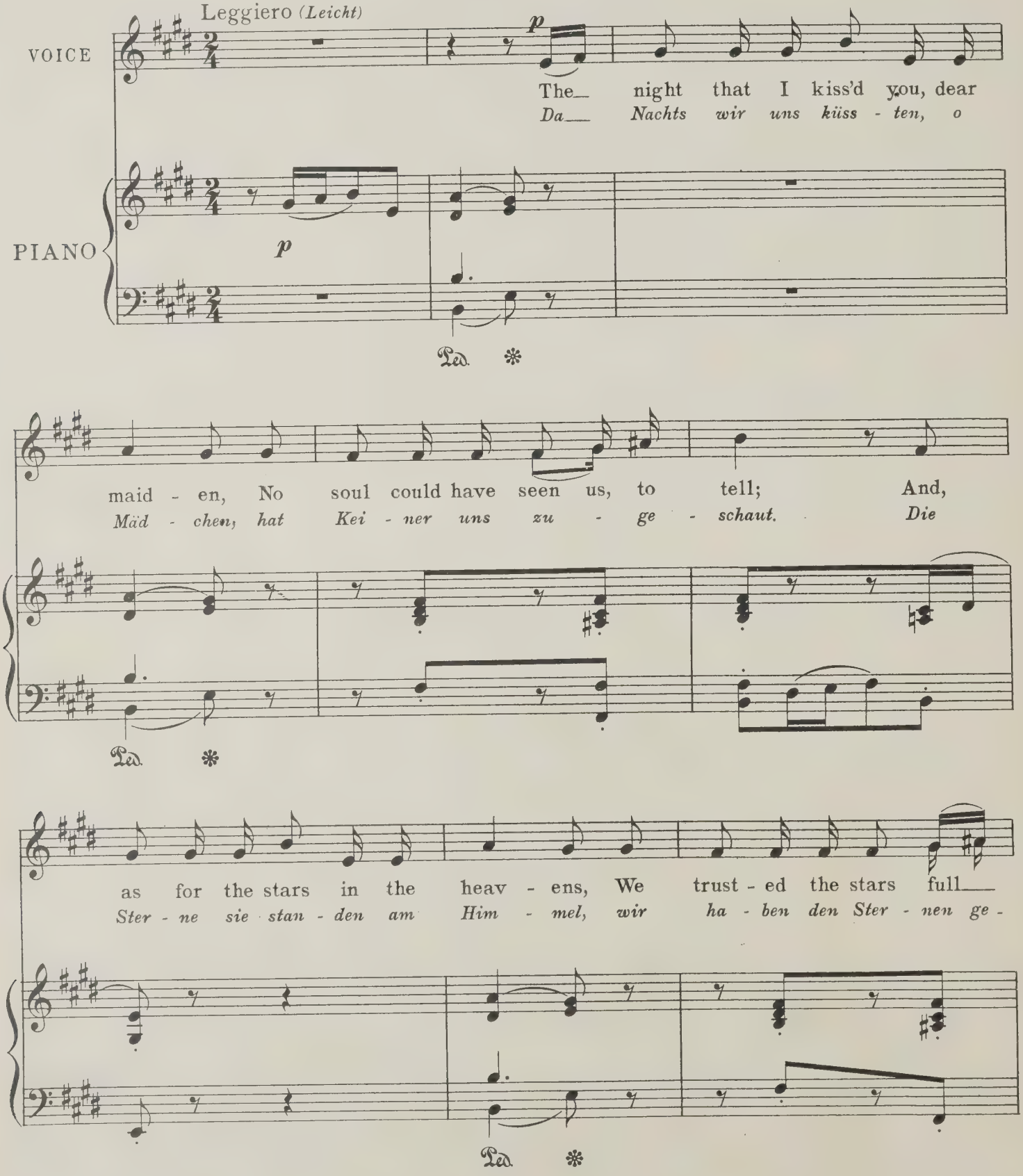
LOVE'S SECRET LOST
(VERRATHENE LIEBE)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, G)

ADELBERT von CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 40, No. 5



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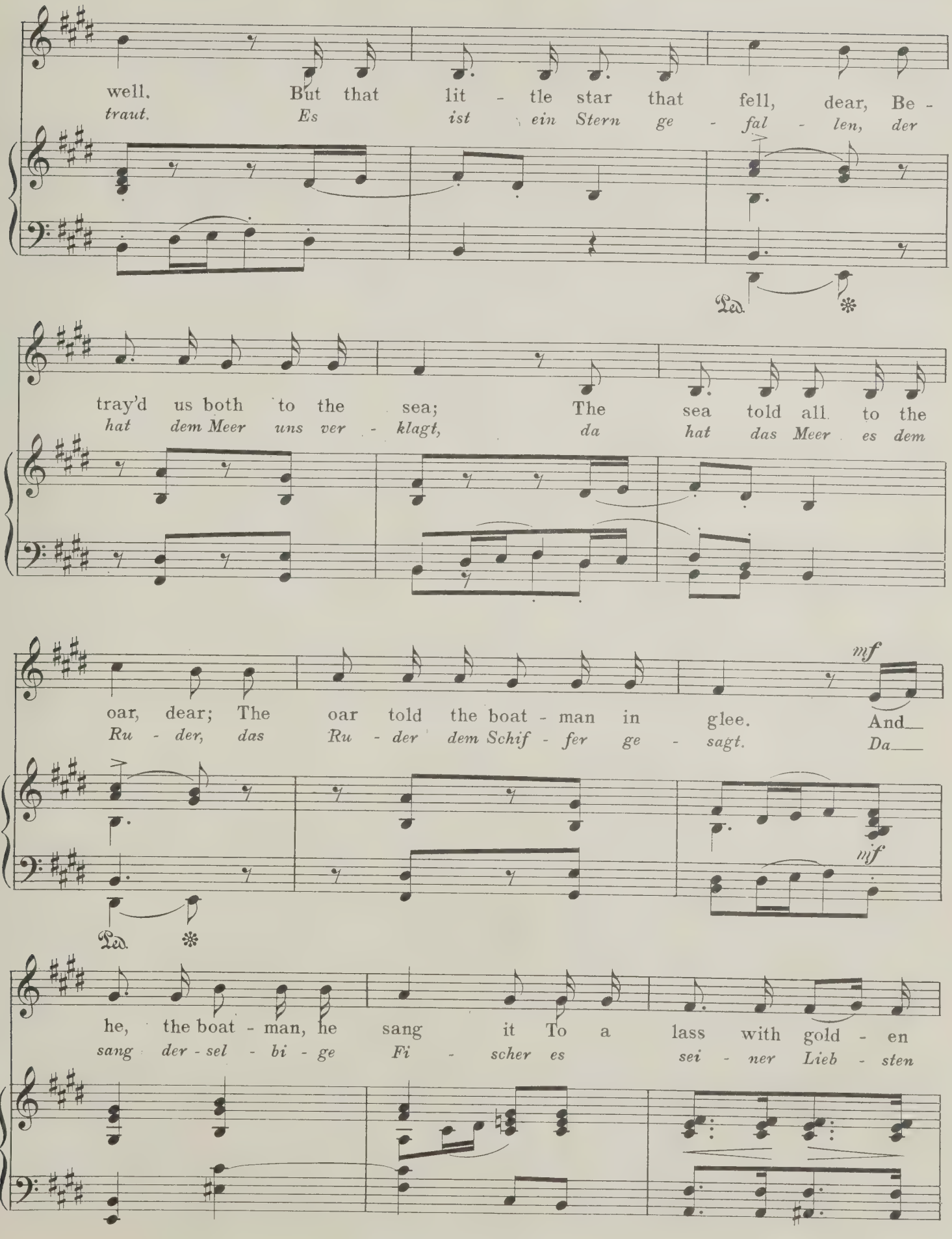
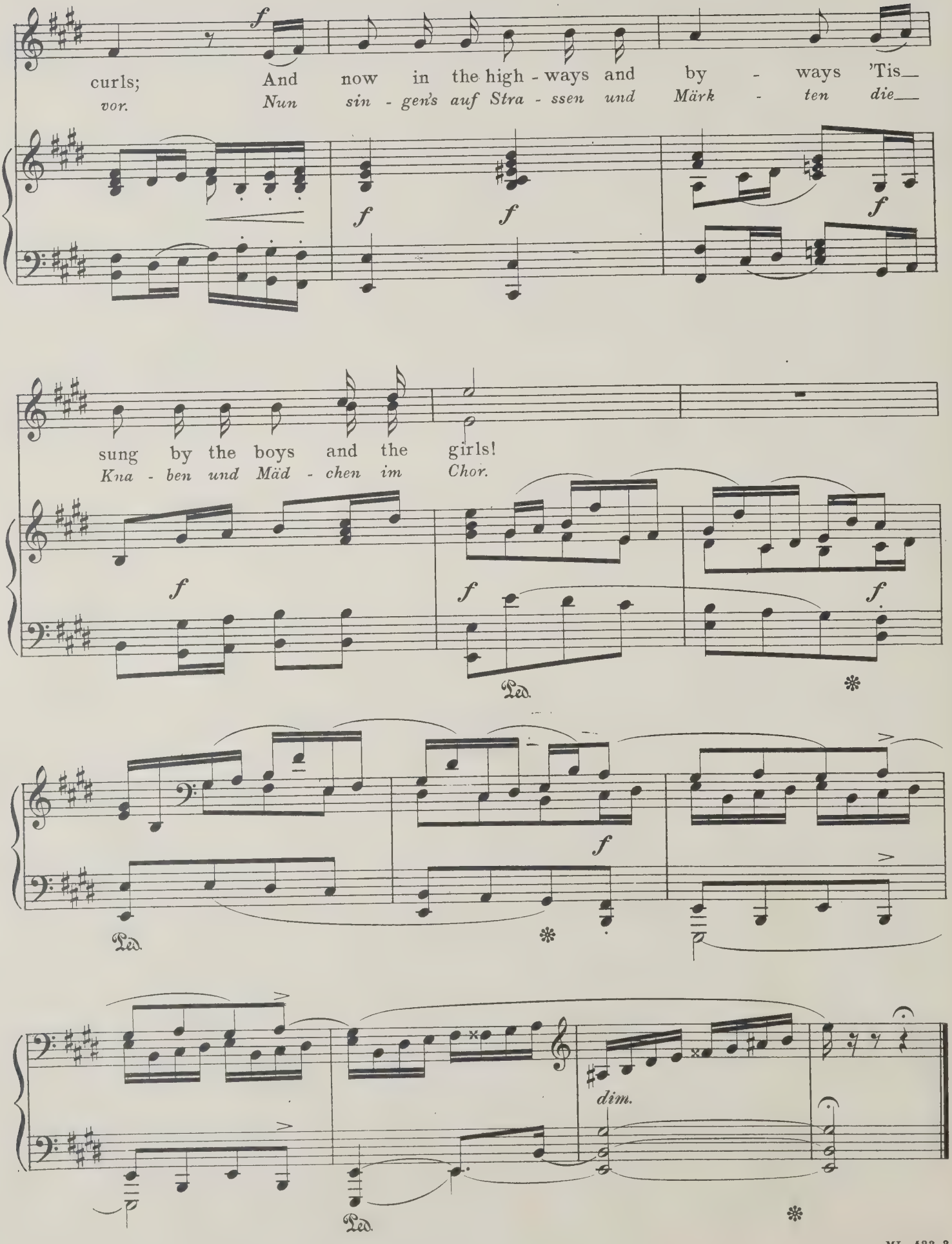

well. But that lit - tle star that fell, dear, Be -
traut. Es ist ein Stern ge - fal - len, der
Ped.
tray'd us both to the sea; The sea told all to the
hat dem Meer uns ver - klagt, da hat das Meer es dem
mf
oar, dear; The oar told the boat - man in glee. And
Ru - der, das Ru - der dem Schif - fer ge - sagt. Da
mf
Ped.
he, the boat - man, he sang it To a lass with gold - en
sang der - sel - bi - ge Fi - scher es sei - ner Lieb - sten


curls; And now in the high - ways and by - ways 'Tis
vor. Nun sin - gen's auf Stra - ssen und Märk - ten die
f
sung by the boys and the girls!
Kna - ben und Mäd - chen im Chor.
Ped.
dim.

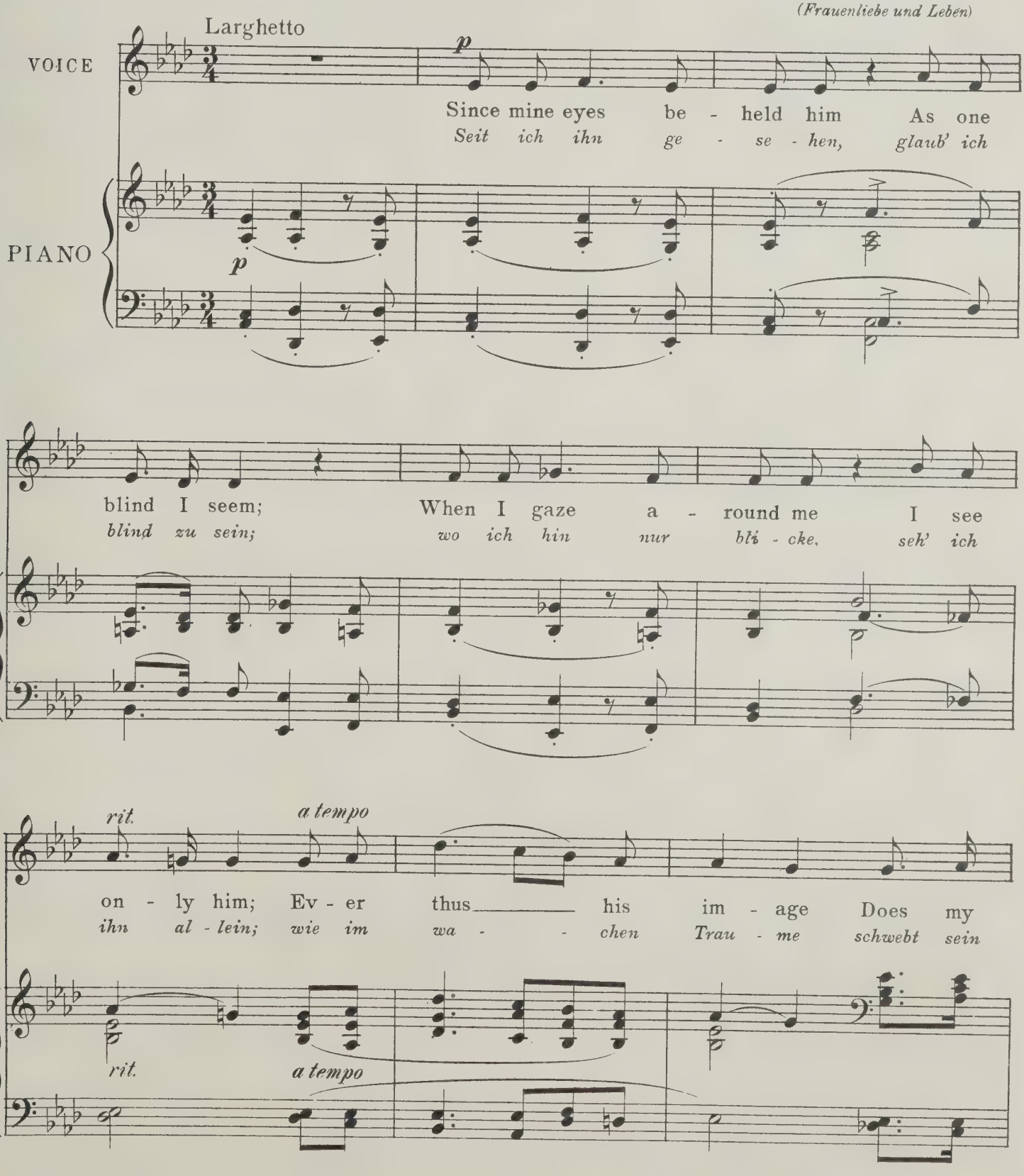
SINCE MINE EYES BEHELD HIM
(SEIT ICH IHN GESEHEN)

(Composed in 1840)

ADELBERT von CHAMISSO (1781 - 1838)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, B♭)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 42, No. 1
"Woman's Love and Life"
(Frauenliebe und Leben)



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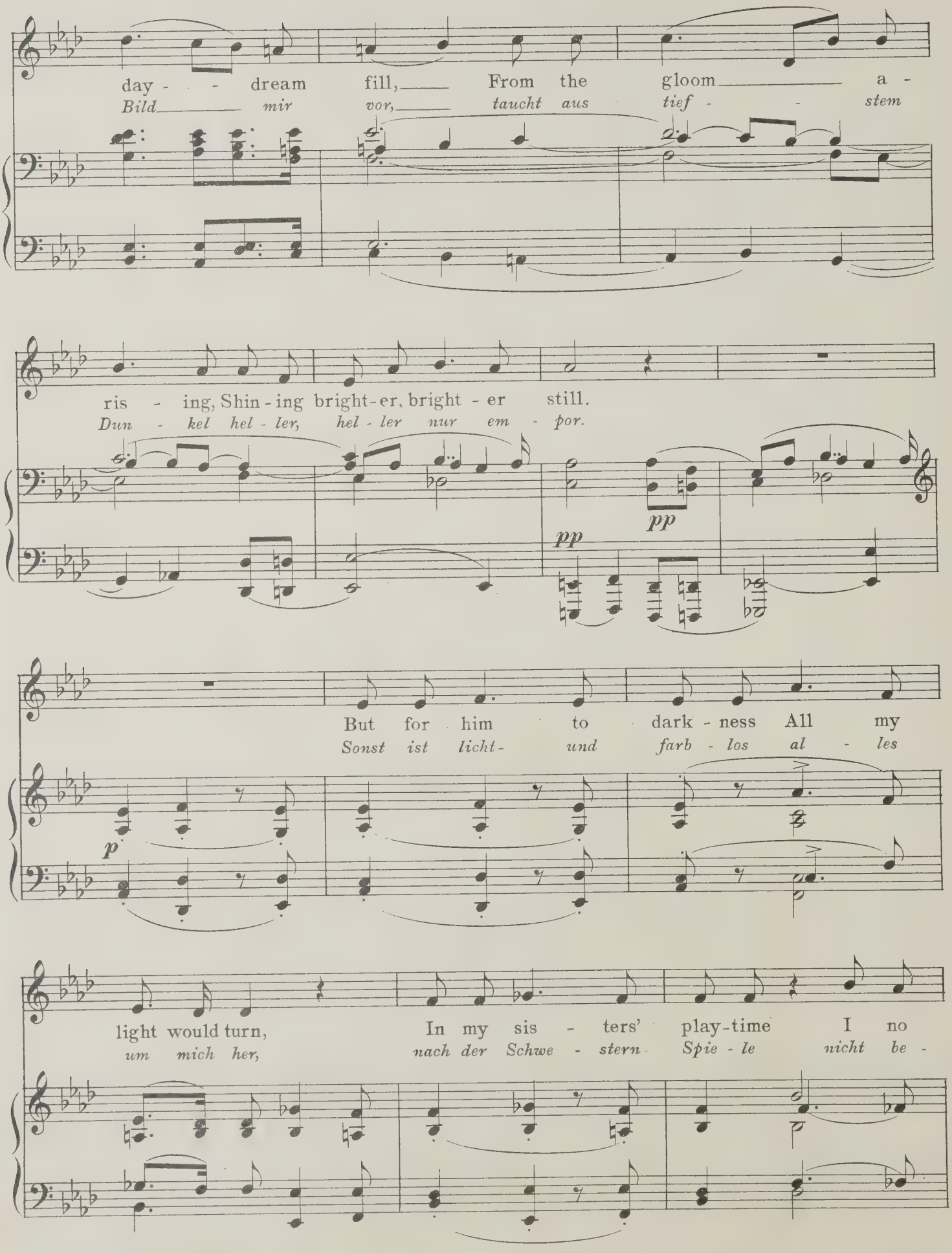
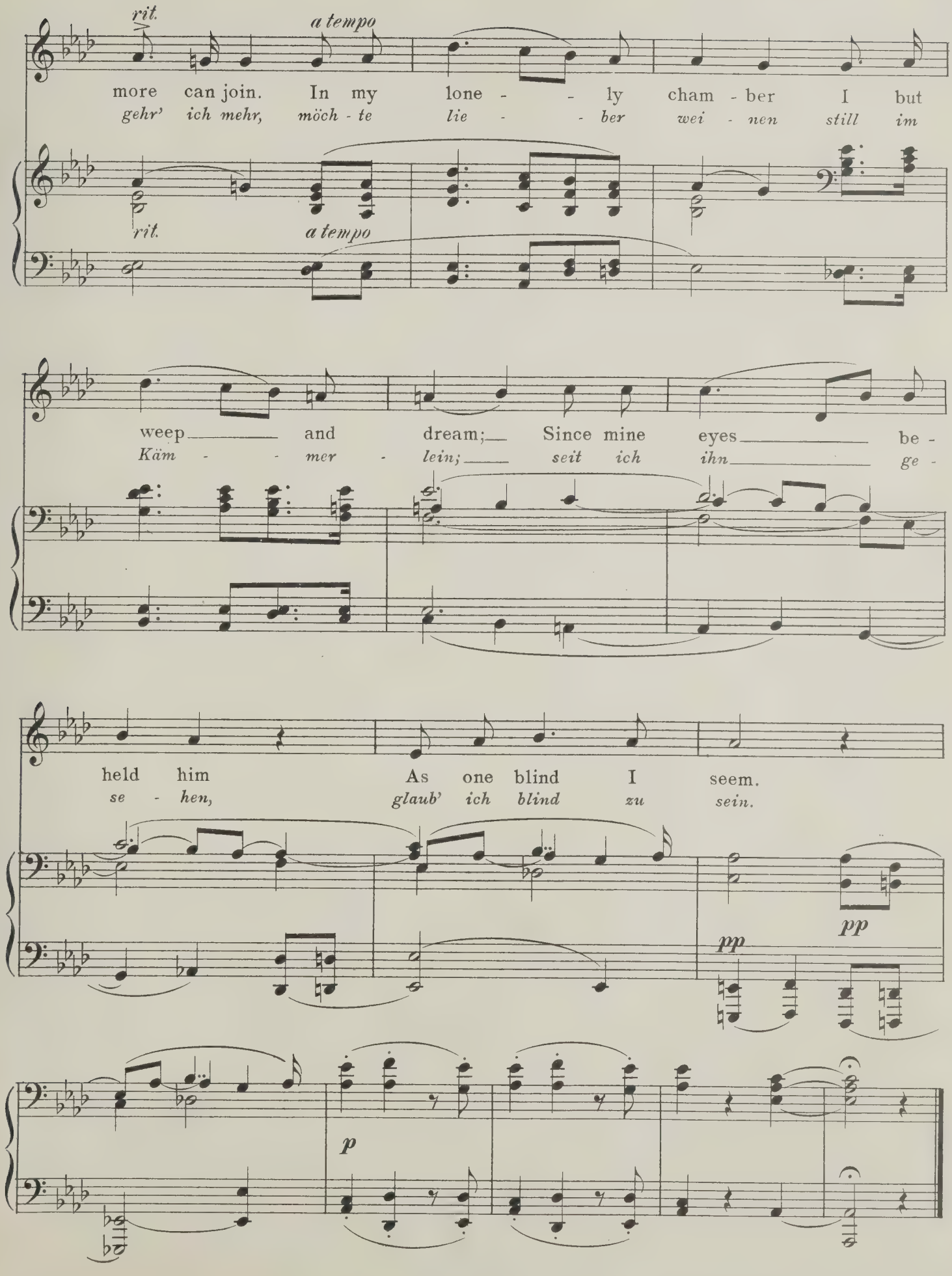

day - - dream fill, From the gloom a -
Bild mir vor, taucht aus tief - - stem
ris - ing, Shin - ing bright - er, bright - er still.
Dun - kel hel - ler, hel - ler nur em - por.
pp
pp
But for him to dark - ness All my
Sonst ist licht- und farb - los al - les
p
light would turn,
um mich her,
In my sis - ters' play-time I no
nach der Schwe - stern Spie - le nicht be -

rit.
a tempo
more can join. In my lone - - ly cham - ber I but
gehr' ich mehr, möch - te lie - - ber wei - nen still im
rit.
a tempo
weep and dream; Since mine eyes be -
Käm - - mer - lein; seit ich ihn ge -
held him As one blind I seem.
se - hen, glaub' ich blind zu sein.
pp
pp
p

HE, THE NOBLEST OF THE NOBLE
(ER, DER HERRLICHSTE VON ALLEN)

(Composed in 1840)

ADELBERT von CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, E flat)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 42, No 2
"Woman's Love and Life"
(Frauenliebe und Leben)

Affettuoso, vivace *(Innig, lebhaft)*

VOICE

PIANO

He, the no-blest of the no - ble, Oh, how
Er, der Herr-lich-ste von Al - len, wie so

gen - tle, oh, how kind! Lips so ten - der, eyes so
mil - de, wie so gut! Hol - de Lip - pen, kla - res.

ra - diant, Stead-fast heart and loft - y mind.
Au - ge, hel - ler Sinn und fe - ster Muth.

As from bound-less depths of az - ure Bright and splen - did beams yon
So wie dort in blau - er Tie - fe, hell und herr - lich, je - ner

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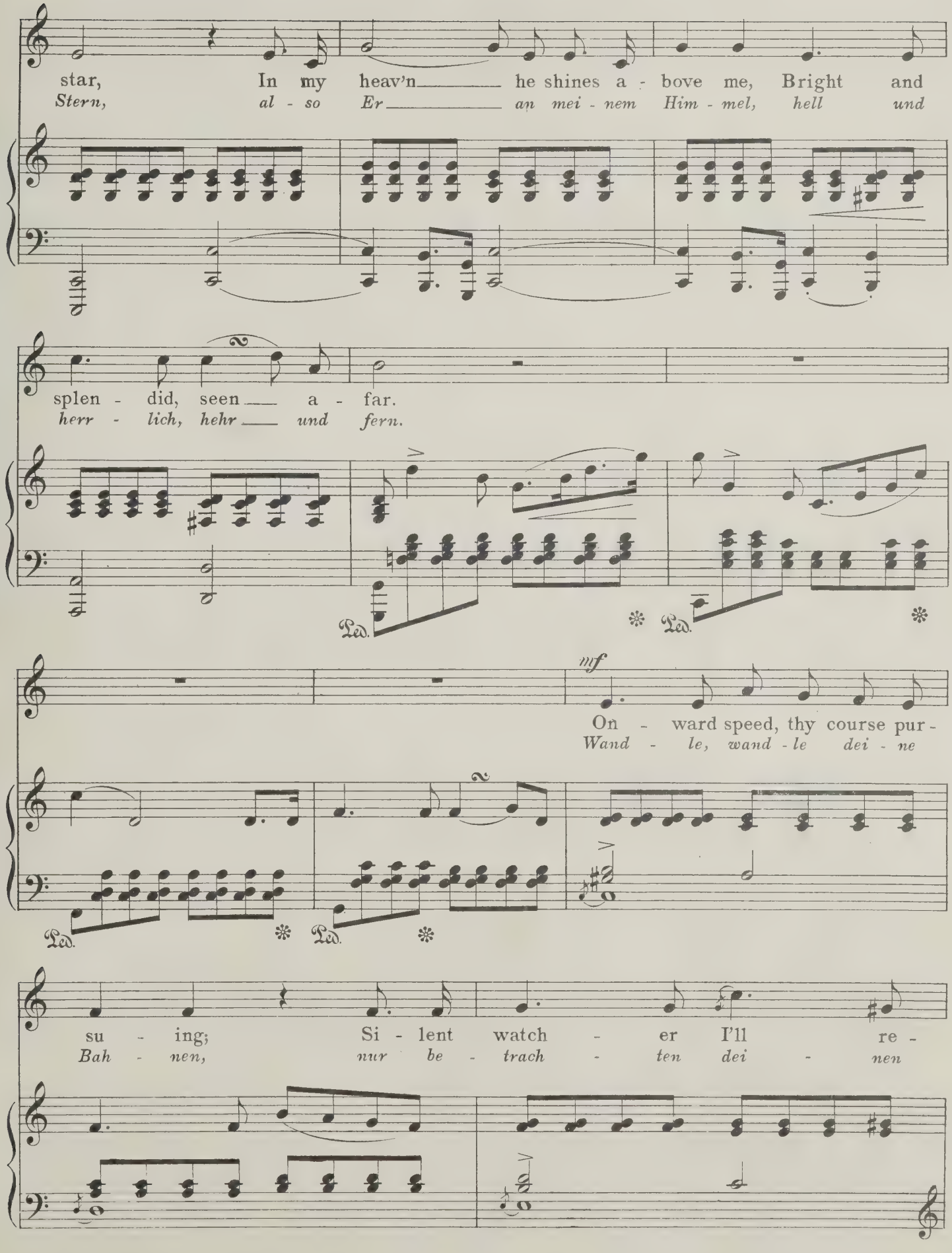
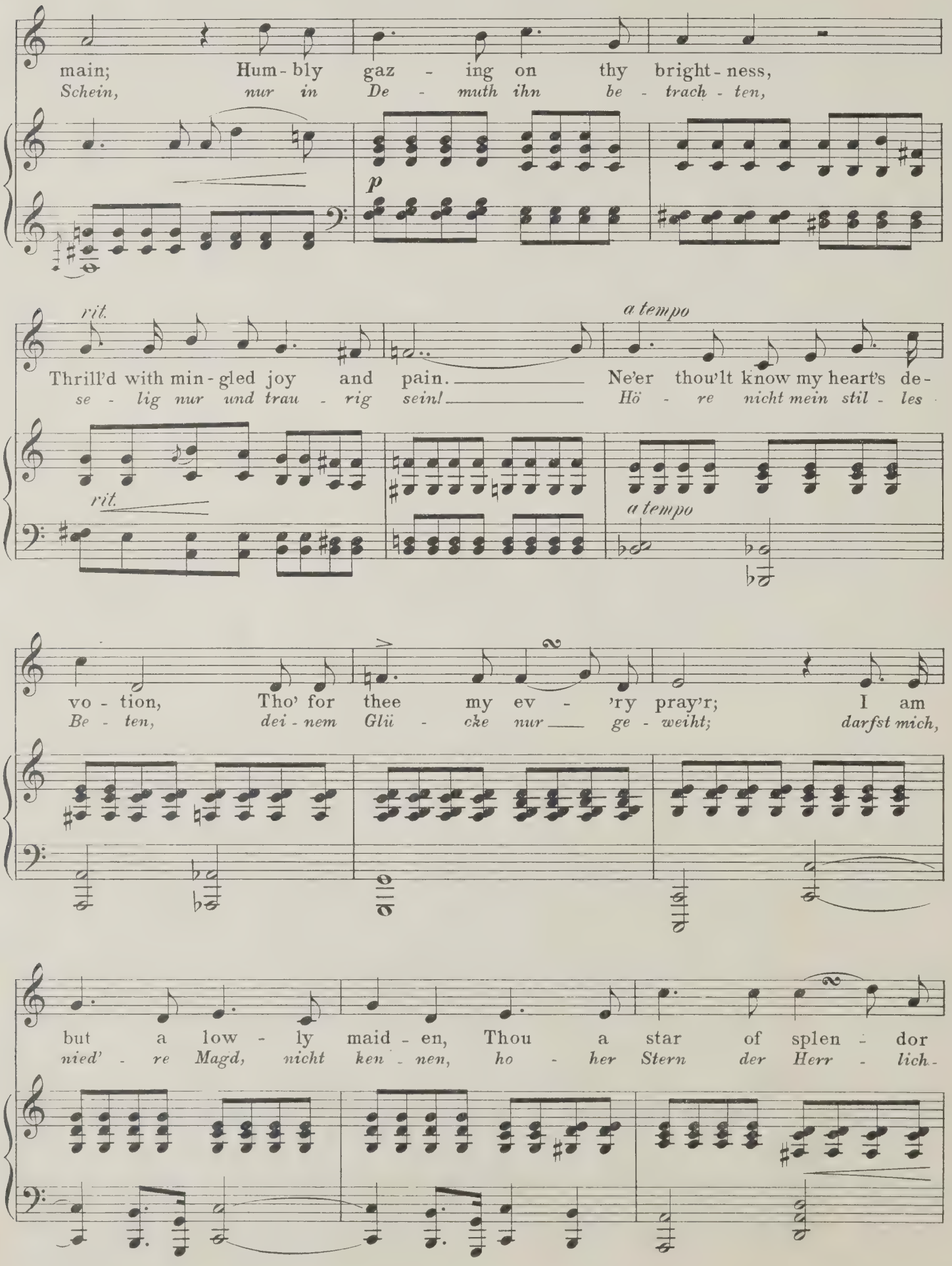
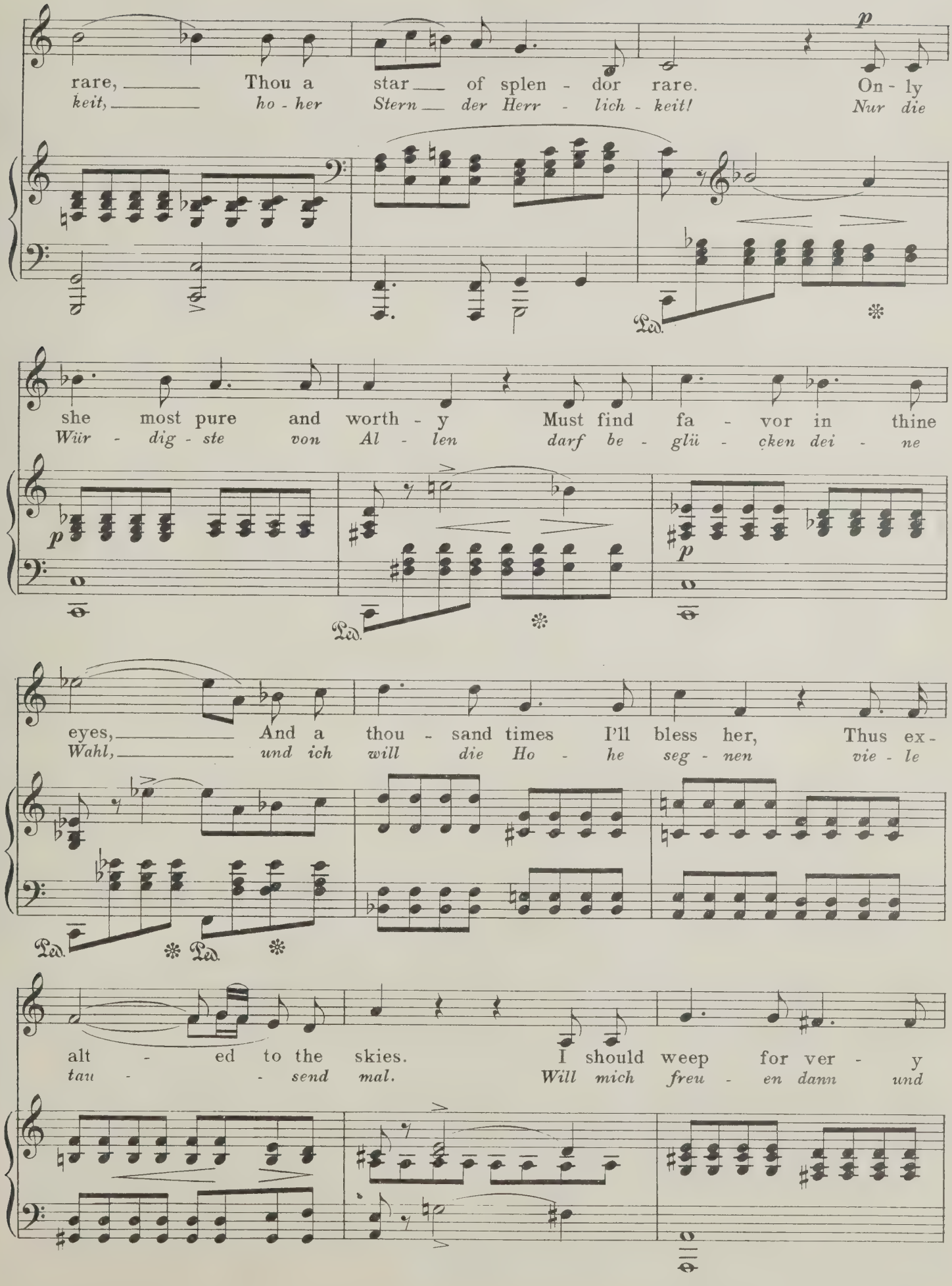
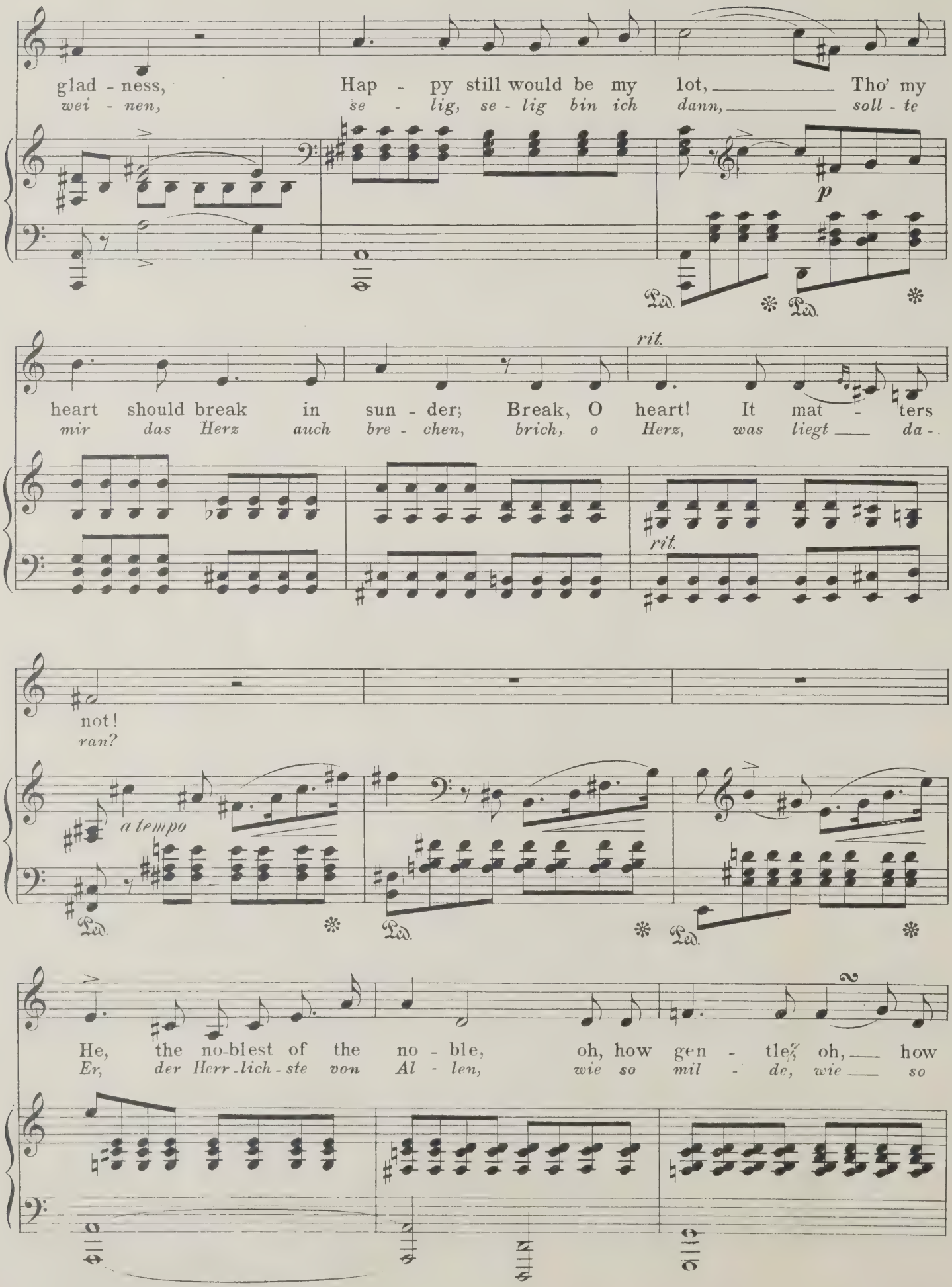
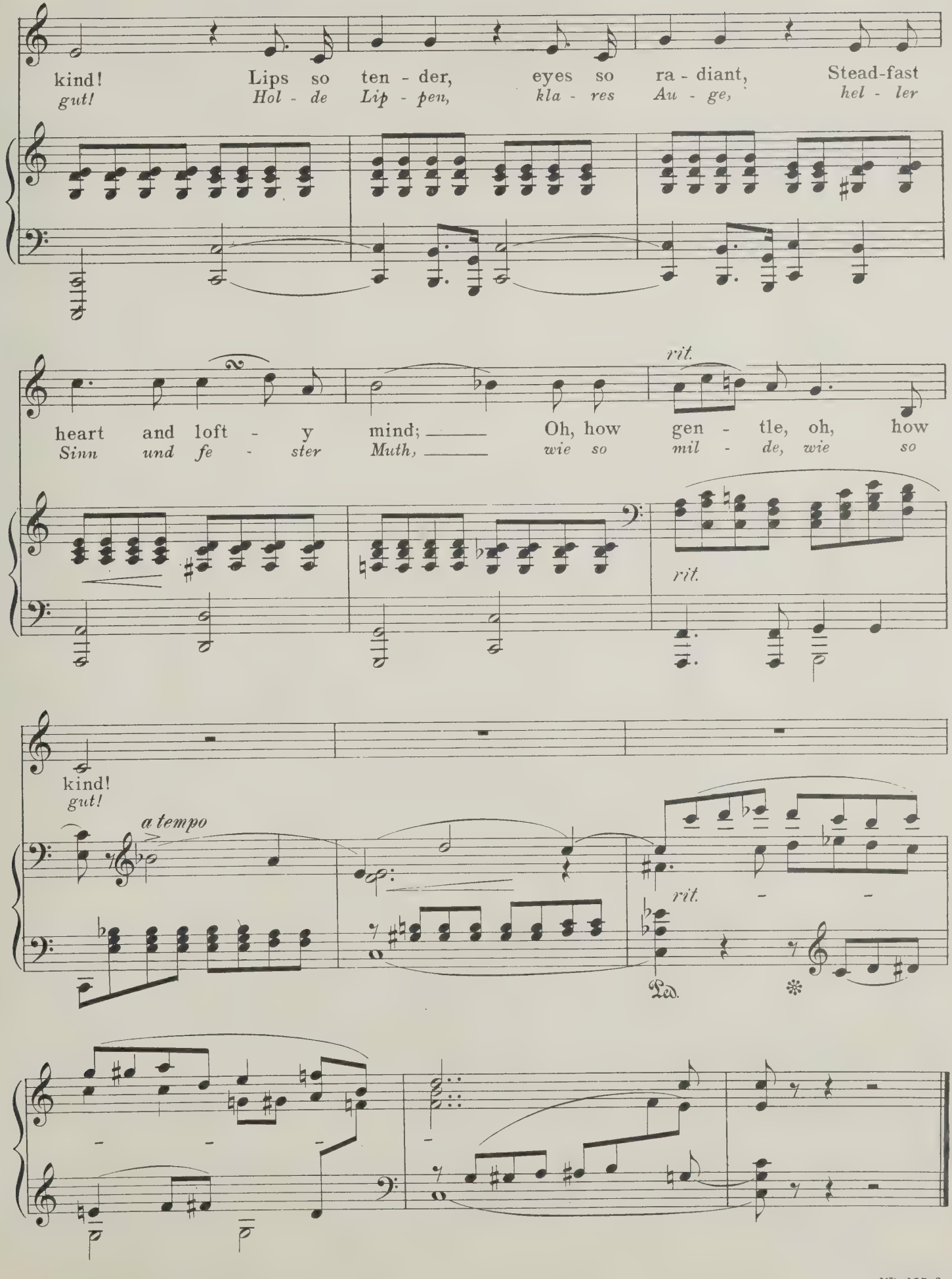

star, In my heav'n he shines a - bove me, Bright and
Stern, al - so Er an mei - nem Him - mel, hell und
splen - did, seen a - far.
herr - lich, hehr und fern.
Ped. * Ped. *
mf
On - ward speed, thy course pur -
Wand - le, wand - le dei - ne
Ped. * Ped. *
su - ing; Si - lent watch - er I'll re -
Bah - nen, nur be - trach - ten dei - nen

main; Hum - bly gaz - ing on thy bright - ness,
Schein, nur in De - muth ihn be - trach - ten,
p
rit.
Thrill'd with min - gled joy and pain.
se - lig nur und trau - rig sein!
a tempo
Ne'er thou'lt know my heart's de-
Hö - re nicht mein stil - les
rit.
a tempo
vo - tion, Tho' for thee my ev - 'ry pray'r; I am
Be - ten, dei - nem Glü - cke nur ge - weiht; darfst mich,
but a low - ly maid - en, Thou a star of splen - dor
nied' - re Magd, nicht ken - nen, ho - her Stern der Herr - lich -


rare, Thou a star of splen - dor rare. On - ly
keit, ho - her Stern der Herr - lich - keit! Nur die
she most pure and worth - y Must find fa - vor in thine
Wür - dig - ste von Al - len darf be - glü - cken dei - ne
eyes, And a thou - sand times I'll bless her, Thus ex -
Wahl, und ich will die Ho - he seg - nen vie - le
alt - ed to the skies. I should weep for ver - y
tau - - send mal. Will mich freu - en dann und
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
p
p
p


glad - ness,
wei - nen,
Hap - py still would be my lot, Tho' my
se - lig, se - lig bin ich dann, soll - te
p
heart should break in sun - der; Break, O heart! It mat - ters
mir das Herz auch bre - chen, brich, o Herz, was liegt da -
rit.
rit.
not!
ran?
a tempo
He, the no-blest of the no - ble, oh, how gen - tle, oh, how
Er, der Herr-lich-ste von Al - len, wie so mil - de, wie so

kind! Lips so ten - der, eyes so ra - diant, Stead-fast
gut! Hol - de Lip - pen, kla - res Au - ge, hel - ler
heart and loft - y mind; Oh, how gen - tle, oh, how
Sinn und fe - ster Muth, wie so mil - de, wie so
rit.
rit.
kind!
gut!
a tempo
rit.
Ped.

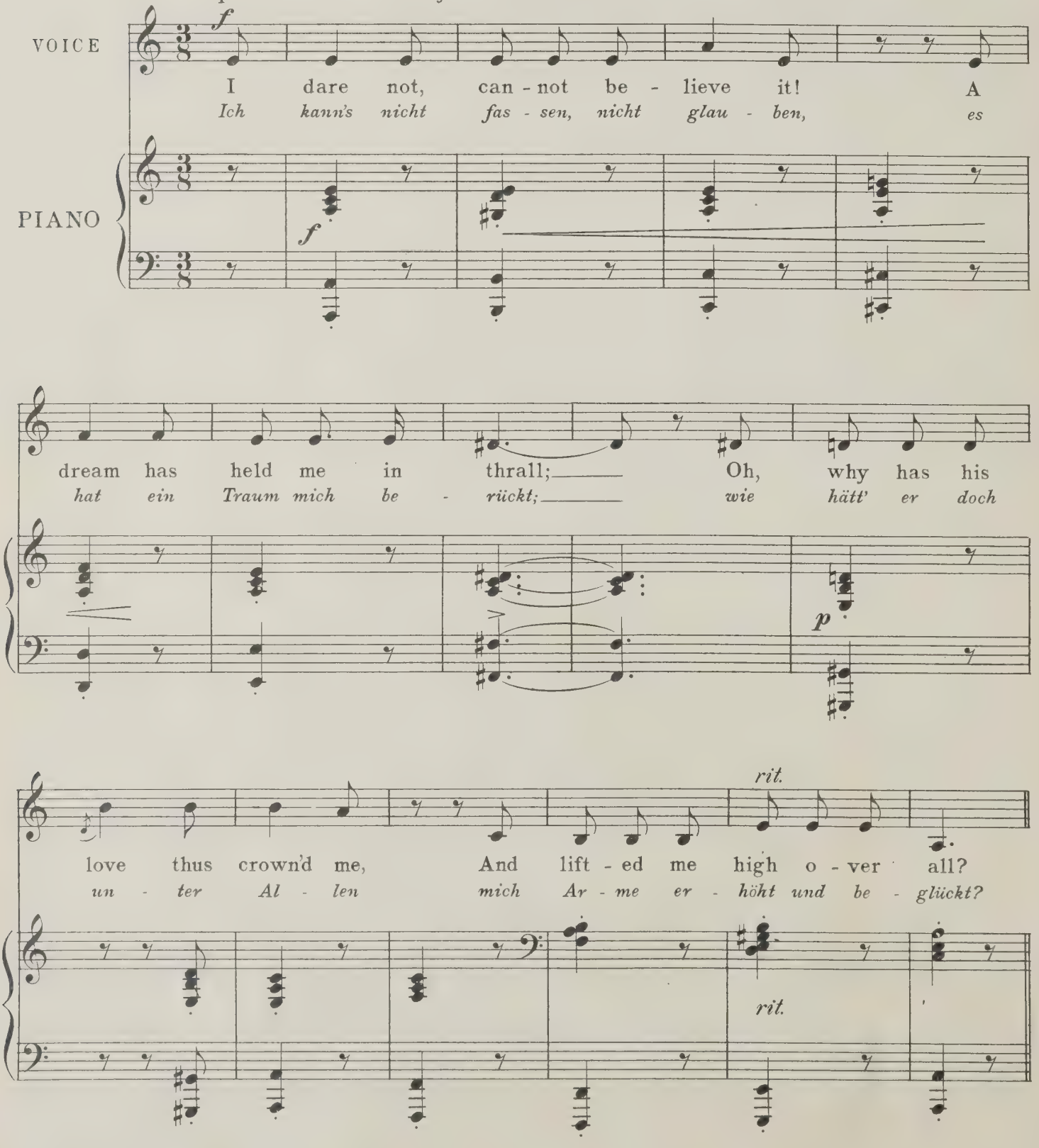
I DARE NOT, CANNOT BELIEVE IT
(ICH KANN'S NICHT FASSEN, NICHT GLAUBEN)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, C minor)

ADELBERT von CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 42, No. 3
"Woman's Love and Life"
(Frauenliebe und Leben)

Con passione *(Mit Leidenschaft)*

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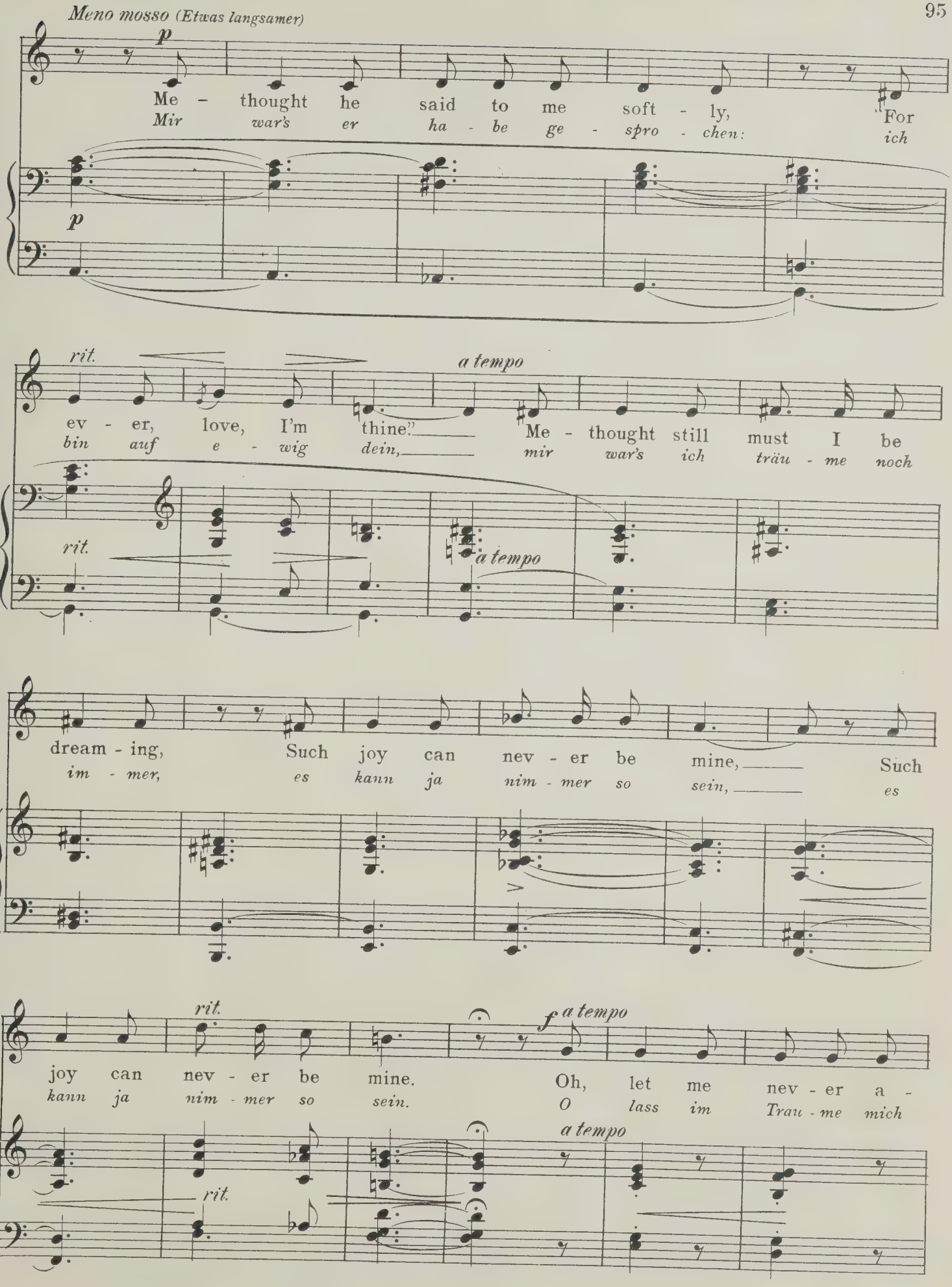
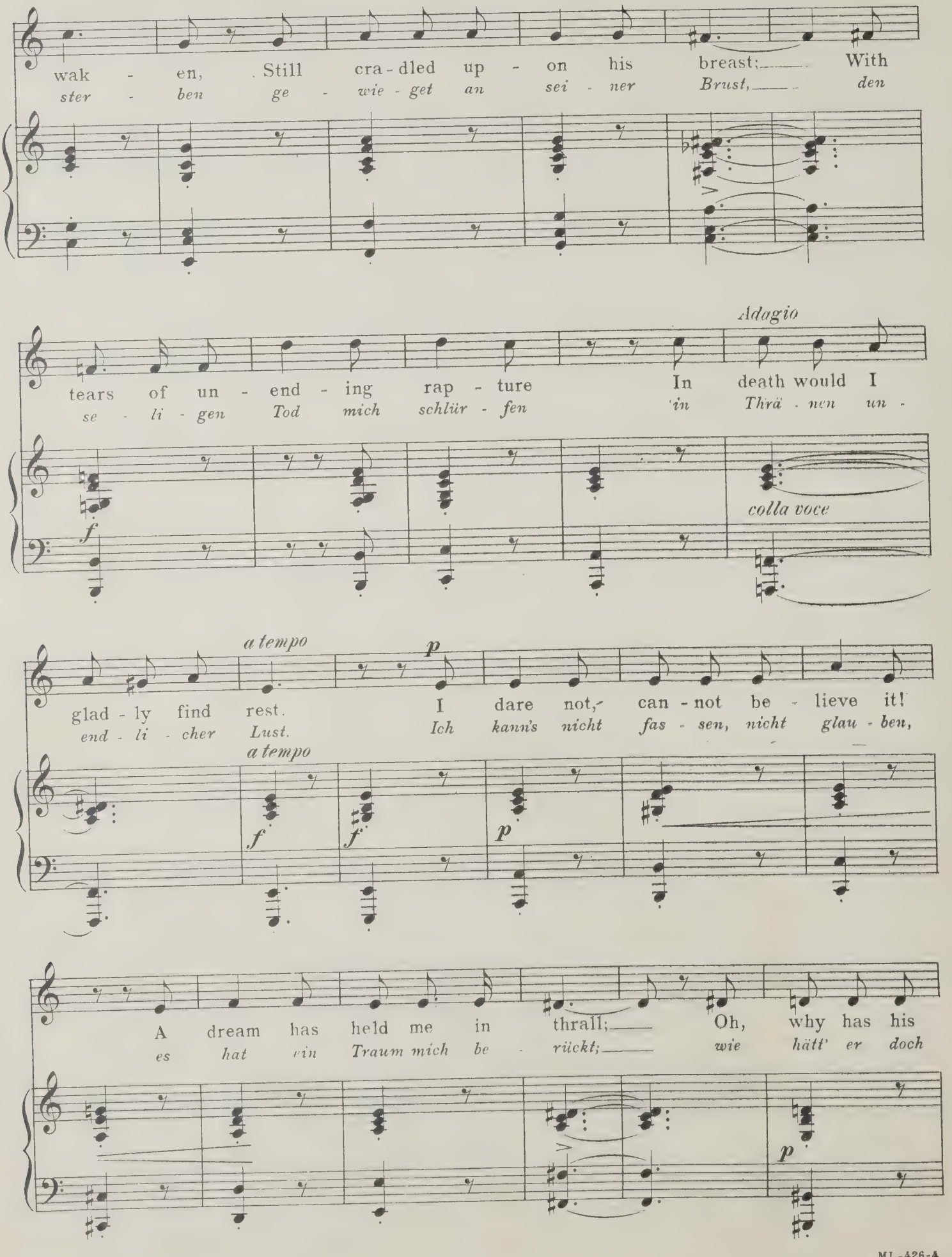
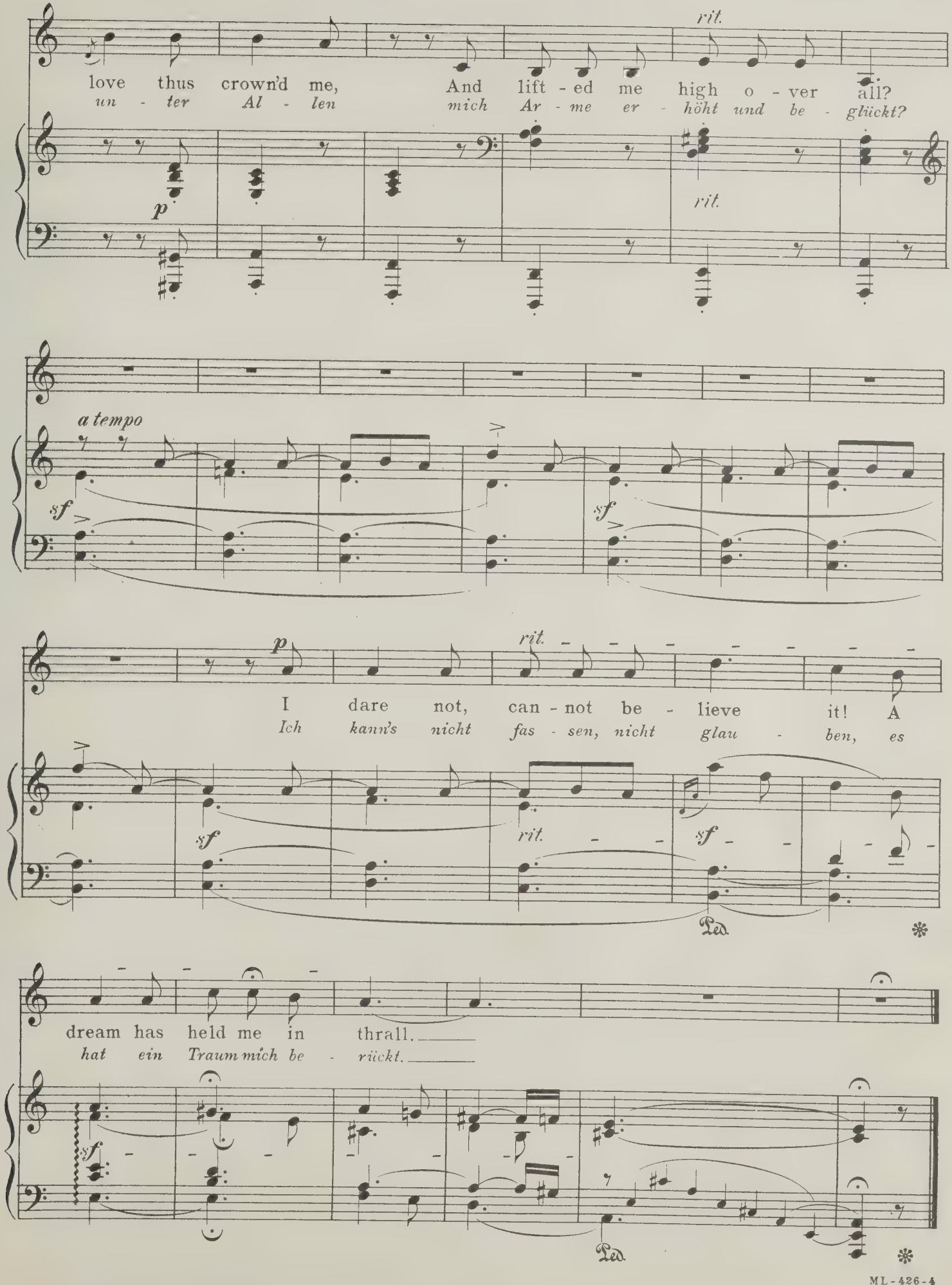

Meno mosso (Etwas langsamer)
p
Me - thought he said to me soft - ly, "For
Mir war's er ha - be ge - spro - chen: ich
p
rit.
a tempo
ev - er, love, I'm thine." Me - thought still must I be
bin auf e - wig dein, mir war's ich träu - me noch
rit.
a tempo
dream - ing, Such joy can nev - er be mine, Such
im - mer, es kann ja nim - mer so sein, es
rit.
f a tempo
joy can nev - er be mine. Oh, let me nev - er a -
kann ja nim - mer so sein. O lass im Trau - me mich
a tempo
rit.


wak - en, Still cra - dled up - on his breast; With
ster - ben ge - wie - get an sei - ner Brust, den
Adagio
tears of un - end - ing rap - ture In death would I
se - li - gen Tod mich schlür - fen 'in Thrä - nen un -
f
colla voce
a tempo
p
glad - ly find rest. I dare not, can - not be - lieve it!
end - li - cher Lust. Ich kann's nicht fas - sen, nicht glau - ben,
a tempo
f
f
p
A dream has held me in thrall; Oh, why has his
es hat ein Traum mich be - rückt; wie hätt' er doch
p


rit.
love thus crown'd me, And lift - ed me high o - ver all?
un - ter Al - len mich Ar - me er - höht und be - glückt?
p
rit.
a tempo
sf
sf
p
rit.
I dare not, can - not be - lieve it! A
Ich kann's nicht fas - sen, nicht glau - ben, es
sf
rit.
sf
Ped.
dream has held me in thrall.
hat ein Traum mich be - rückt.
sf
Ped.

THOU RING UPON MY FINGER
(DU RING AN MEINEM FINGER)

(Composed in 1840)

ADELBERT von CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, Eb)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 42, No 4
"Woman's Love and Life"
(Frauenliebe und Leben)

Fervently *(Innig)*

VOICE

PIANO

p

Thou ring up - on my fin - ger, Thou dear lit - tle ring of
Du Ring an mei - nem Fin - ger, mein gol - de - nes Rin - ge -

gold, I press thee de - vot - ed - ly to my lips, De -
lein, ich drü - cke dich fromm an die Lip - pen, dich

vot - ed - ly thee up - on my heart I hold. The dream must needs be
fromm an die Lip - pen, an das Her - ze mein. Ich hatt' ihn aus ge -

p

end - ing, My child - hood's fair and plac - id dream, And
träu - met, der Kind - heit fried - lich schö - nen Traum, ich

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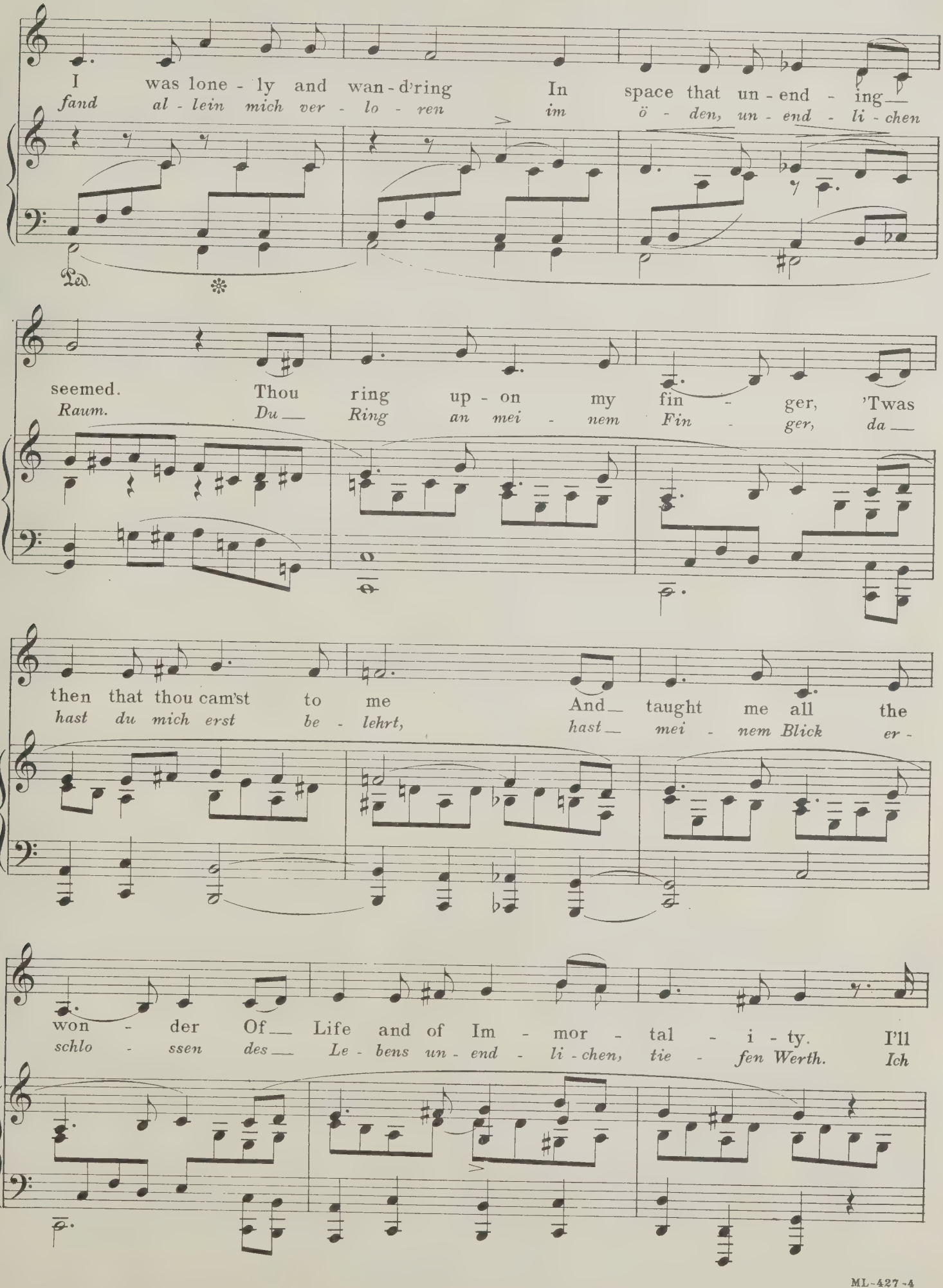
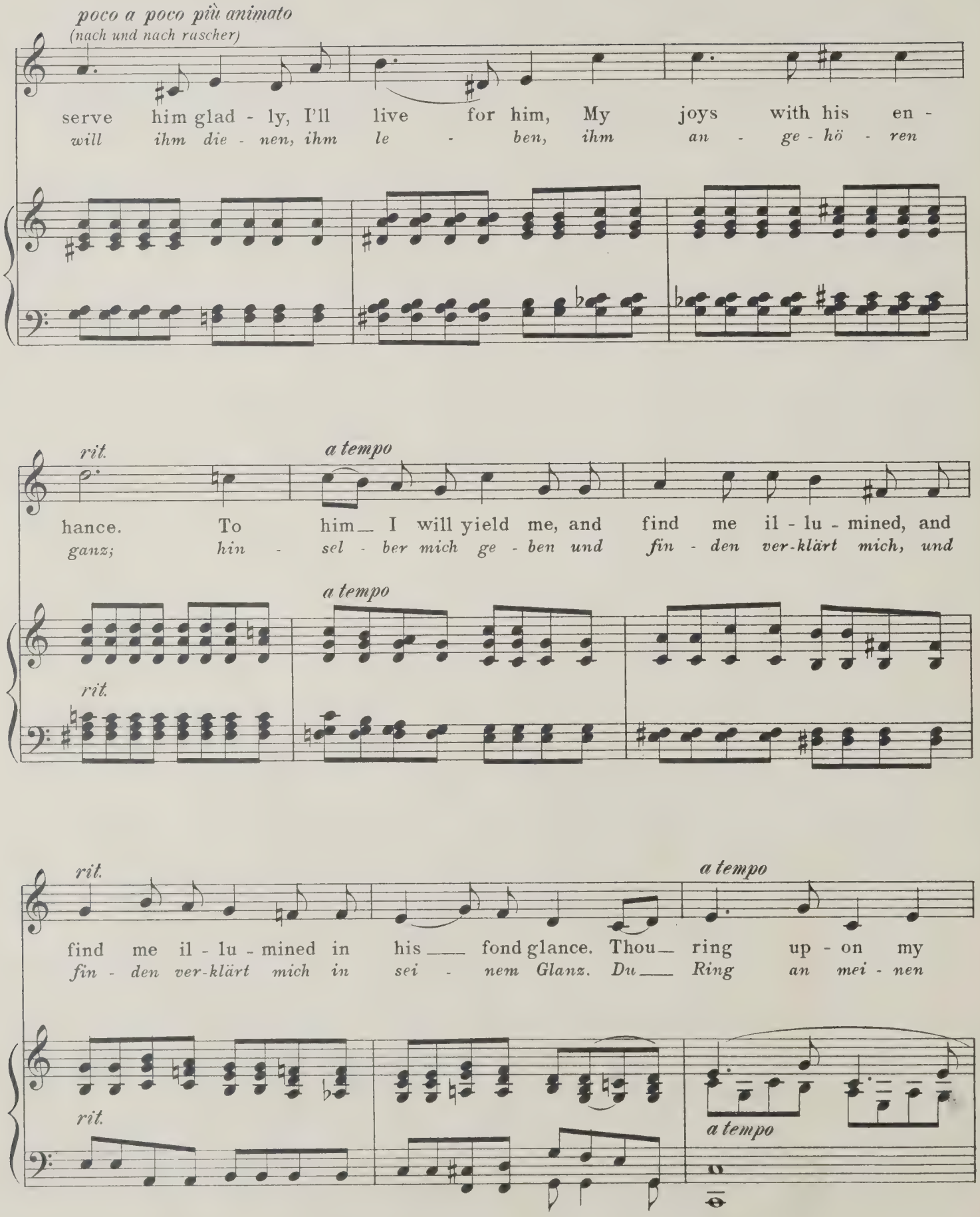
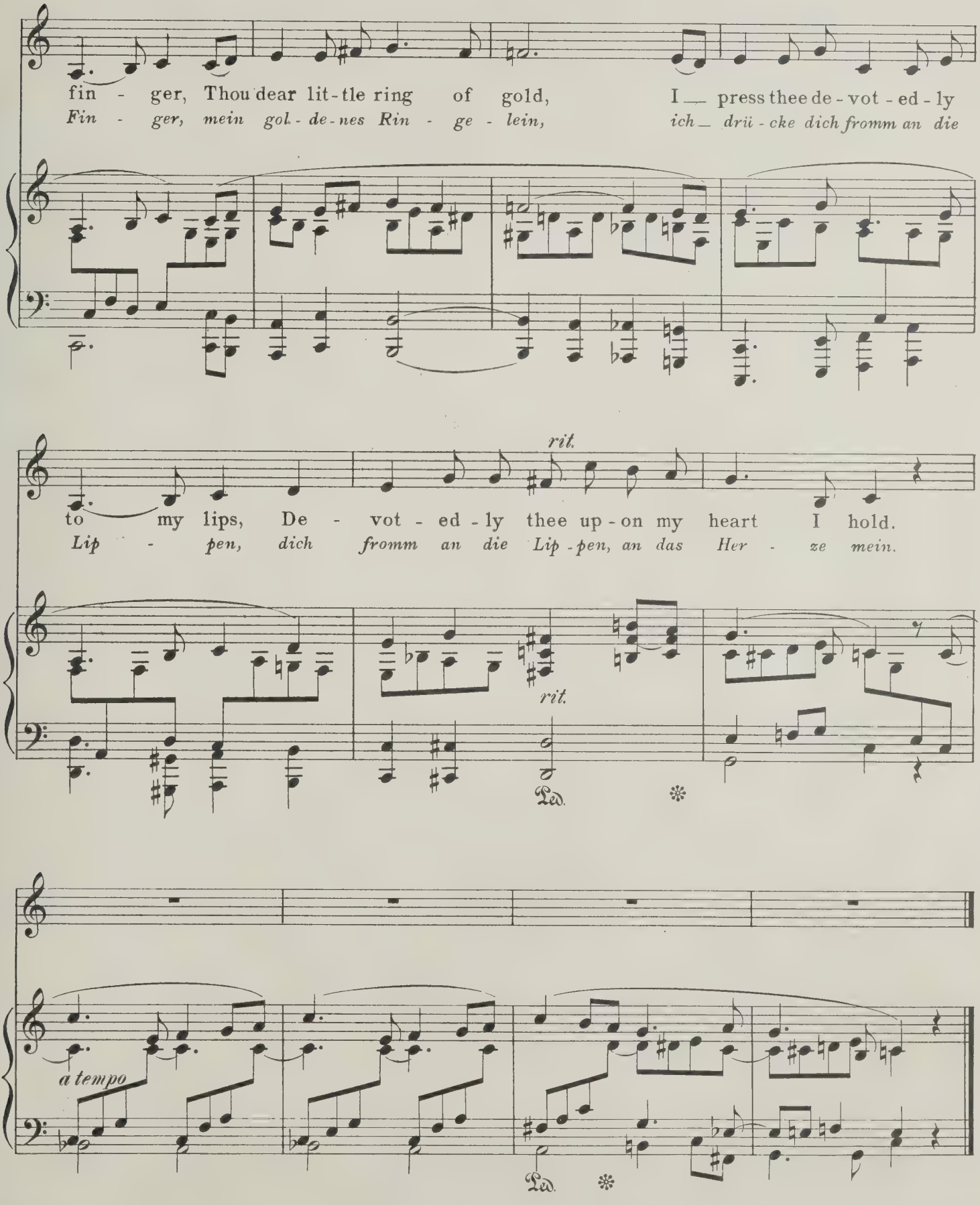

I was lone - ly and wan - d'ring In space that un - end - ing
fand al - lein mich ver - lo - ren im ö - den, un - end - li - chen
Ped.
seemed. Thou ring up - on my fin - ger, 'Twas
Raum. Du Ring an mei - nem Fin - ger, da
then that thou cam'st to me And taught me all the
hast du mich erst be - lehrt, hast mei - nem Blick er -
won - der Of Life and of Im - mor - tal - i - ty. I'll
schlo - ssen des Le - bens un - end - li - chen, tie - fen Werth. Ich


poco a poco più animato
(nach und nach rascher)
serve him glad - ly, I'll live for him, My joys with his en -
will ihm die - nen, ihm le - ben, ihm an - ge - hö - ren
rit.
a tempo
hance. To him I will yield me, and find me il - lu - mined, and
ganz; hin - sel - ber mich ge - ben und fin - den ver-klärt mich, und
a tempo
rit.
rit.
a tempo
find me il - lu - mined in his fond glance. Thou ring up - on my
fin - den ver-klärt mich in sei - nem Glanz. Du Ring an mei - nen
rit.
a tempo


fin - ger, Thou dear lit-tle ring of gold, I press thee de-vot-ed-ly
Fin - ger, mein gol-de-nes Rin - ge - lein, ich drü-cke dich fromm an die
rit.
to my lips, De - vot - ed - ly thee up-on my heart I hold.
Lip - pen, dich fromm an die Lip-pen, an das Her - ze mein.
rit.
Ped.
a tempo
Ped.

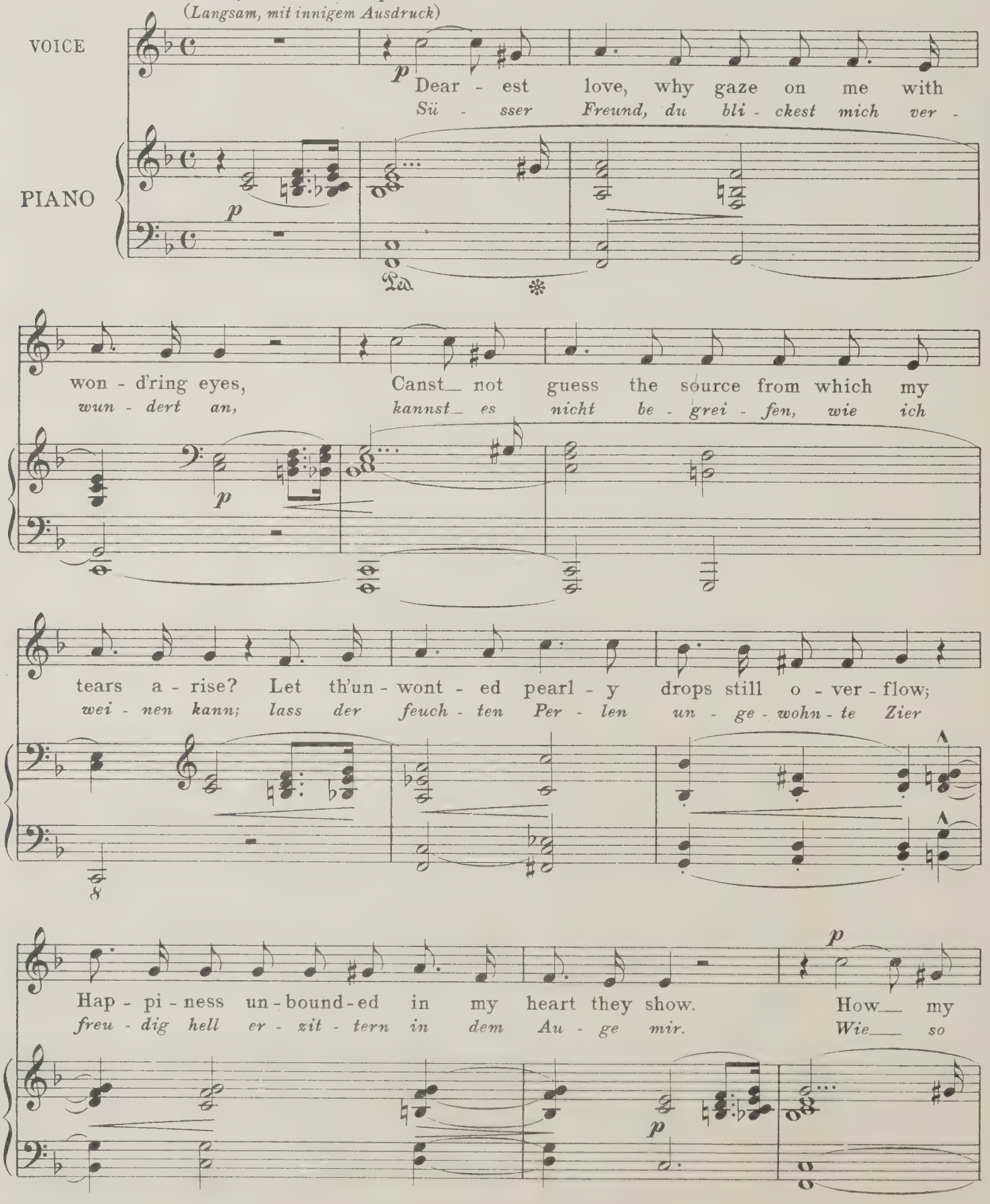
DEAREST LOVE, WHY GAZE?
(SÜSSER FREUND, DU BLICKEST)

(Published in 1840)

ADELBERT von CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key, G)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 42, No 6
"Woman's Love and Life"
(*Frauenliebe und Leben*)

Lento, con molto espressione
(*Langsam, mit innigem Ausdruck*)

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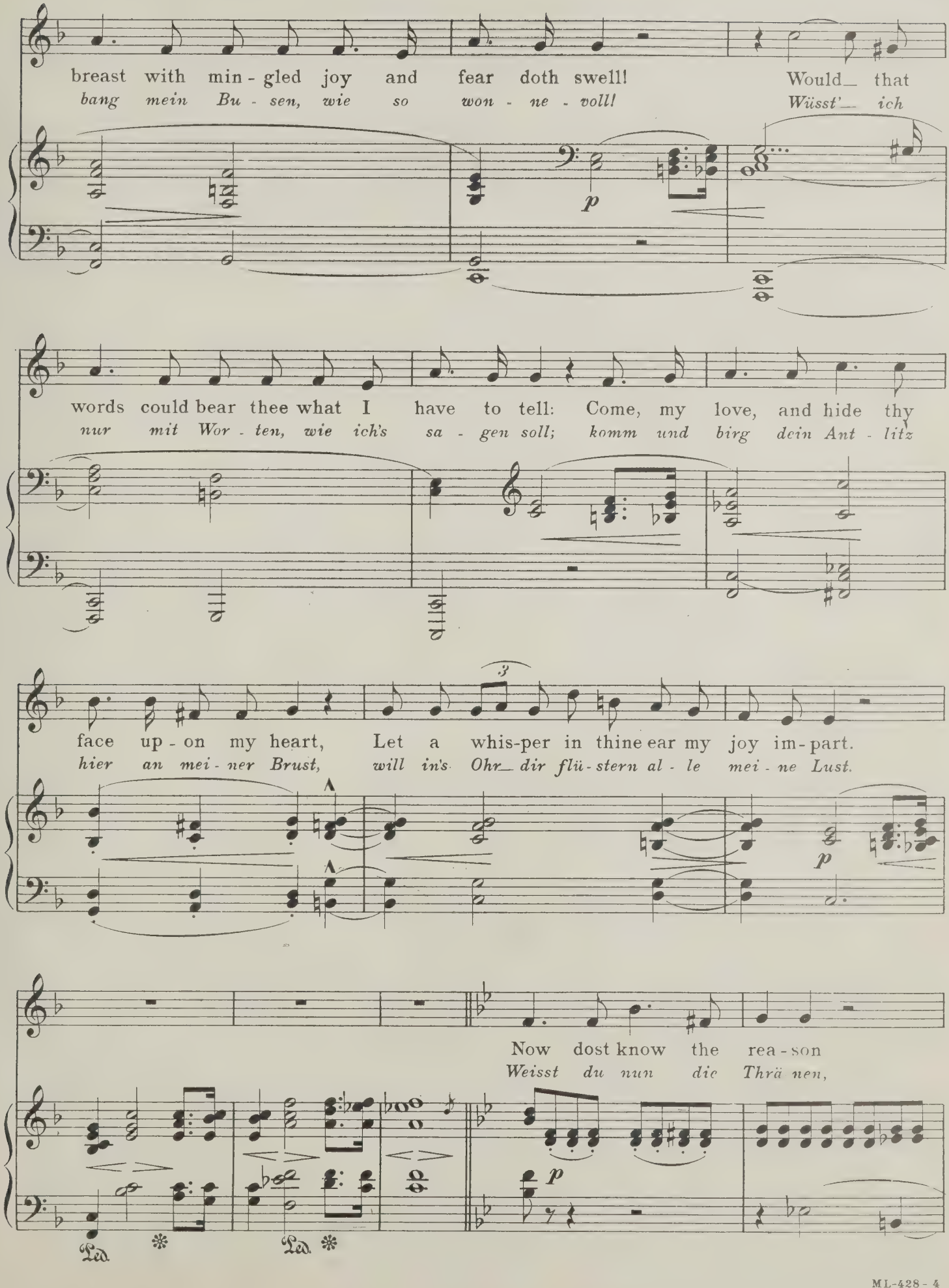
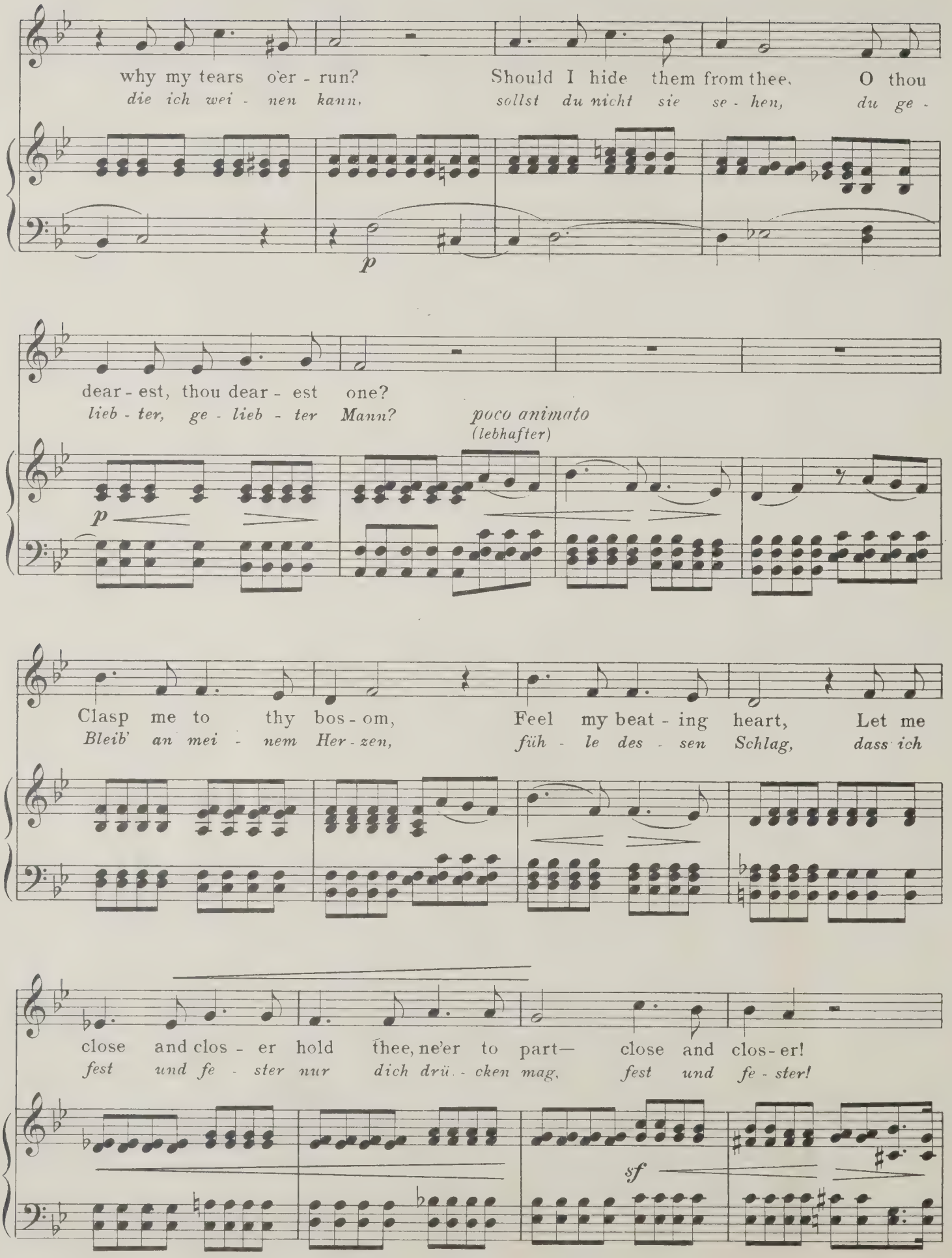
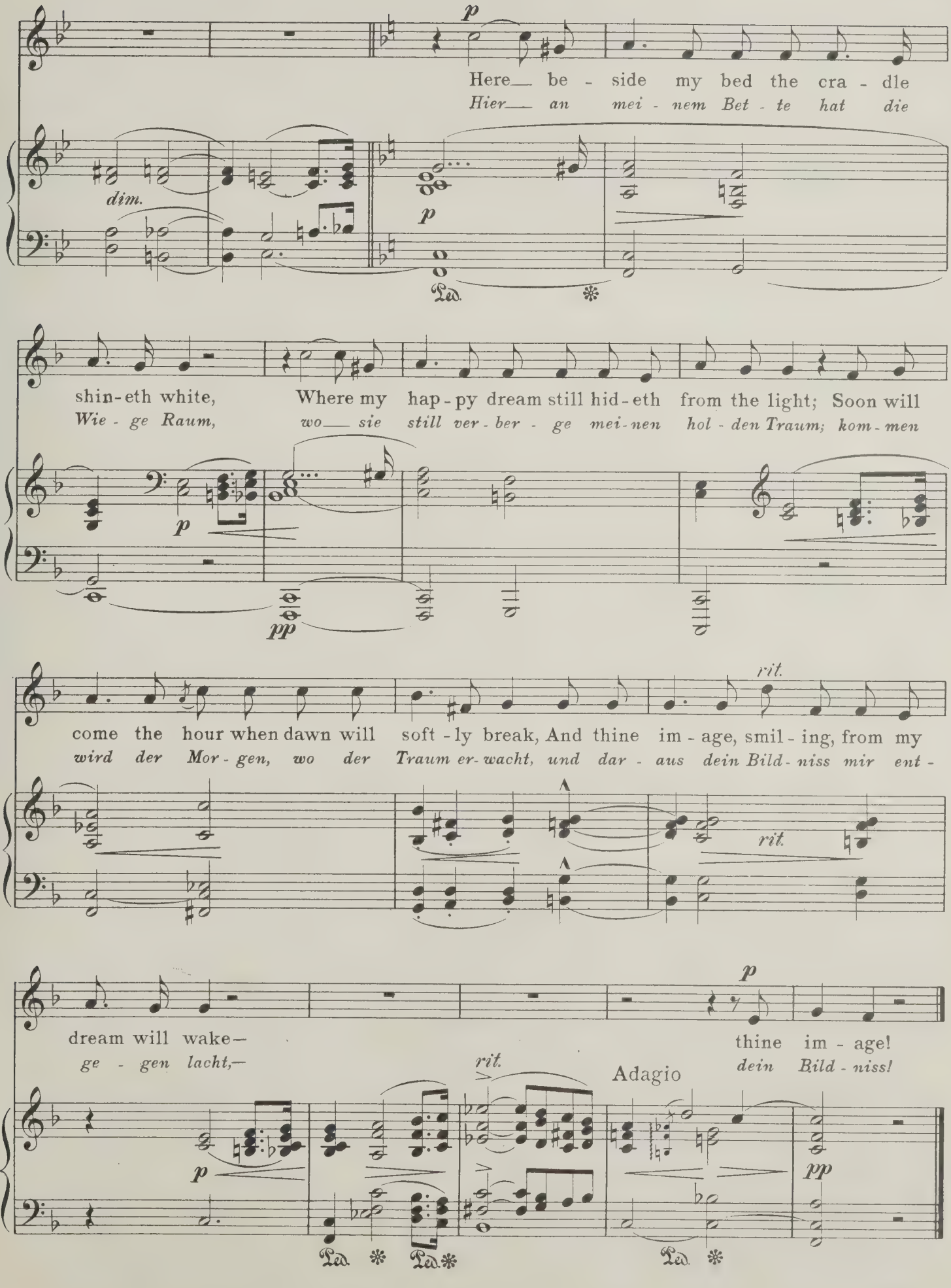

breast with min - gled joy and fear doth swell! Would_ that
bang mein Bu - sen, wie so won - ne - voll! Wüsst'_ ich
p
words could bear thee what I have to tell: Come, my love, and hide thy
nur mit Wor - ten, wie ich's sa - gen soll; komm und birg dein Ant - litz
face up - on my heart, Let a whis-per in thine ear my joy im - part.
hier an mei - ner Brust, will in's Ohr_ dir flü - stern al - le mei - ne Lust.
3
p
Now dost know the rea - son
Weisst du nun die Thrä nen,
p
Led. * Led. *

why my tears o'er - run?
Should I hide them from thee, O thou
die ich wei - nen kann,
sollst du nicht sie se - hen, du ge -
p
dear - est, thou dear - est one?
lieb - ter, ge - lieb - ter Mann?
poco animato
(lebhafter)
p
Clasp me to thy bos - om,
Feel my beat - ing heart, Let me
Bleib' an mei - nem Her - zen,
füh - le des - sen Schlag, dass ich
close and clos - er hold thee, ne'er to part— close and clos - er!
fest und fe - ster nur dich drü - cken mag, fest und fe - ster!
sf

p
Here be - side my bed the cra - dle
Hier an mei - nem Bet - te hat die
dim.
p
Ped.
shin-eth white, Where my hap-py dream still hid-eth from the light; Soon will
Wie - ge Raum, wo sie still ver - ber - ge mei-nen hol - den Traum; kom - men
p
pp
rit.
come the hour when dawn will soft - ly break, And thine im - age, smil - ing, from my
wird der Mor - gen, wo der Traum er-wacht, und dar - aus dein Bild - niss mir ent -
rit.
p
dream will wake—
ge - gen lacht,—
thine im - age!
dein Bild - niss!
rit.
Adagio
p
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

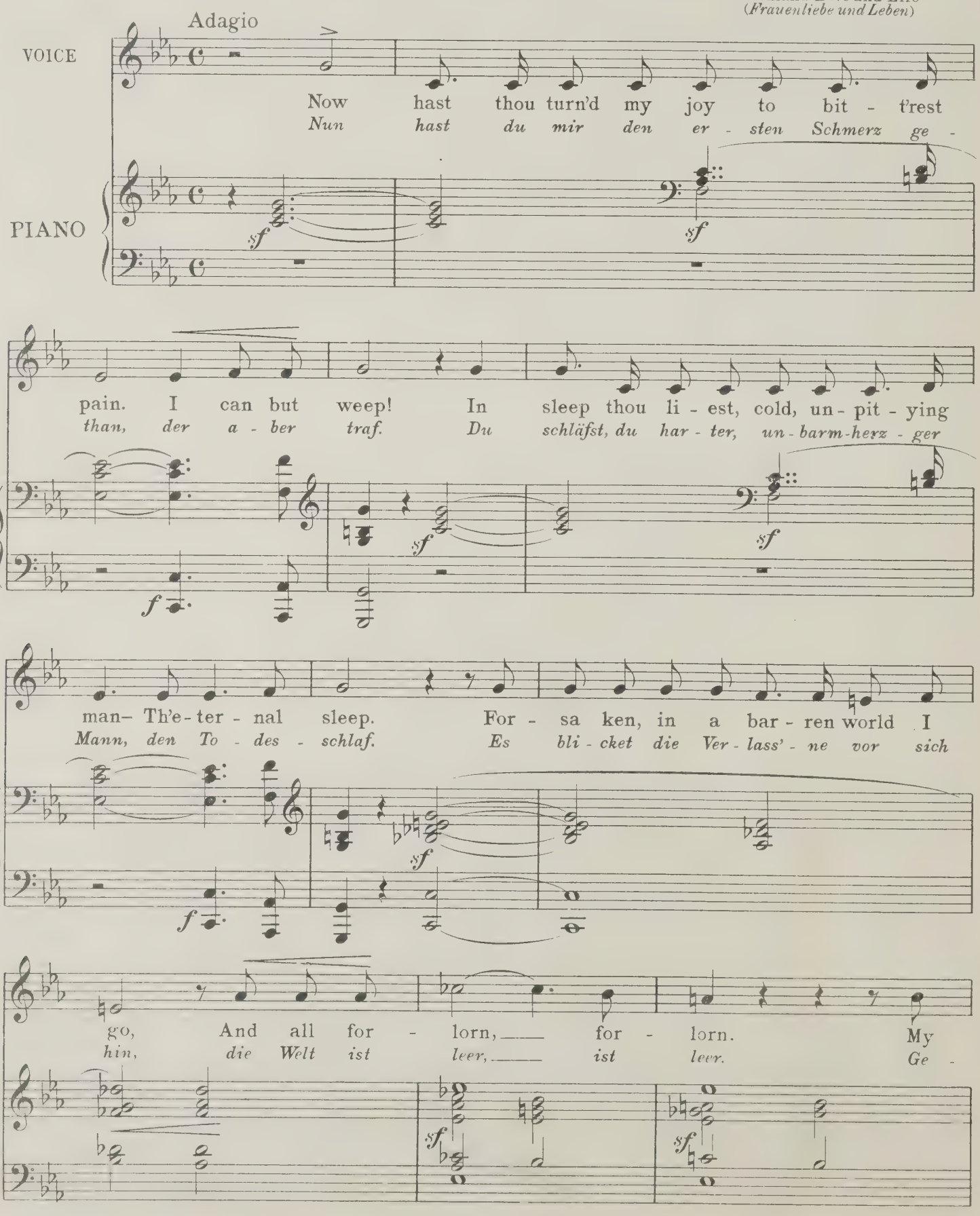
NOW HAST THOU TURNED MY JOY TO BITT'REST PAIN
(NUN HAST DU MIR DEN ERSTEN SCHMERZ GETHAN)

(Composed in 1840)

ADELBERT von CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, D minor)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 42, No. 8
"Woman's Love and Life"
(Frauenliebe und Leben)



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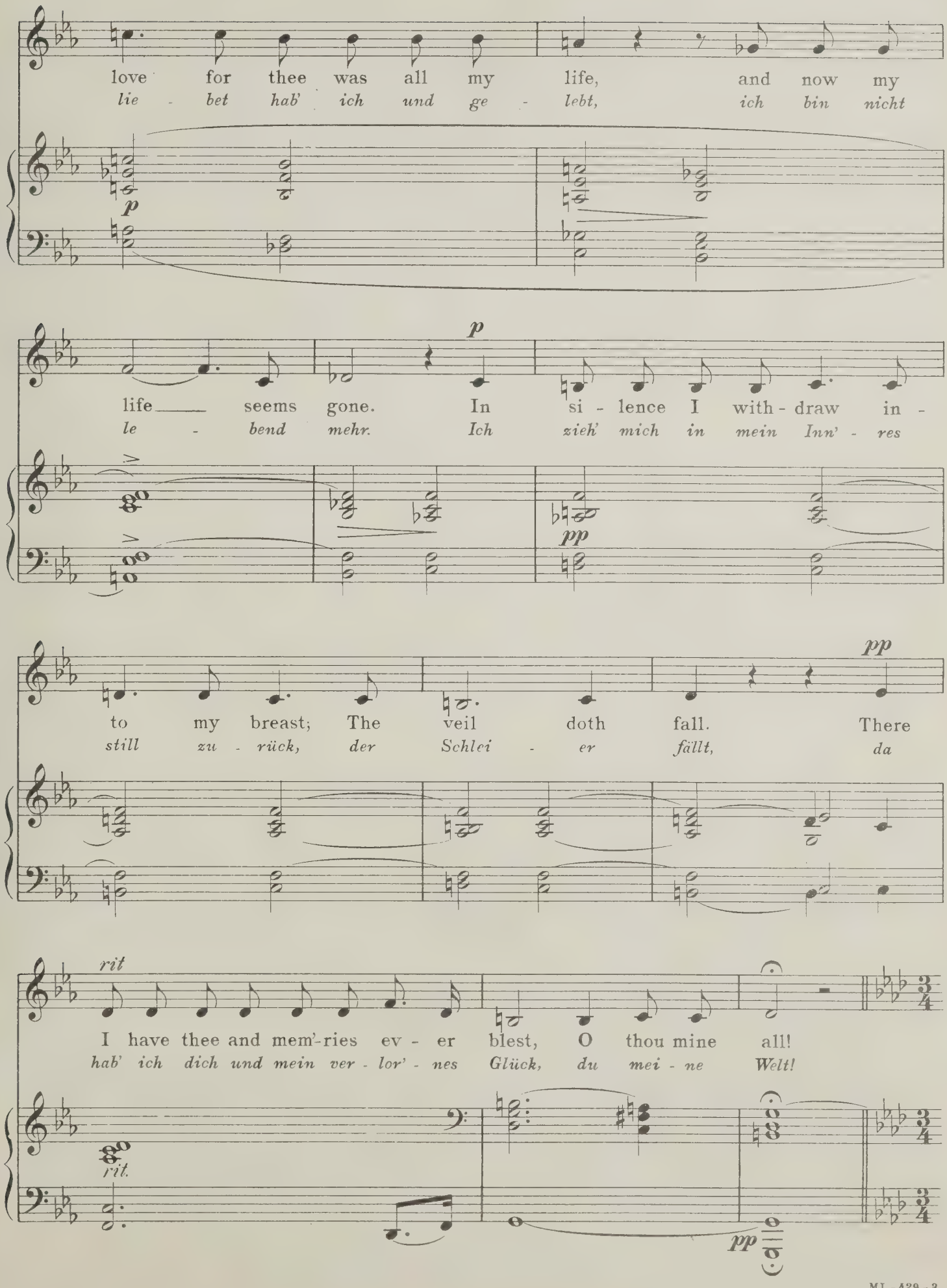
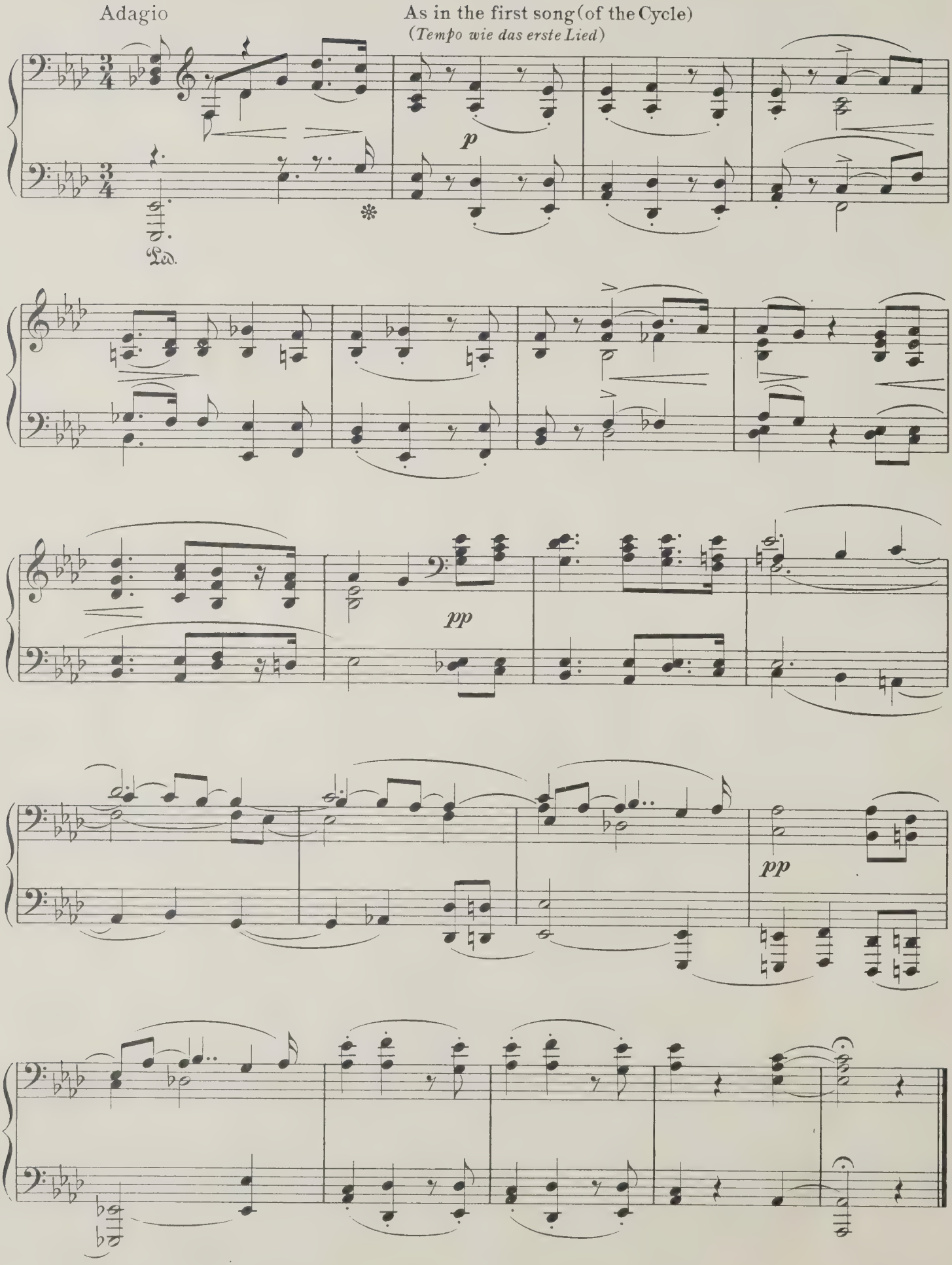

love for thee was all my life, and now my
lie - bet hab' ich und ge - lebt, ich bin nicht
p
life seems gone. In si - lence I with - draw in -
le - bend mehr. Ich zieh' mich in mein Inn' - res
pp
to my breast; The veil doth fall. There
still zu - rück, der Schlei - er fällt, da
pp
rit
I have thee and mem'-ries ev - er blest, O thou mine all!
hab' ich dich und mein ver - lor' - nes Glück, du mei - ne Welt!
rit.
pp


Adagio
As in the first song (of the Cycle)
(Tempo wie das erste Lied)
p
Ped.
pp
pp

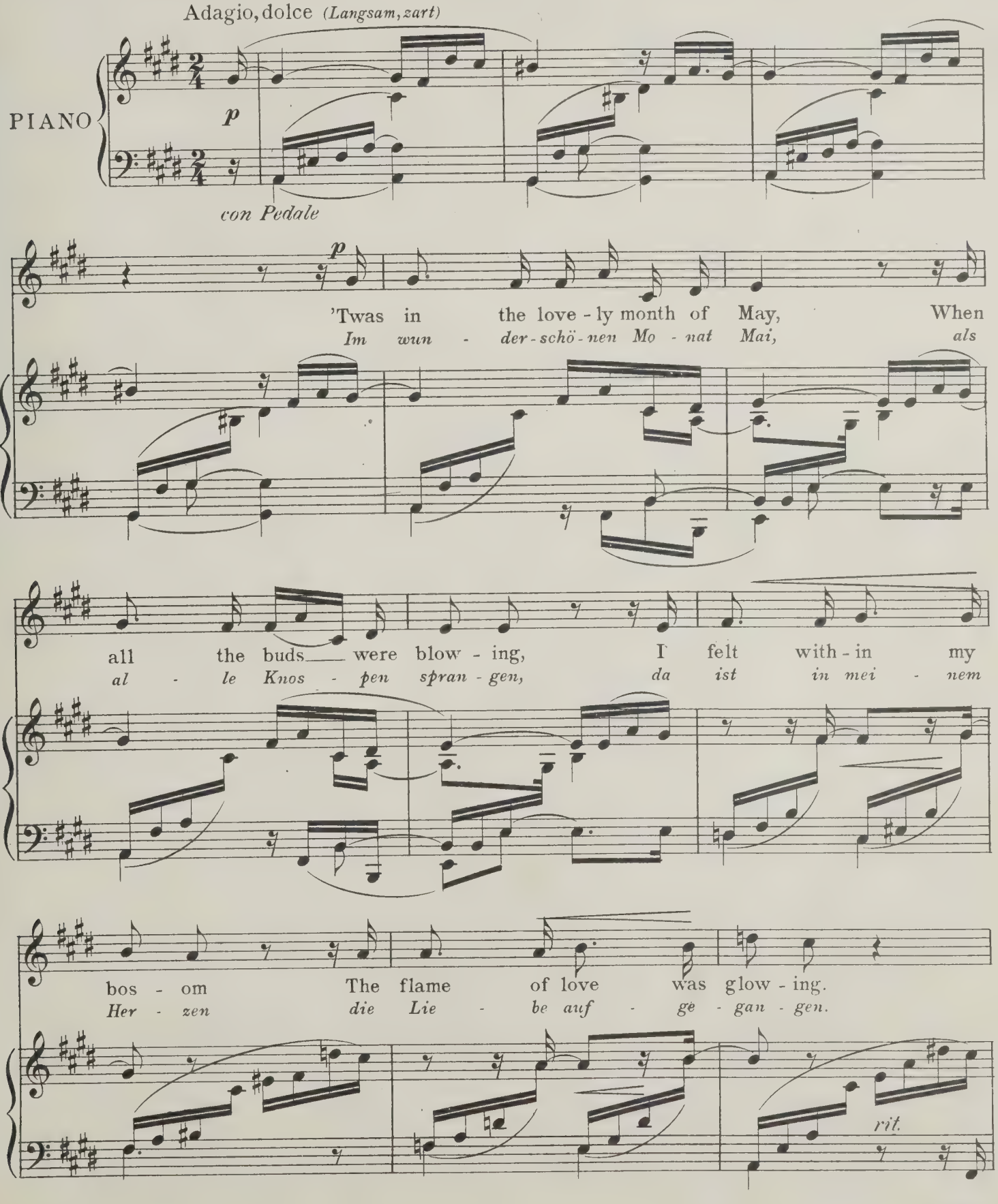
'TWAS IN THE LOVELY MONTH OF MAY
(IM WUNDERSCHÖNEN MONAT MAI)

(Composed in 1840)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, F# minor)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 1
"Poet's Love" *(Dichterliebe)*



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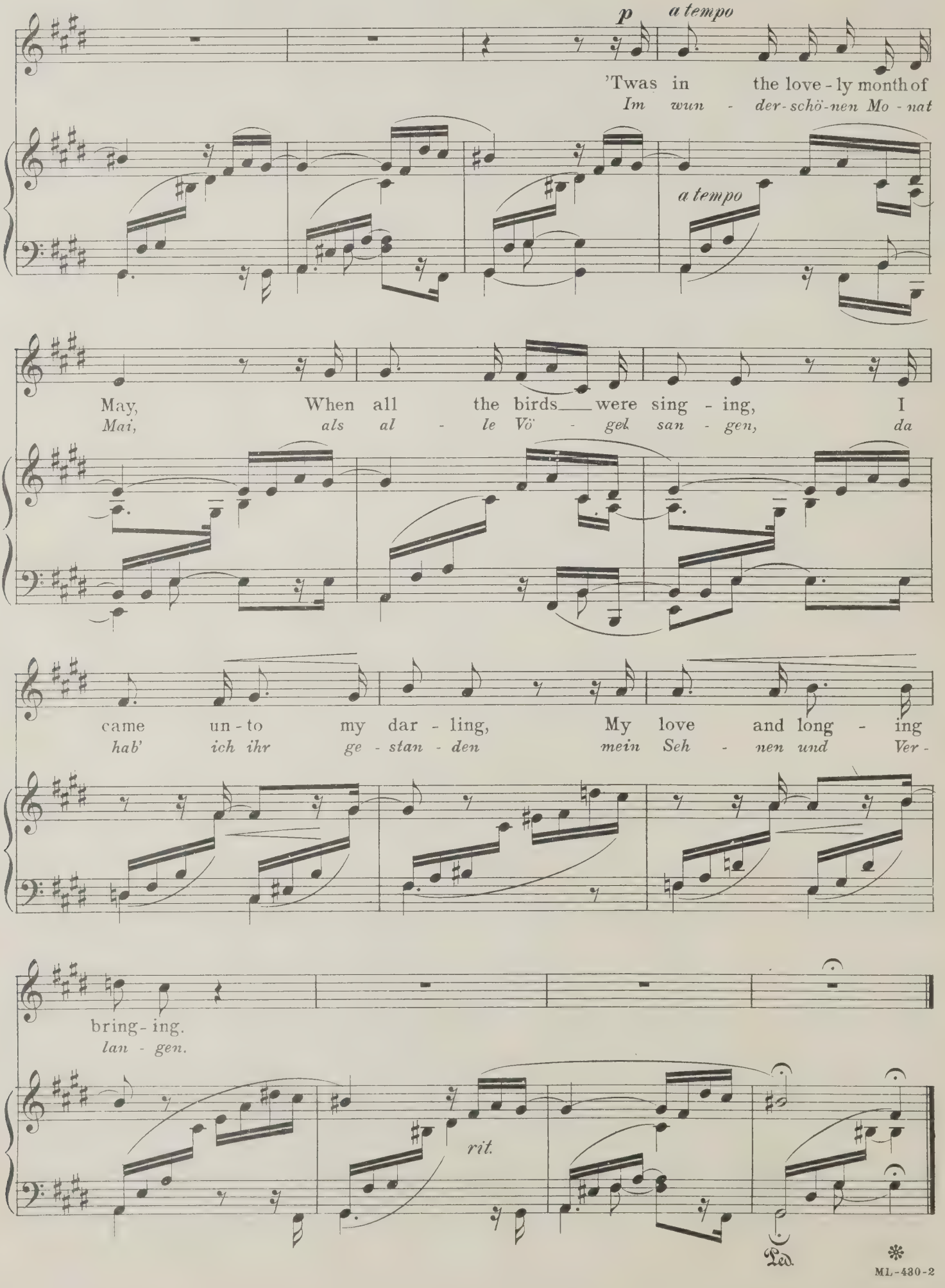

p
a tempo
'Twas in the love - ly month of
Im wun - der-schö-nen Mo - nat
a tempo
May, When all the birds were sing - ing, I
Mai, als al - le Vö - gel san - gen, da
came un - to my dar - ling, My love and long - ing
hab' ich ihr ge - stan - den mein Seh - nen und Ver -
bring - ing.
lan - gen.
rit.
Ped.
*

WHERE'ER MY TEARS ARE FALLING

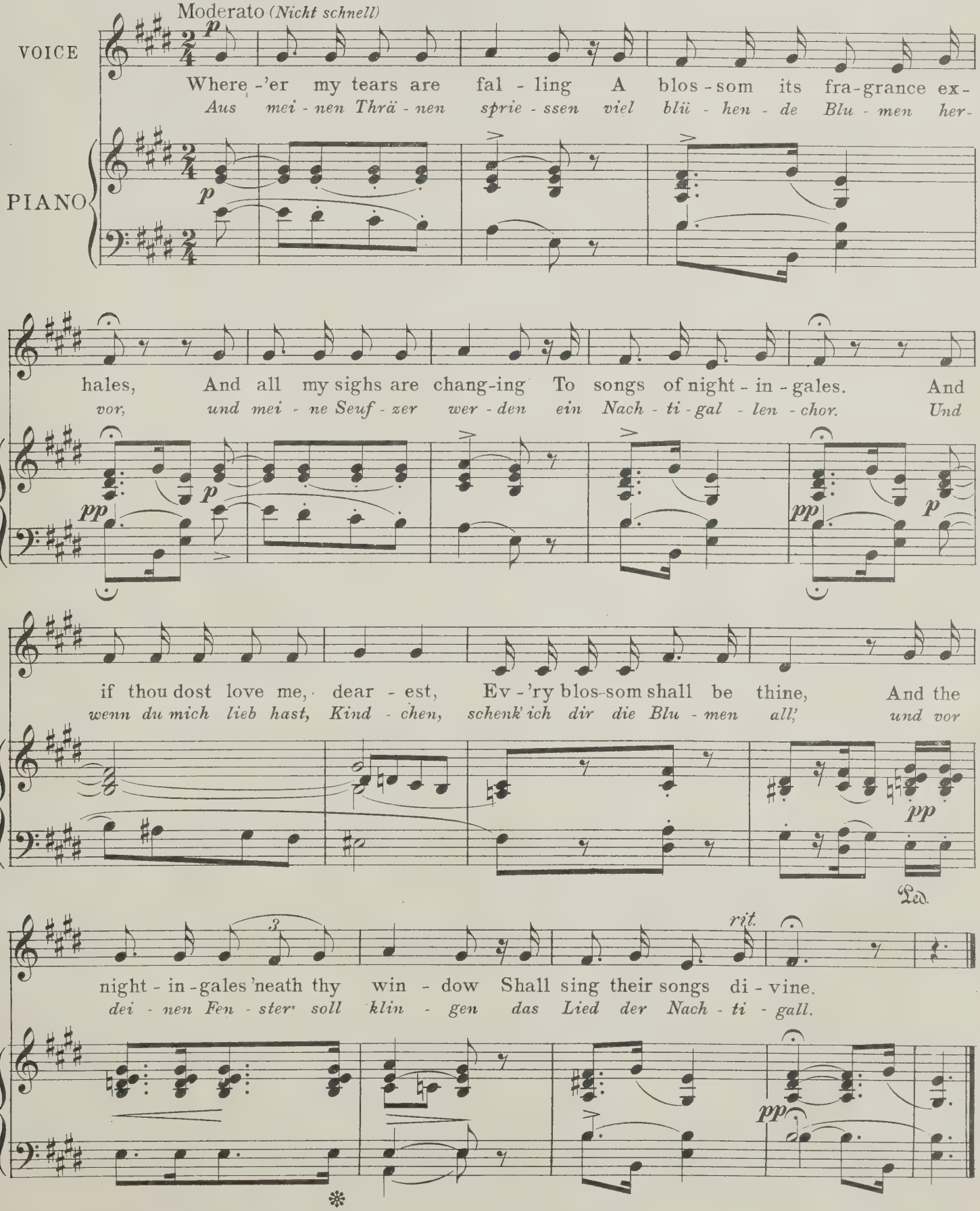
(AUS MEINEN THRÄNEN SPRIESSEN)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, A)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799 - 1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 2
"Poet's Love" *(Dichterliebe)*



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THE ROSE AND THE LILY, THE SUN AND THE DOVE

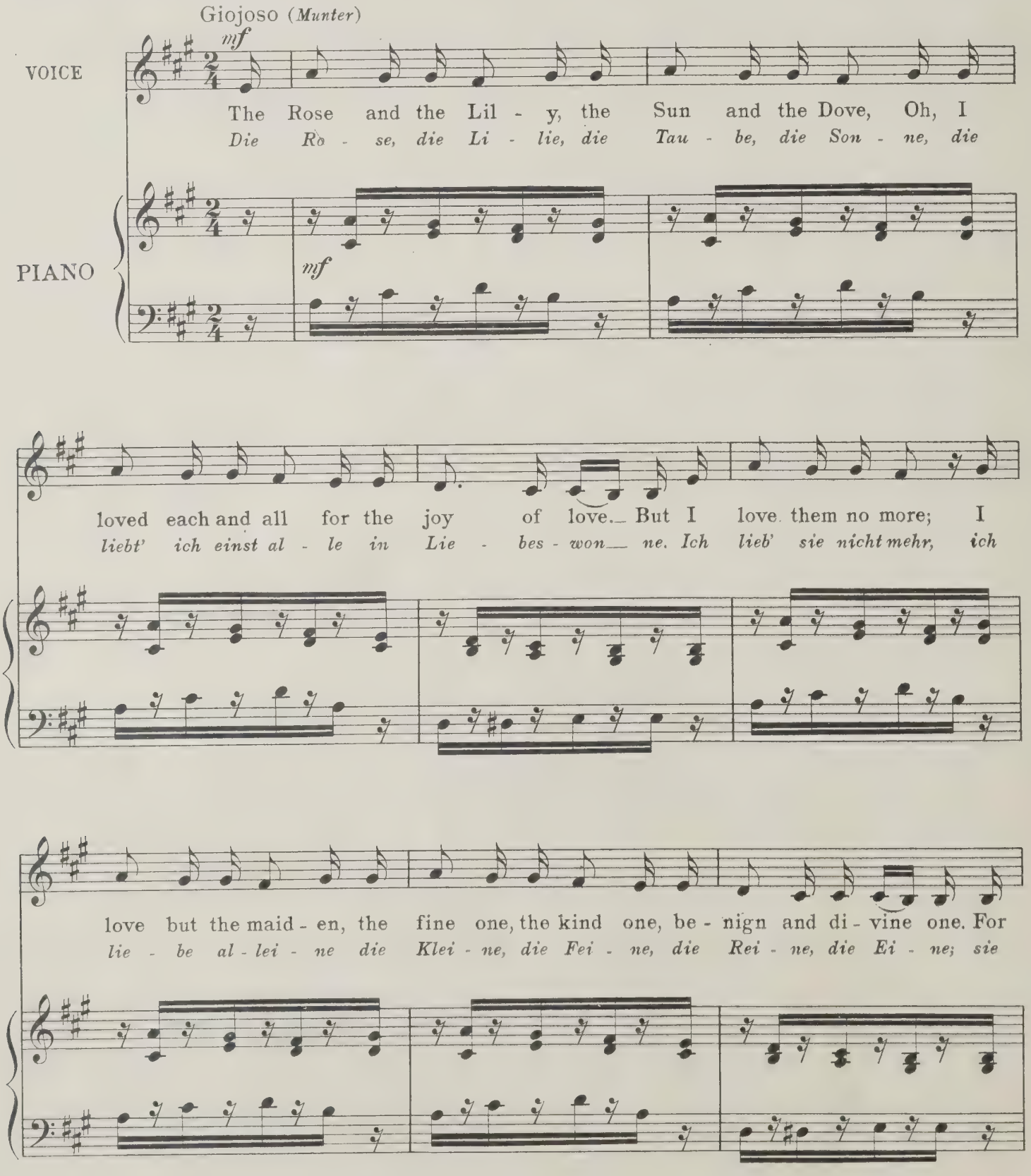
DIE ROSE, DIE LILIE, DIE TAUBE, DIE SONNE

(Composed in 1840)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, D)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No 3
"Poet's Love" (*Dichterliebe*)



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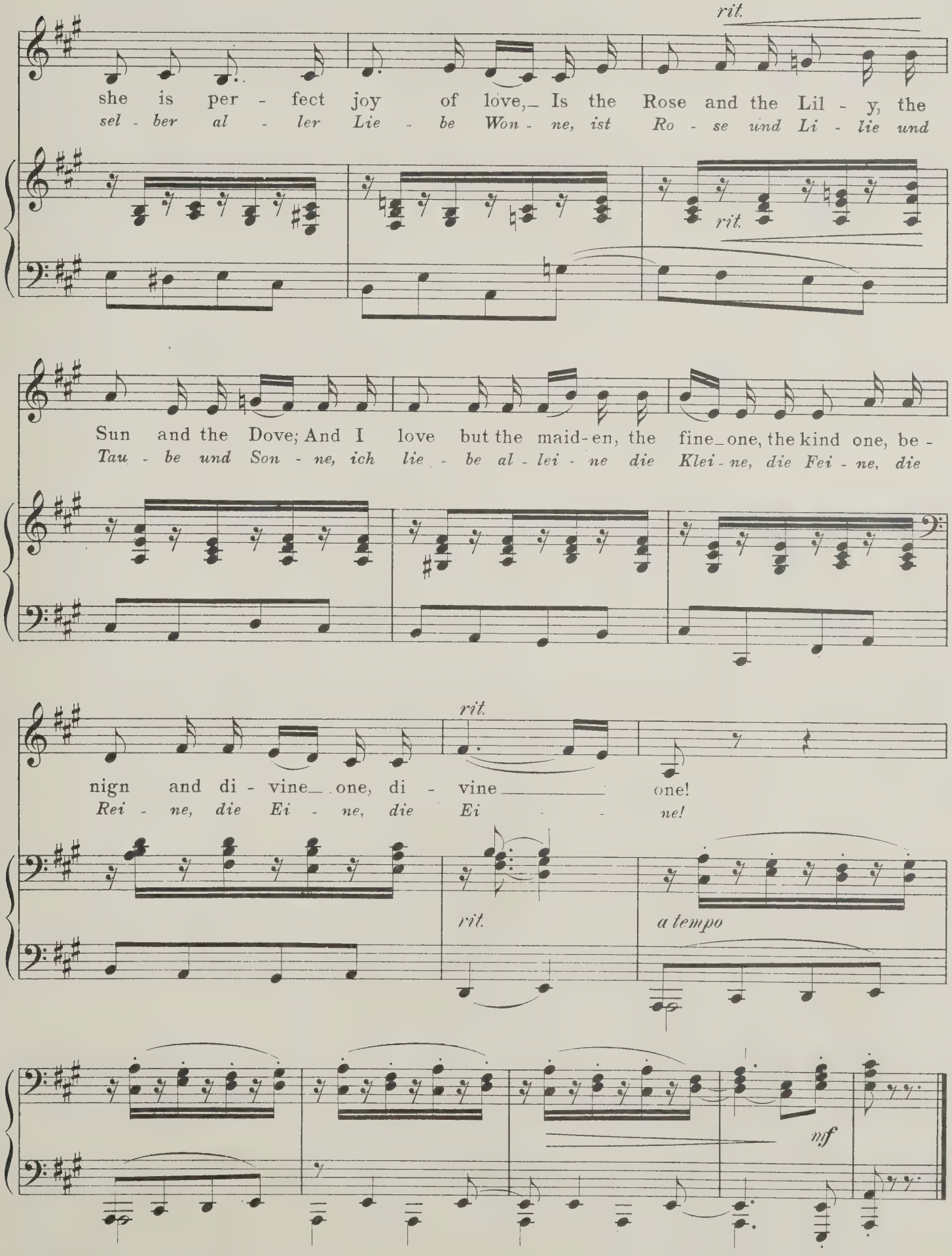

rit.
she is per - fect joy of love,_ Is the Rose and the Lil - y, the
sel - ber al - ler Lie - be Won - ne, ist Ro - se und Li - lie und
rit.
Sun and the Dove; And I love but the maid-en, the fine_one, the kind one, be -
Tau - be und Son - ne, ich lie - be al - lei - ne die Klei - ne, die Fei - ne, die
rit.
nign and di - vine_ one, di - vine one!
Rei - ne, die Ei - ne, die Ei - ne!
rit.
a tempo
mf

WHEN GAZING IN THINE EYES SO DEAR

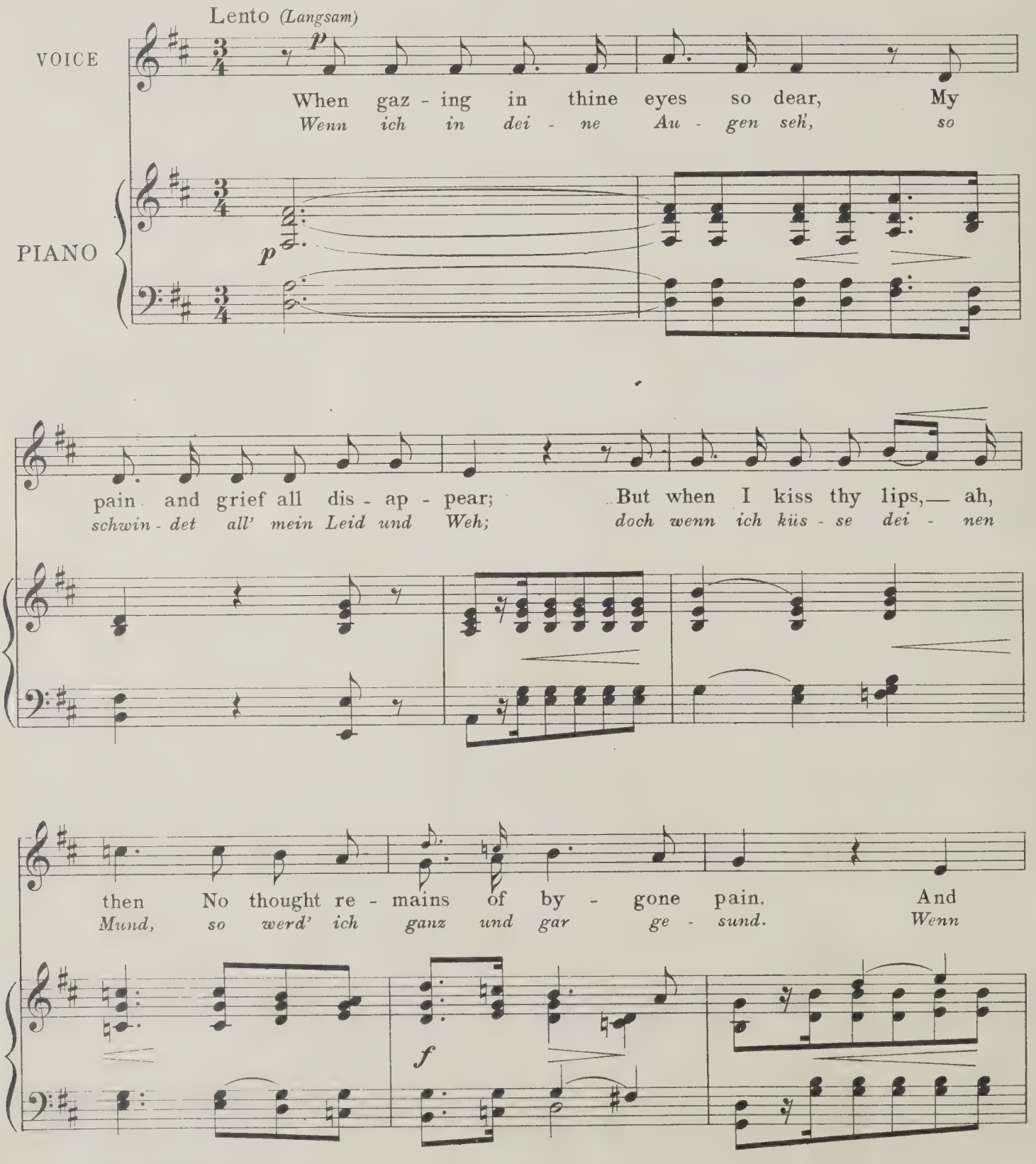
(WENN ICH IN DEINE AUGEN SEH')

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, G)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 4
"Poet's Love" *(Dichterliebe)*



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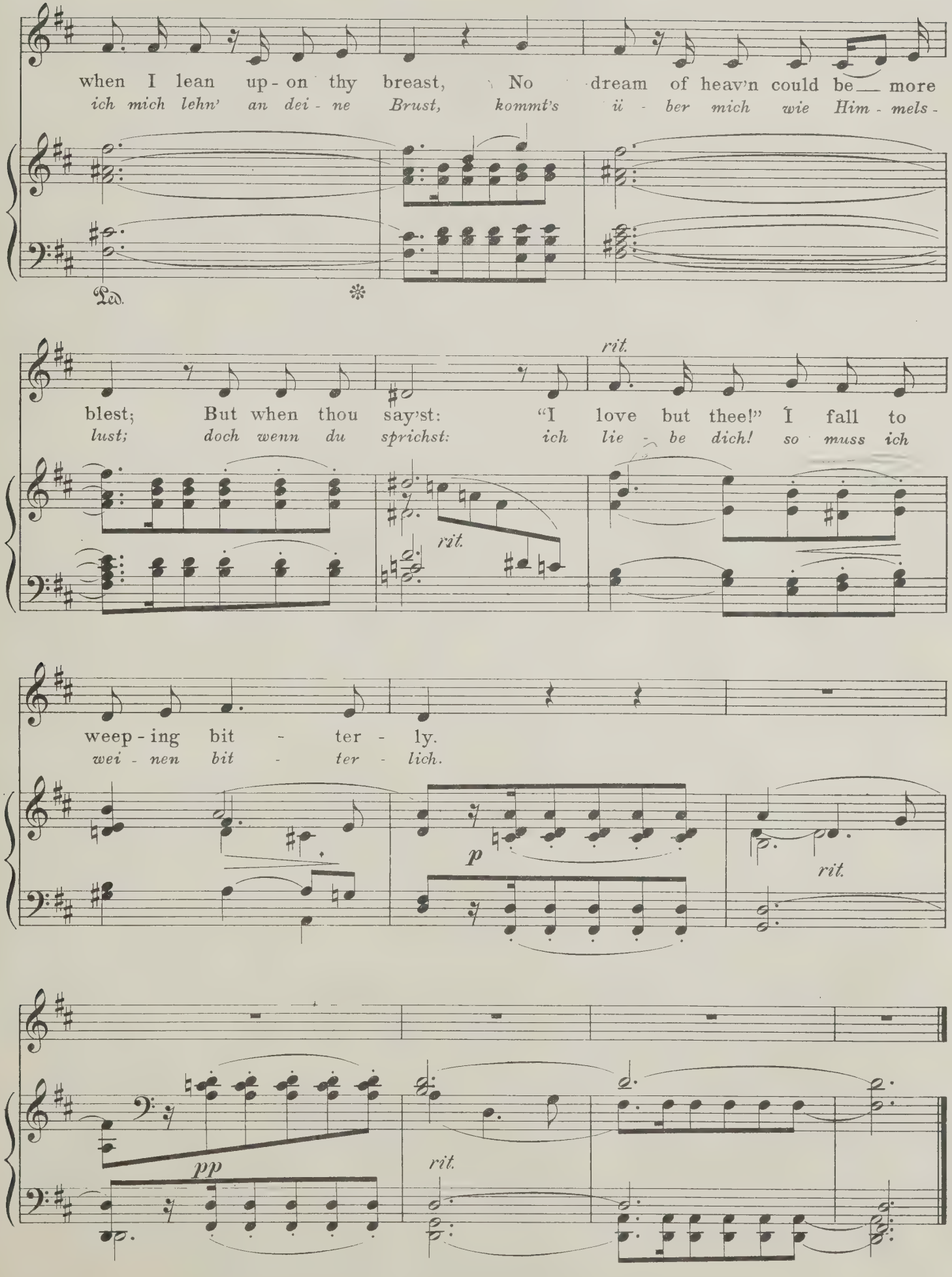

when I lean up - on thy breast, No dream of heav'n could be more
ich mich lehn' an dei - ne Brust, kommt's ü - ber mich wie Him - mels -
Ped.
blest; But when thou say'st: "I love but thee!" I fall to
lust; doch wenn du sprichst: ich lie - be dich! so muss ich
rit.
rit.
weep - ing bit - ter - ly.
wei - nen bit - ter - lich.
p
rit.
pp
rit.

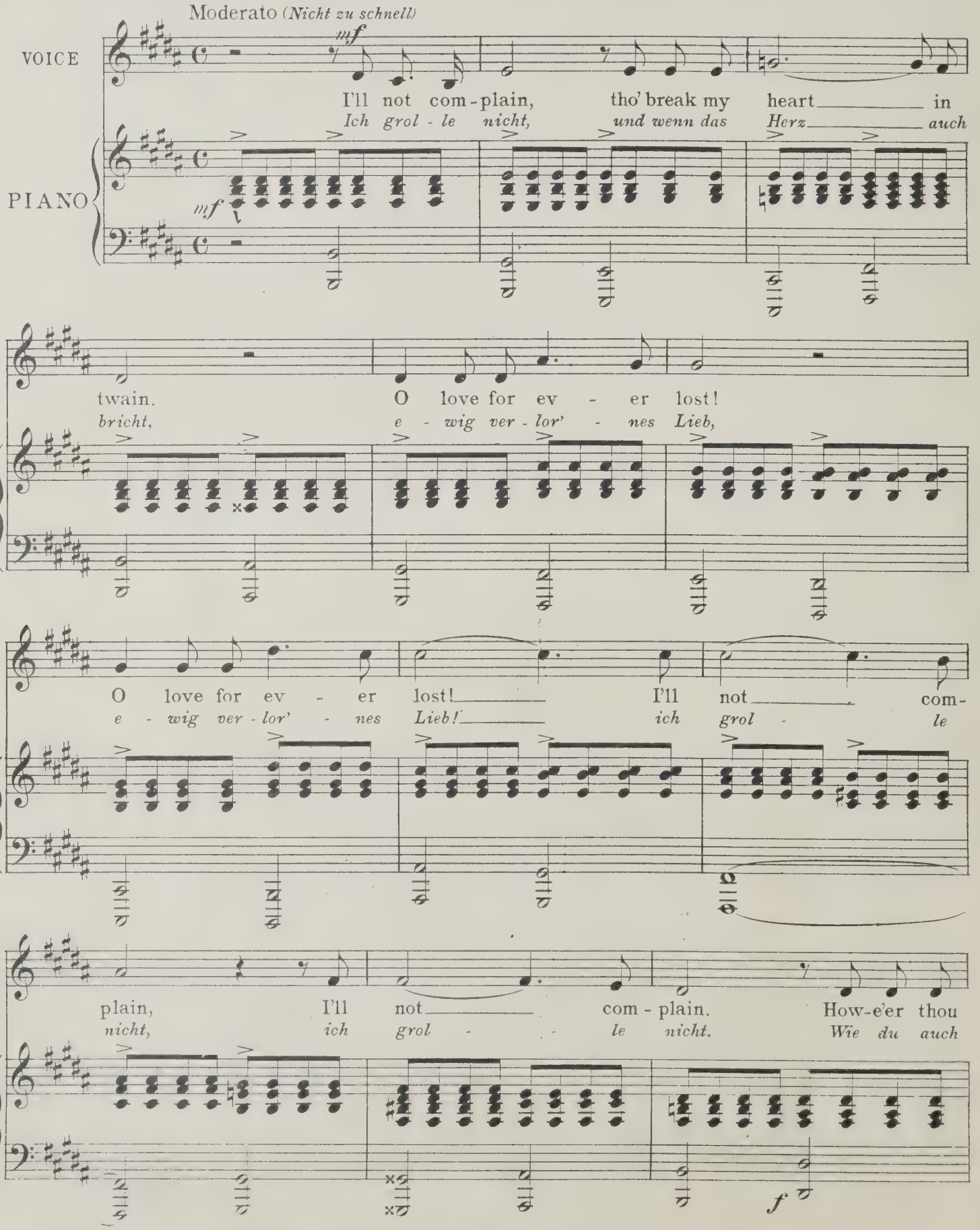
I'LL NOT COMPLAIN
(ICH GROLLE NICHT)

(Composed in 1840)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by John S. Dwight

(Original Key, C)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 7
"Poets Love" *(Dichterliebe)*



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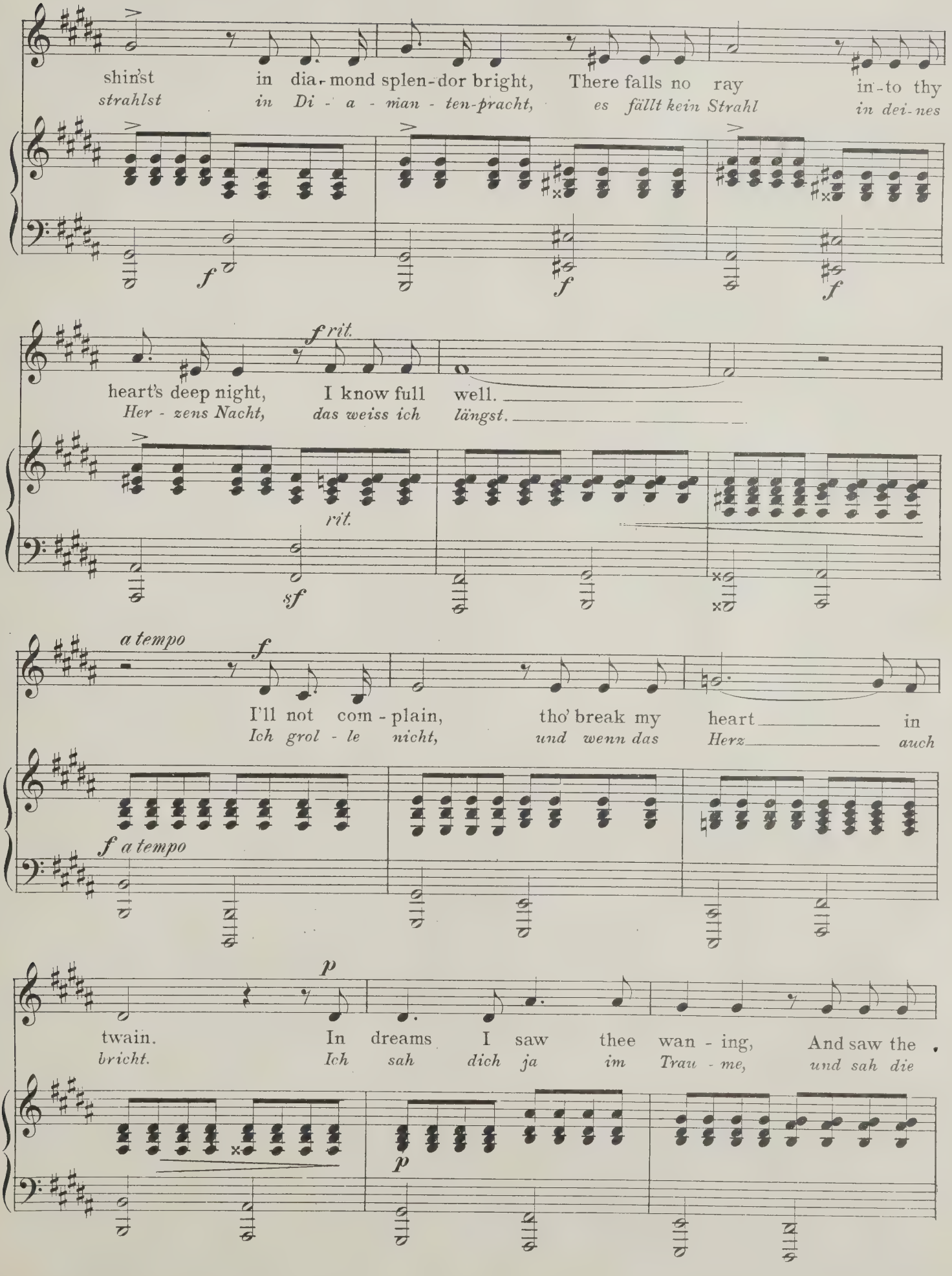
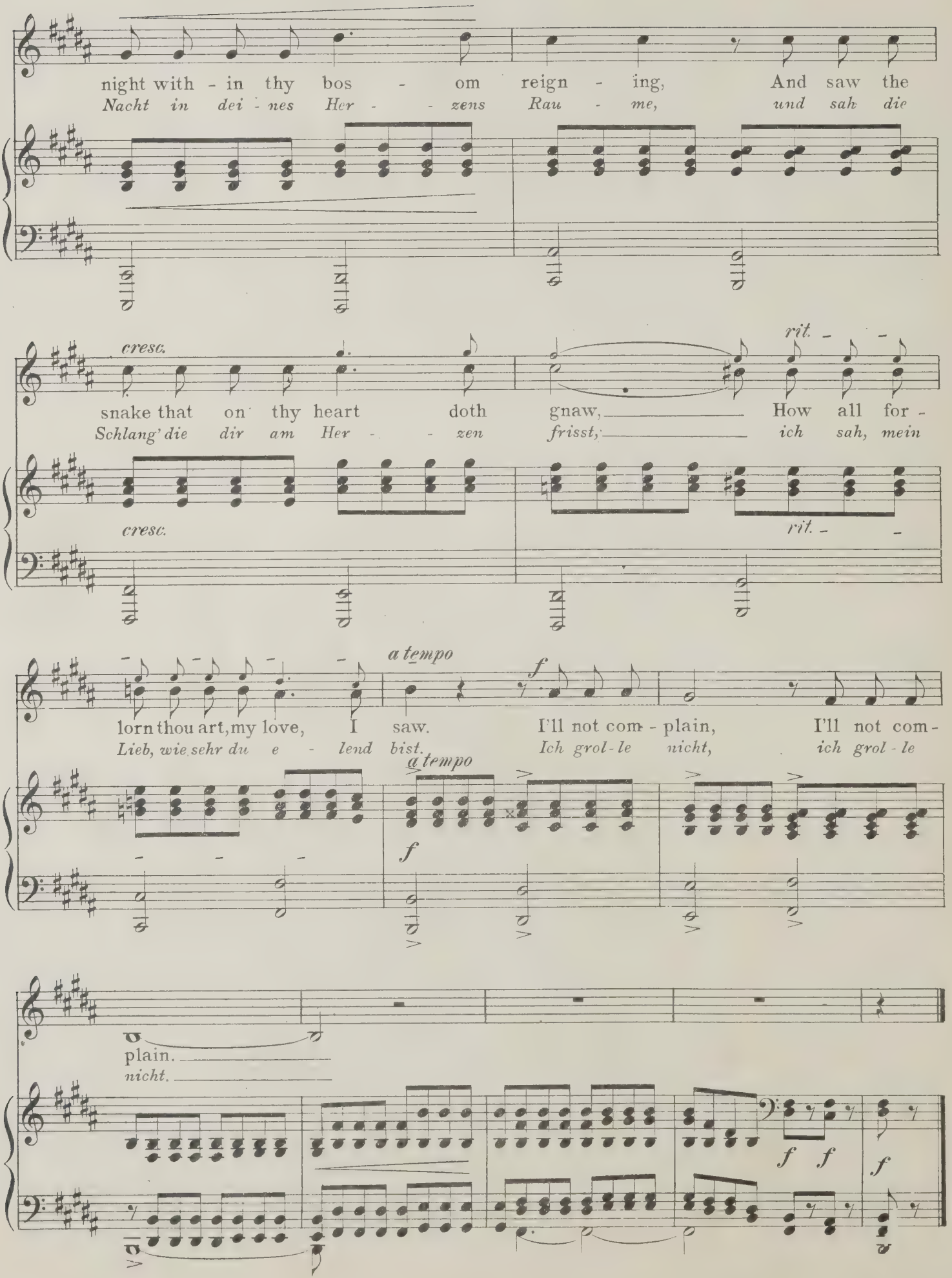

shin'st in dia-mond splen-dor bright, There falls no ray in-to thy
strahlst in Di - a - man - ten-pracht, es fällt kein Strahl in dei-nes
f
f
f
heart's deep night, I know full well.
Her - zens Nacht, das weiss ich längst.
f rit.
rit.
sf
a tempo
f
I'll not com - plain, tho' break my heart in
Ich grol - le nicht, und wenn das Herz auch
f a tempo
p
twain. In dreams I saw thee wan - ing, And saw the
bricht. Ich sah dich ja im Trau - me, und sah die
p

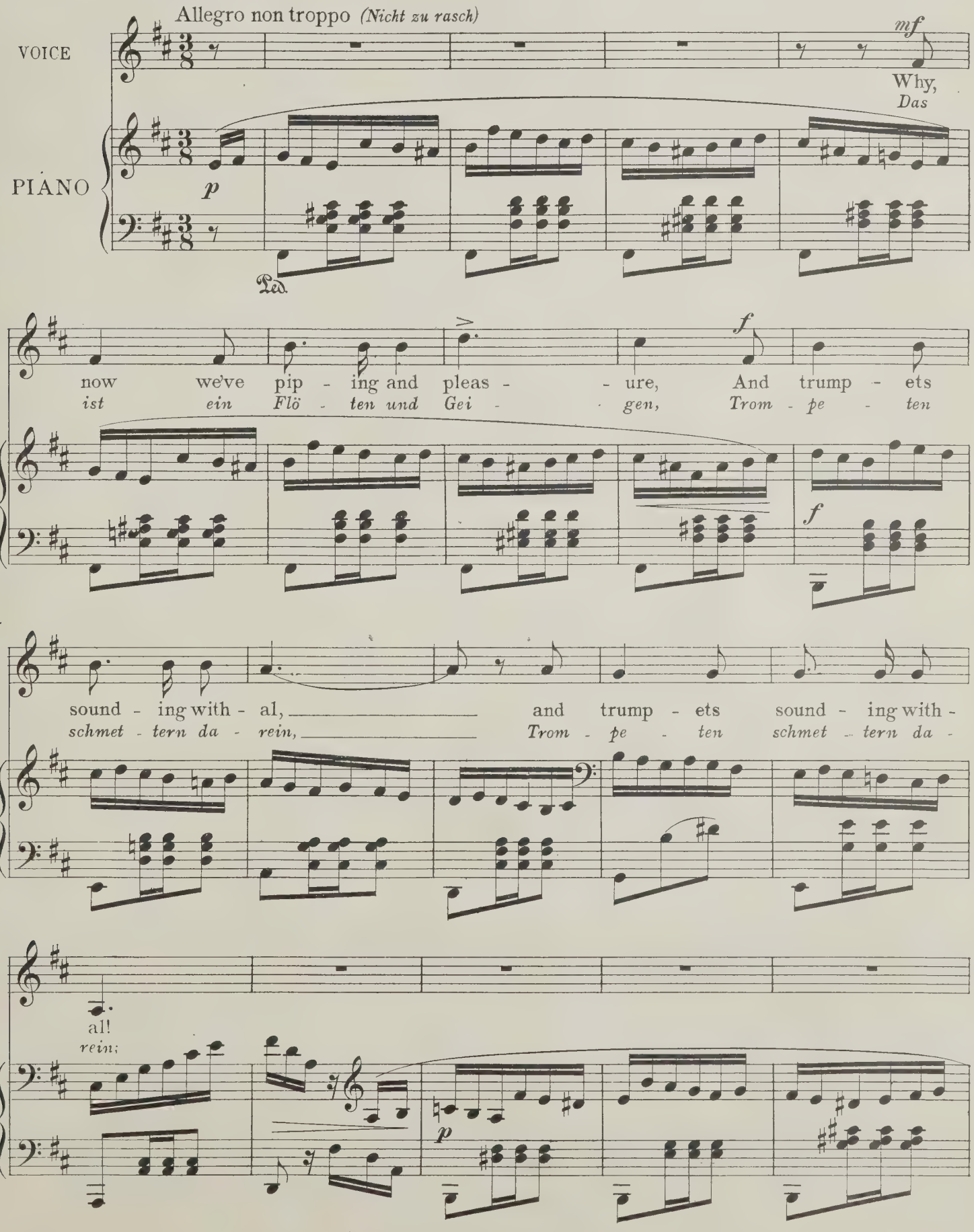

night with - in thy bos - om reign - ing, And saw the
Nacht in dei - nes Her - zens Rau - me, und sah die
cresc.
rit.
snake that on thy heart doth gnaw, How all for -
Schlang' die dir am Her - zen frisst, ich sah, mein
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
f
lorn thou art, my love, I saw. I'll not com - plain, I'll not com -
Lieb, wie sehr du e - lend bist. Ich grol - le nicht, ich grol - le
a tempo
f
plain.
nicht.
f f
f

NOW WE'VE PIPING AND PLEASURE
(DAS IST EIN FLÖTEN UND GEIGEN)

(Composed in 1840)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, D minor)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No 9
"Poet's Love" *(Dichterliebe)*

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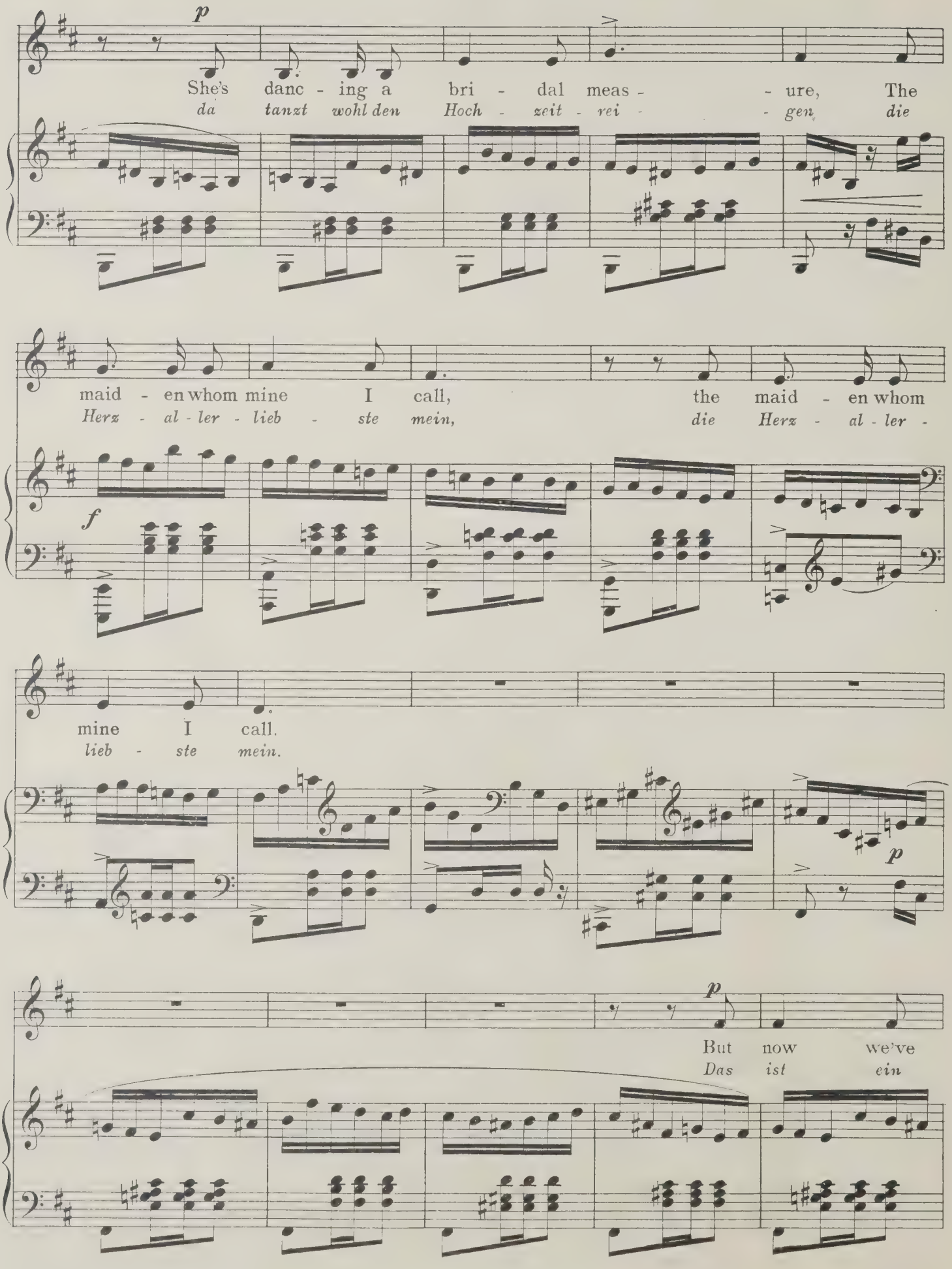
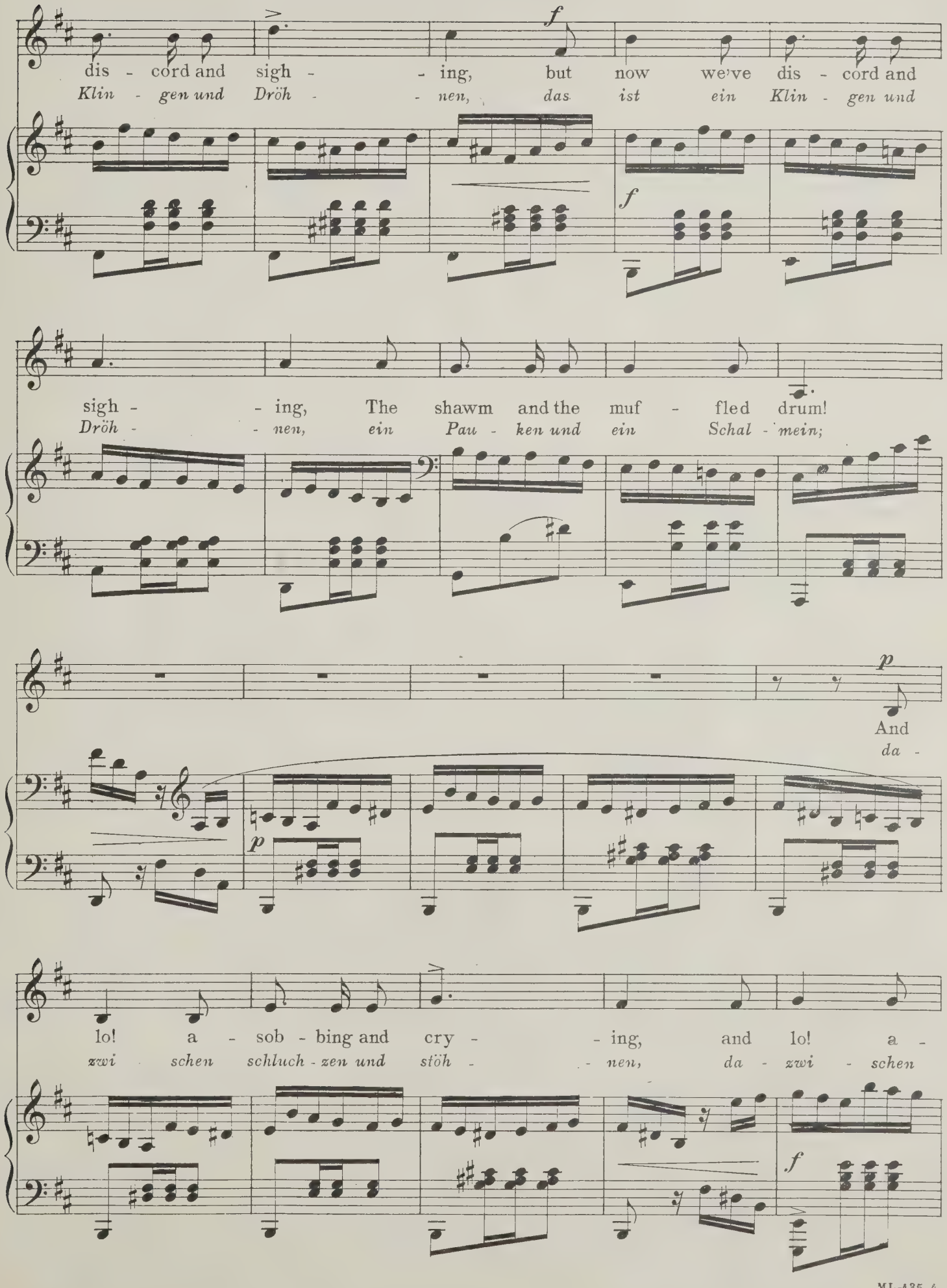
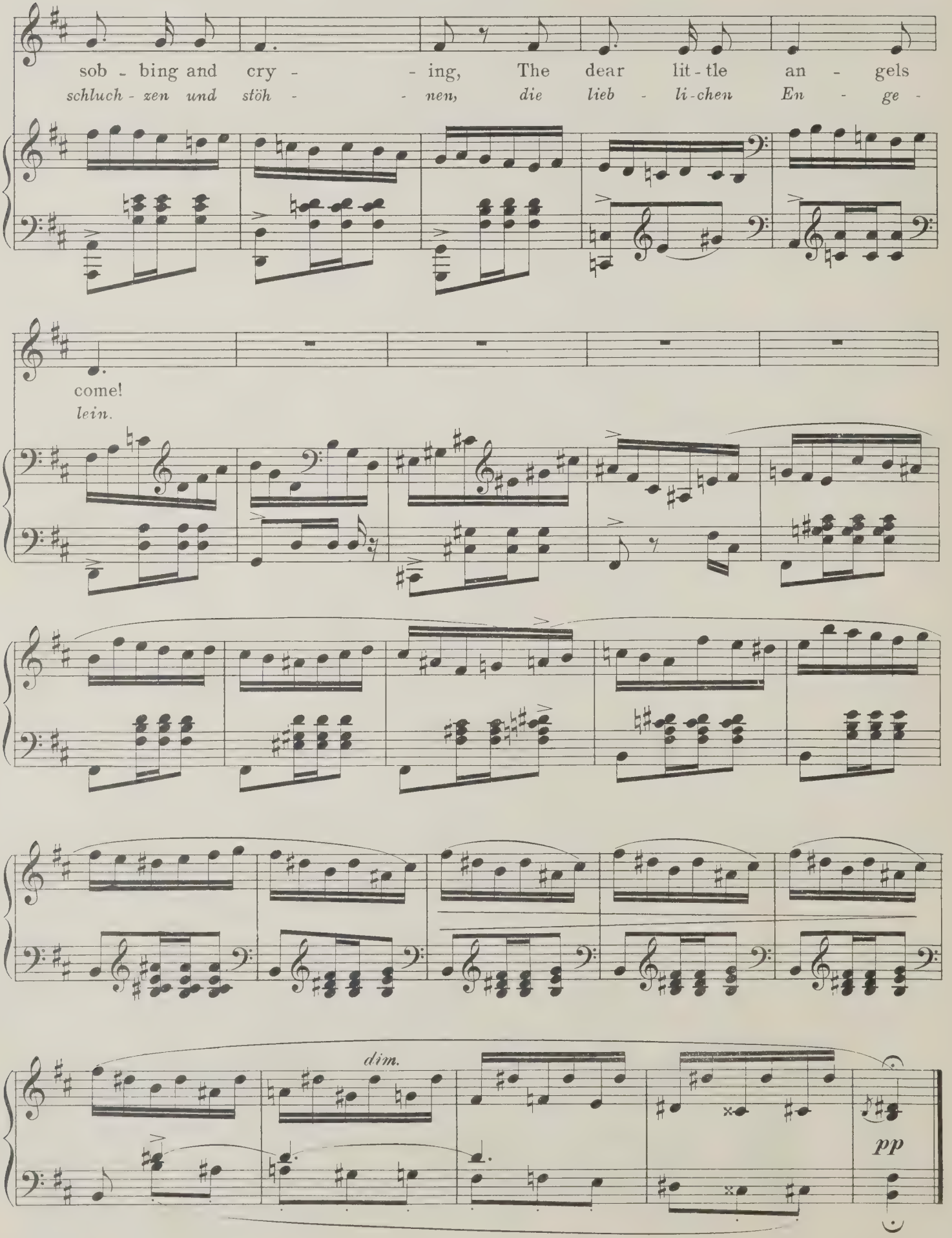

p
She's danc - ing a bri - dal meas - - ure, The
da tanzt wohl den Hoch - zeit - rei - - gen, die
maid - en whom mine I call, the maid - en whom
Herz - al - ler - lieb - ste mein, die Herz - al - ler -
f
mine I call.
lieb - ste mein.
p
p
But now we've
Das ist ein

dis - cord and sigh - - ing, but now we've dis - cord and
Klin - gen und Dröh - - nen, das ist ein Klin - gen und
f
f
sigh - - ing, The shawm and the muf - fled drum!
Dröh - - nen, ein Pau - ken und ein Schal - mein;
p
And
da -
p
lo! a - sob - bing and cry - - ing, and lo! a -
zwi schen schluch - zen und stöh - - nen, da - zwi - schen
f


sob - bing and cry - - ing, The dear lit - tle an - gels
schluch - zen und stöh - - nen, die lieb - li - chen En - ge -
come!
lein.
dim.
pp

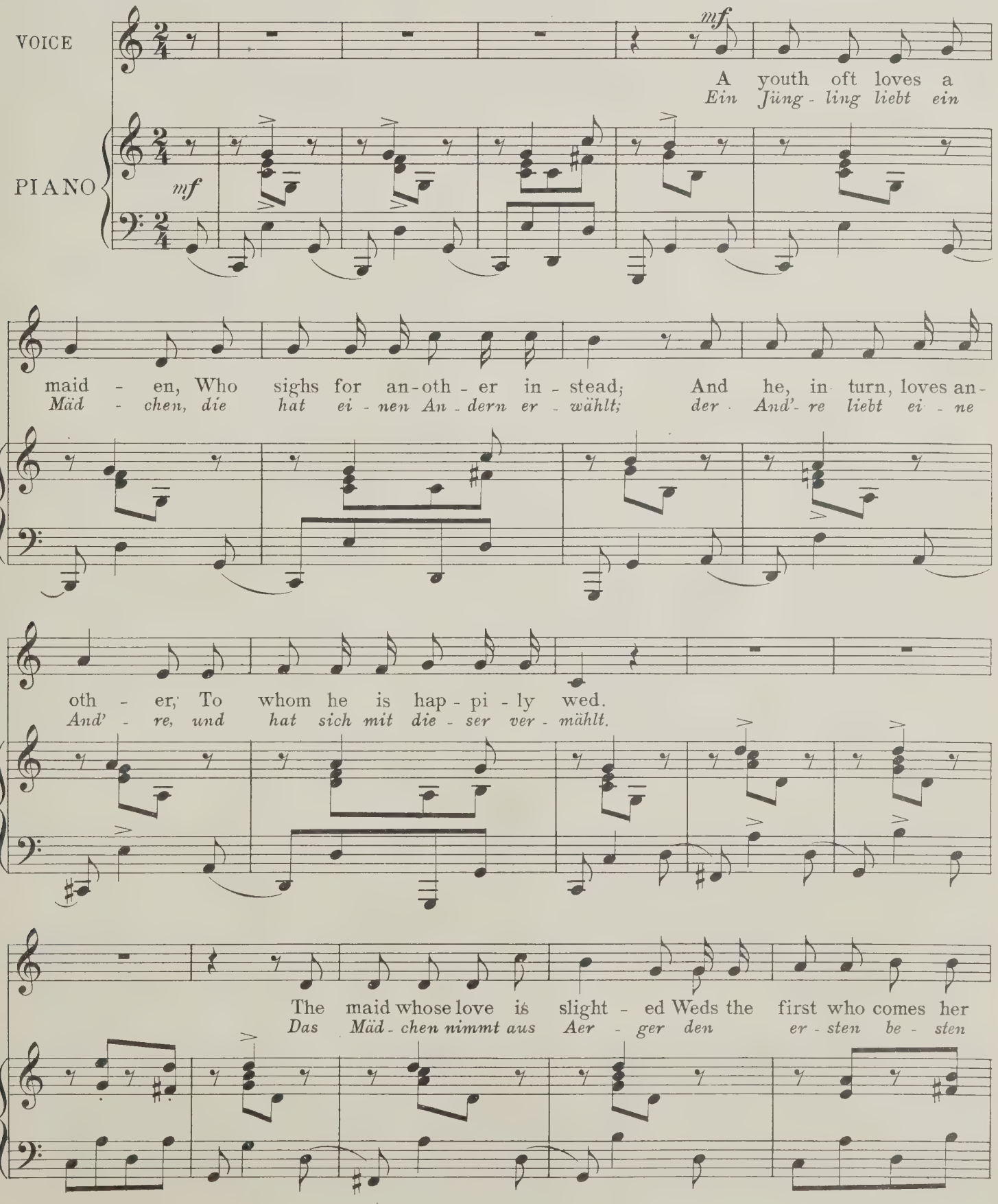
A YOUTH OFT LOVES A MAIDEN
(EIN JÜNGLING LIEBT EIN MÄDCHEN)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, E♭)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, №11
"Poet's Love" *(Dichterliebe)*



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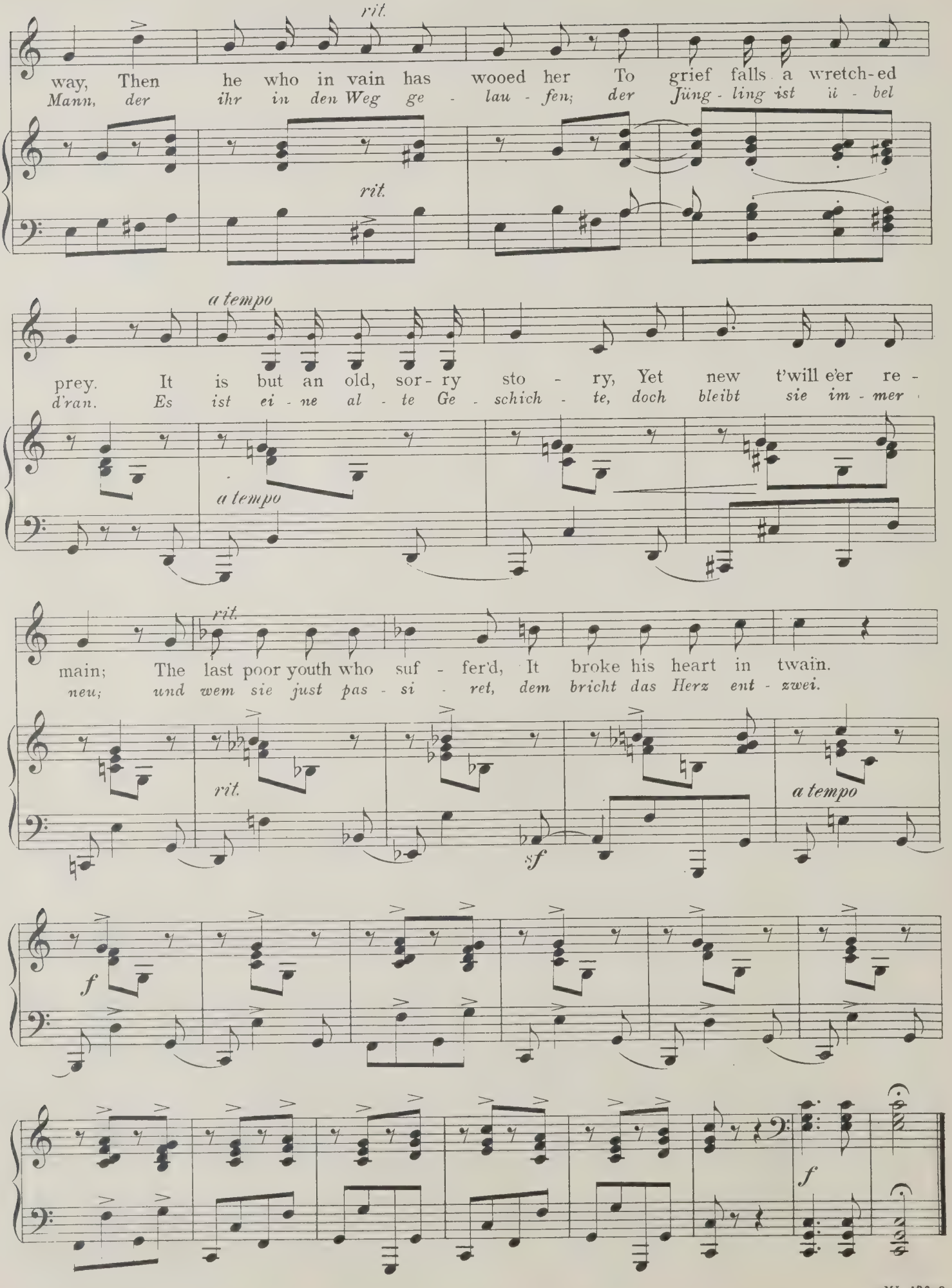
rit.
way, Then he who in vain has wooed her To grief falls a wretch-ed
Mann, der ihr in den Weg ge - lau - fen; der Jüng - ling ist ü - bel
rit.
a tempo
prey. It is but an old, sor - ry sto - ry, Yet new t'will e'er re -
d'ran. Es ist ei - ne al - te Ge - schich - te, doch bleibt sie im - mer
a tempo
rit.
main; The last poor youth who suf - fer'd, It broke his heart in twain.
neu; und wem sie just pas - si - ret, dem bricht das Herz ent - zwei.
rit.
sf
a tempo
f
f

IN DREAMS MY TEARS WERE FALLING

(ICH HAB' IM TRAUM GEWEINET)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, Eb minor)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799–1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, № 13
"Poet's Love" *(Dichterliebe)*

Teneramente *(Leise)*

VOICE

PIANO

p

In dreams my tears were fall - ing;
Ich hab' im Traum ge - wei - net,

pp

I dreamt in the grave you were laid. Then I a -
mir träum - te, du lä - gest im Grab. Ich wach - te

pp

woke, and the tear - drops Still a - down my pal - lid cheek
auf, und die Thrä - ne floss noch von der Wan - ge her -

rit.

rit.

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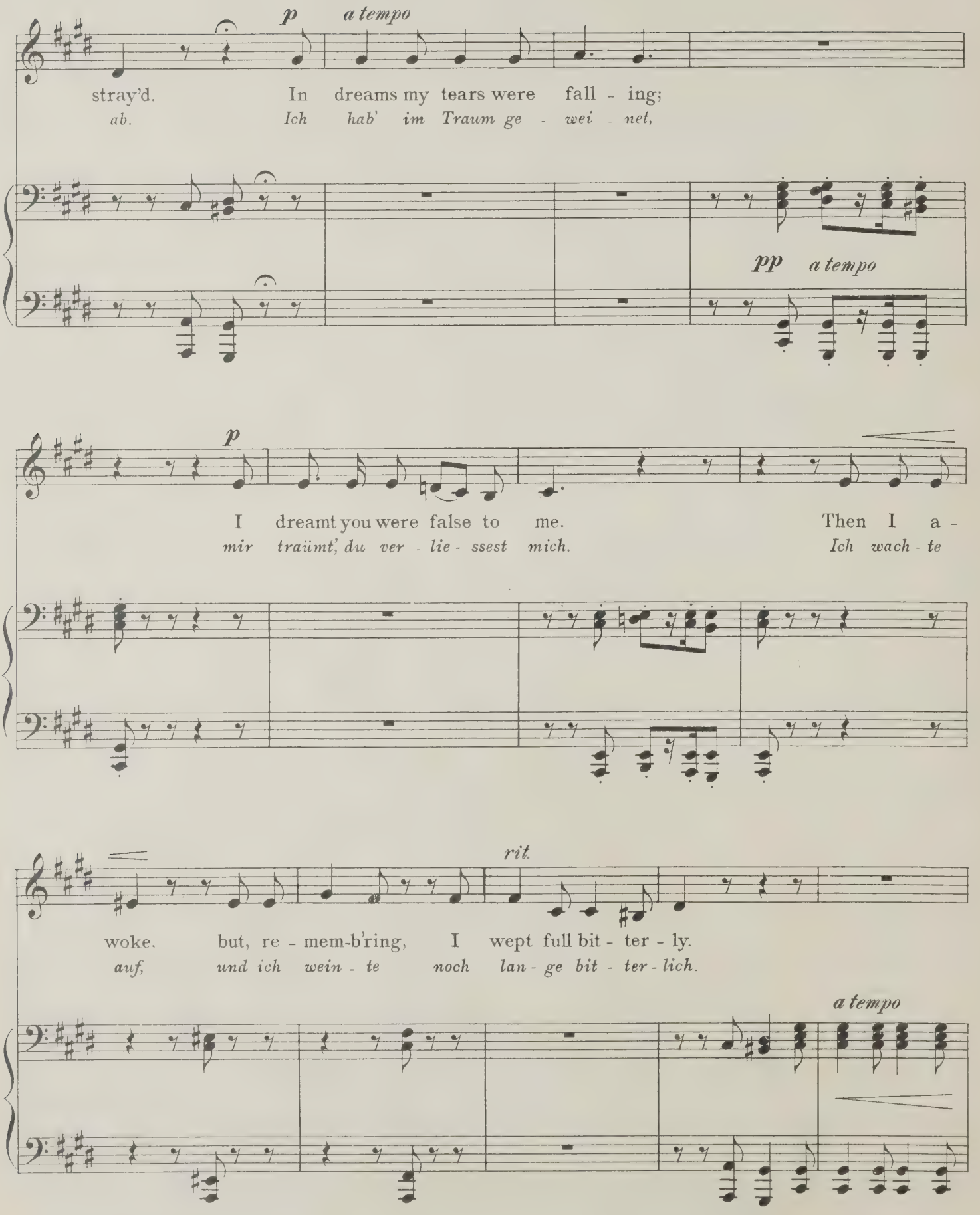
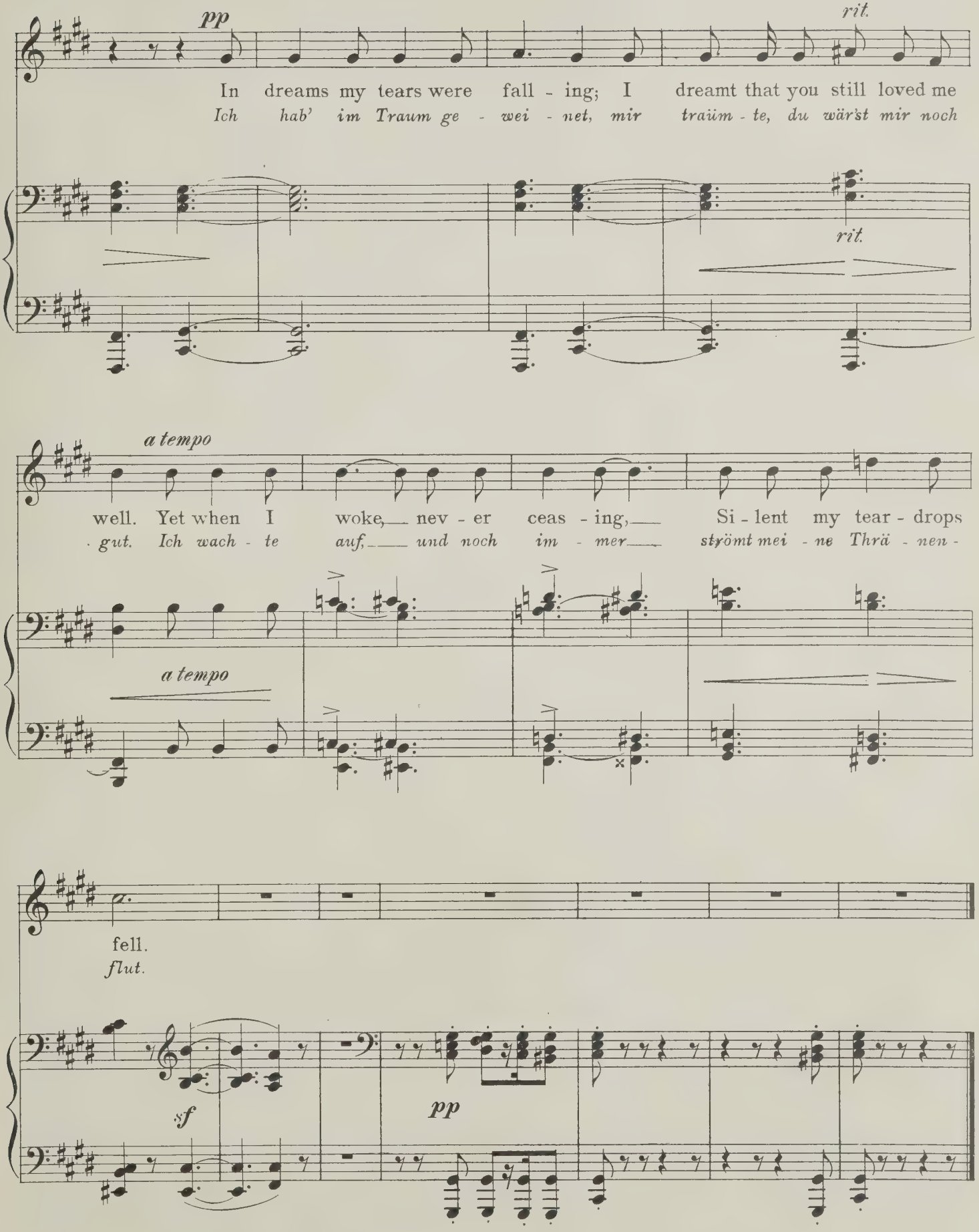

p
a tempo
stray'd. In dreams my tears were fall - ing;
ab. Ich hab' im Traum ge - wei - net,
pp
a tempo
p
I dreamt you were false to me. Then I a -
mir traümt', du ver - lie - ssest mich. Ich wach - te
rit.
woke, but, re - mem-b'ring, I wept full bit - ter - ly.
auf, und ich wein - te noch lan - ge bit - ter - lich.
a tempo


pp
rit.
In dreams my tears were fall - ing; I dreamt that you still loved me
Ich hab' im Traum ge - wei - net, mir traüm - te, du wär'st mir noch
rit.
a tempo
well. Yet when I woke, nev - er ceas - ing, Si - lent my tear - drops
gut. Ich wach - te auf, und noch im - mer strömt mei - ne Thrä - nen -
a tempo
fell.
flut.
sf
pp

ALL NIGHT LONG I'M DREAMING

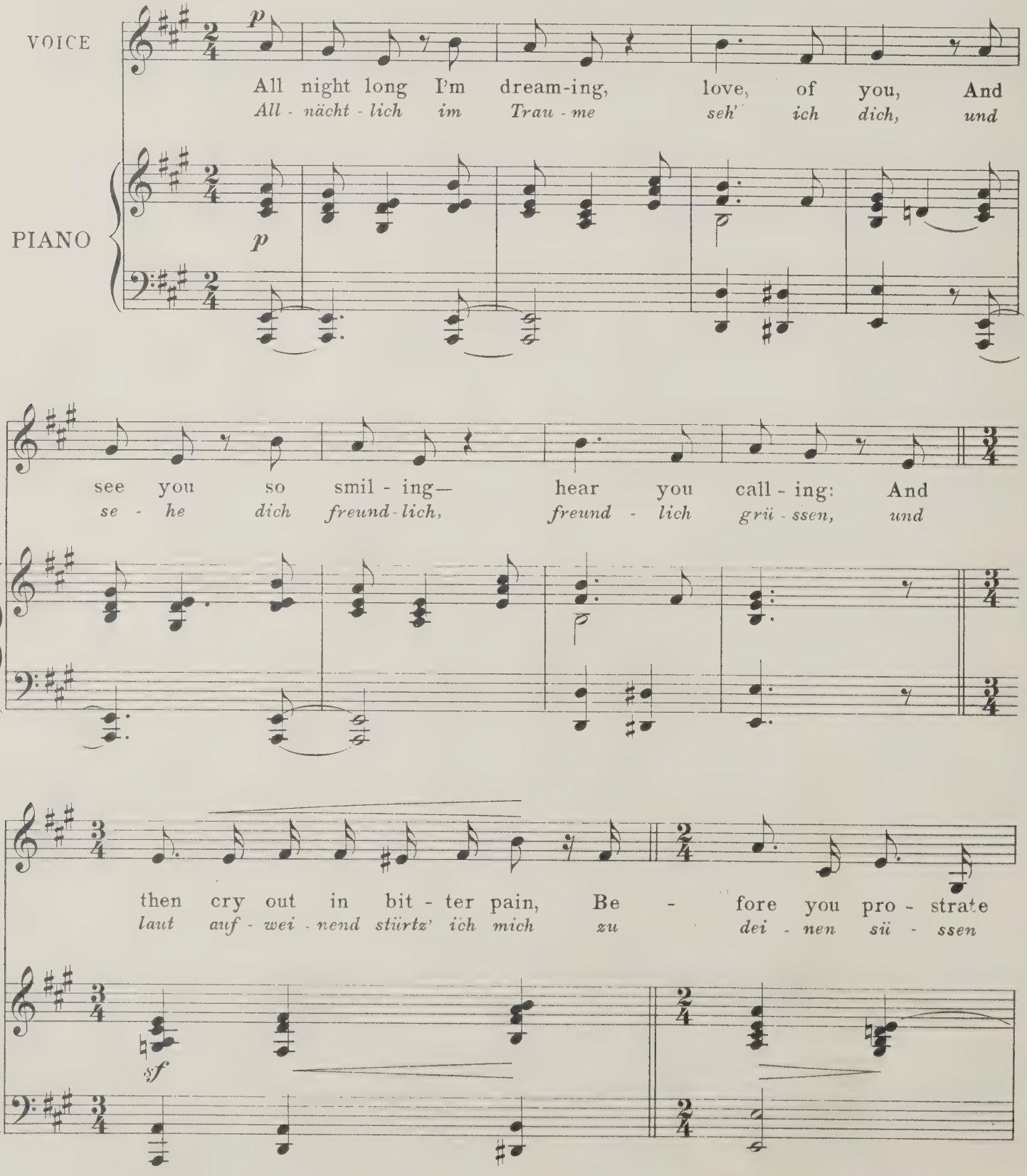
(ALLNÄCHTLICH IM TRAUME)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key, B)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 14
"Poet's Love" *(Dichterliebe)*



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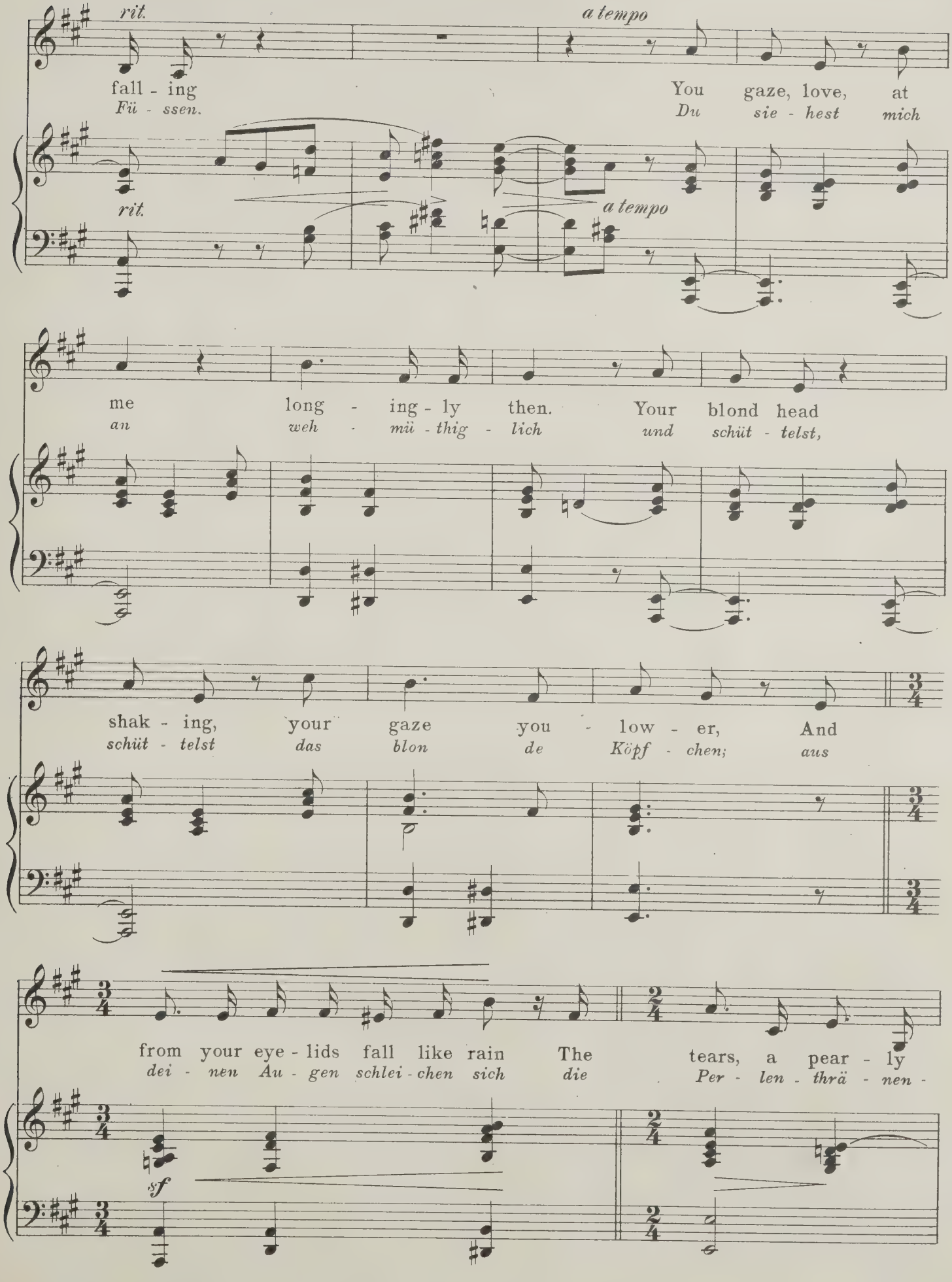
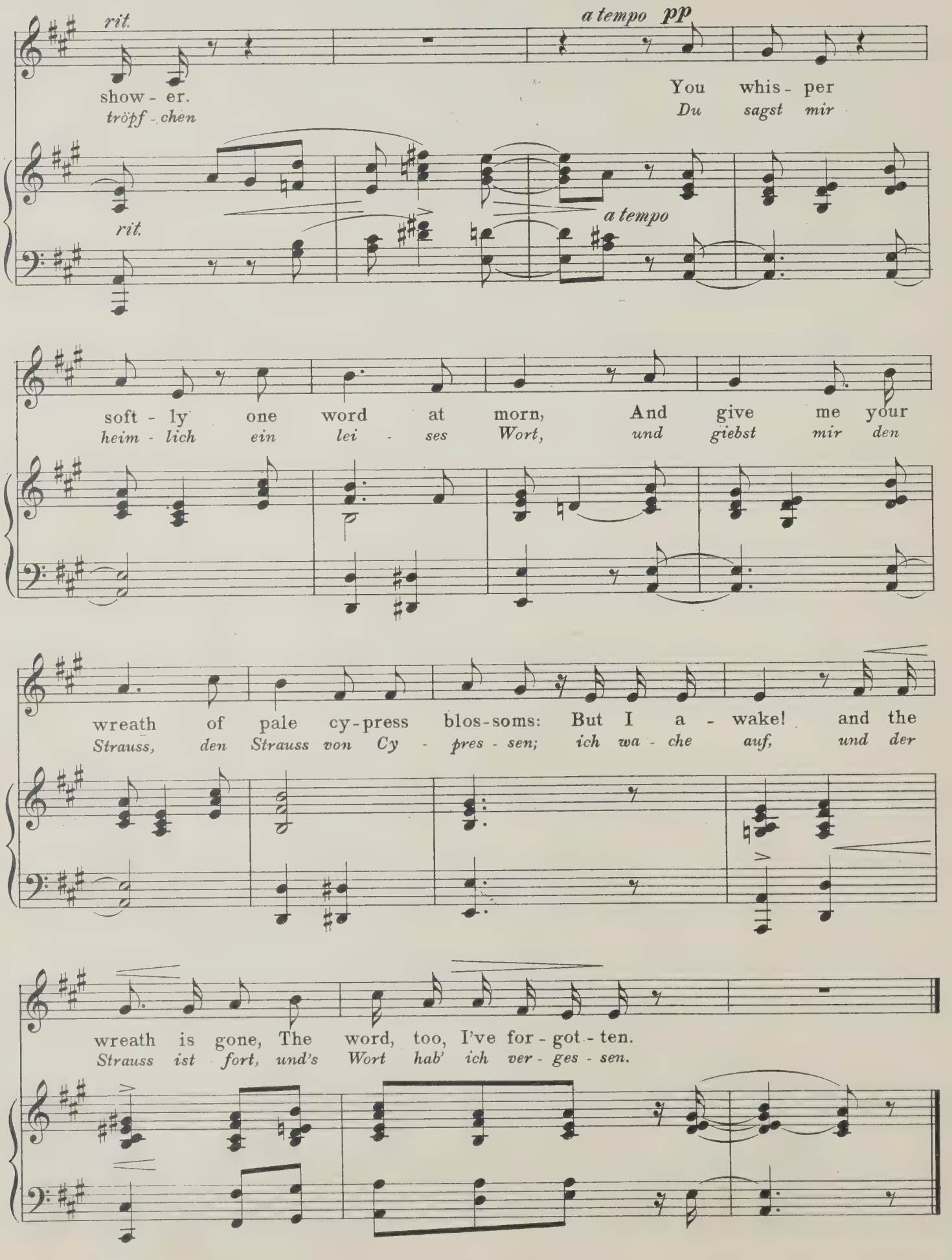

rit.
a tempo
fall - ing
Fü - ssen.
You gaze, love, at
Du sie - hest mich
rit.
a tempo
me long - ing - ly then. Your blond head
an weh - mü - thig - lich und schüt - telst,
shak - ing, your gaze you - low - er, And
schüt - telst das blon de Köpf - chen; aus
from your eye - lids fall like rain The tears, a pear - ly
dei - nen Au - gen schlei - chen sich die Per - len - thrä - nen -
sf


rit.
a tempo pp
show - er.
tröpf - chen
You whis - per
Du sagst mir
rit.
a tempo
soft - ly one word at morn, And give me your
heim - lich ein lei - ses Wort, und giebst mir den
wreath of pale cy-press blos-soms: But I a - wake! and the
Strauss, den Strauss von Cy - pres - sen; ich wa - che auf, und der
wreath is gone, The word, too, I've for - got - ten.
Strauss ist fort, und's Wort hab' ich ver - ges - sen.

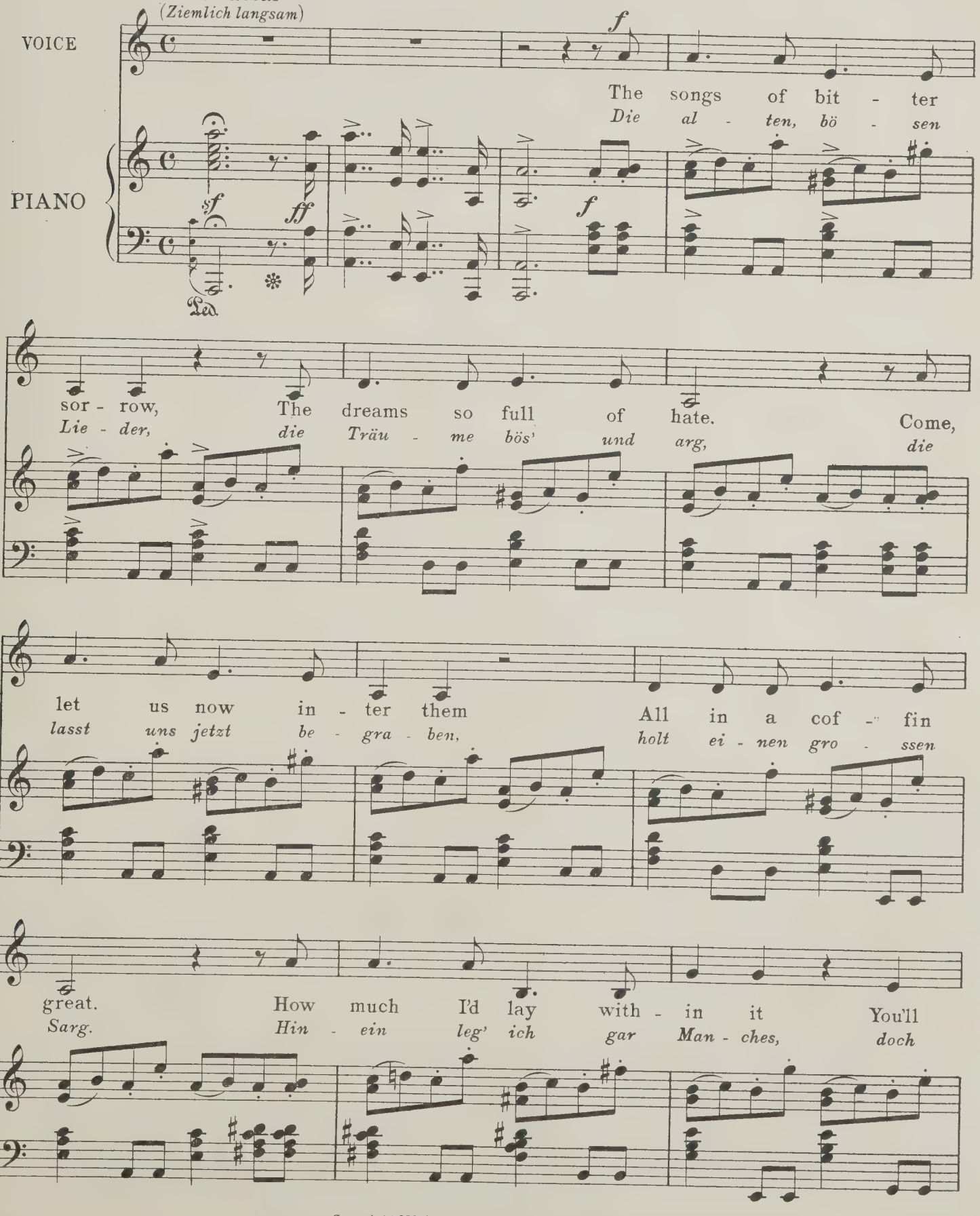
THE SONGS OF BITTER SORROW
(DIE ALTEN, BÖSEN LIEDER)

(Published in 1840)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, C♯ minor)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 16
"Poet's Love" (*Dichterliebe*)



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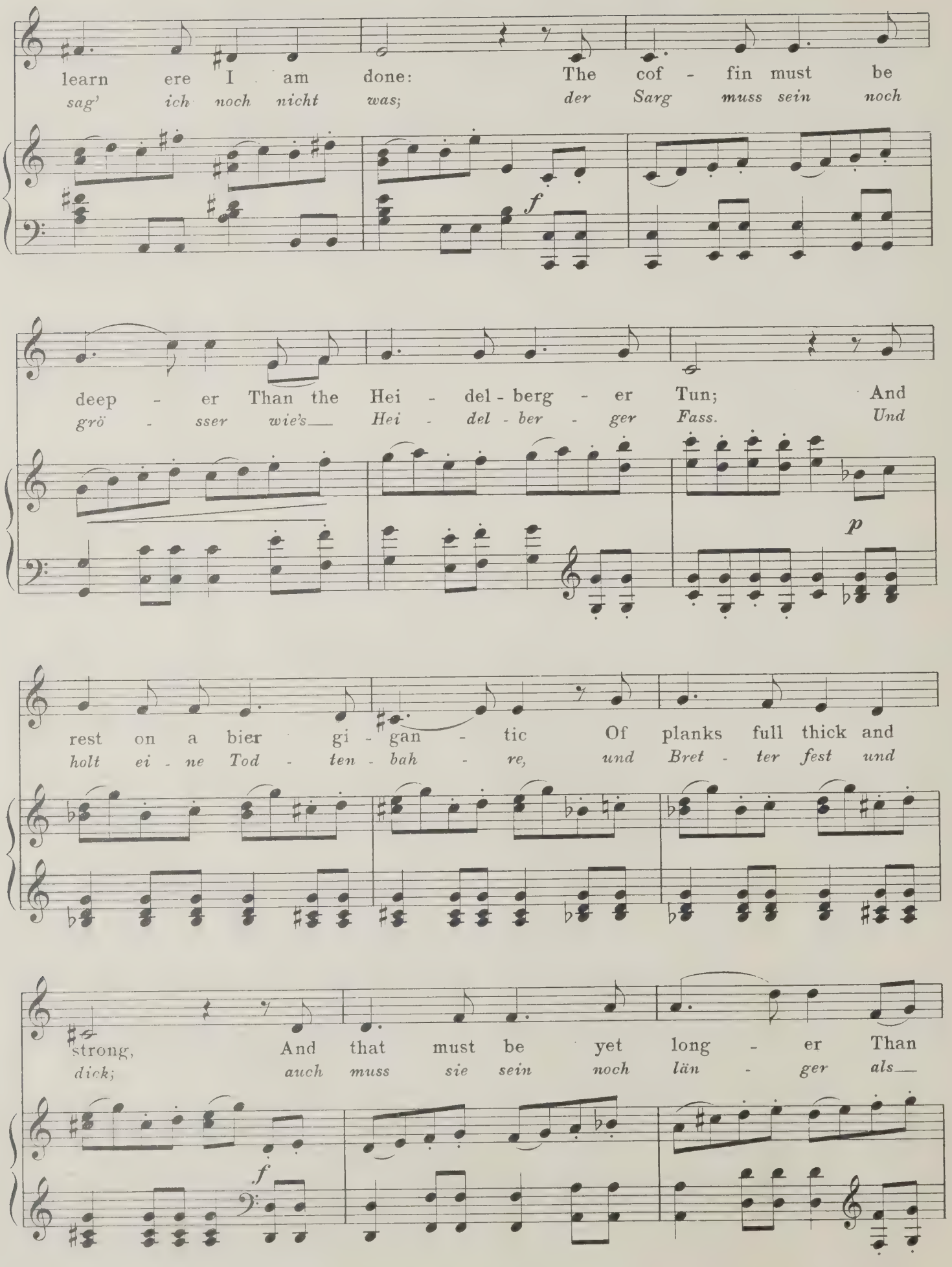
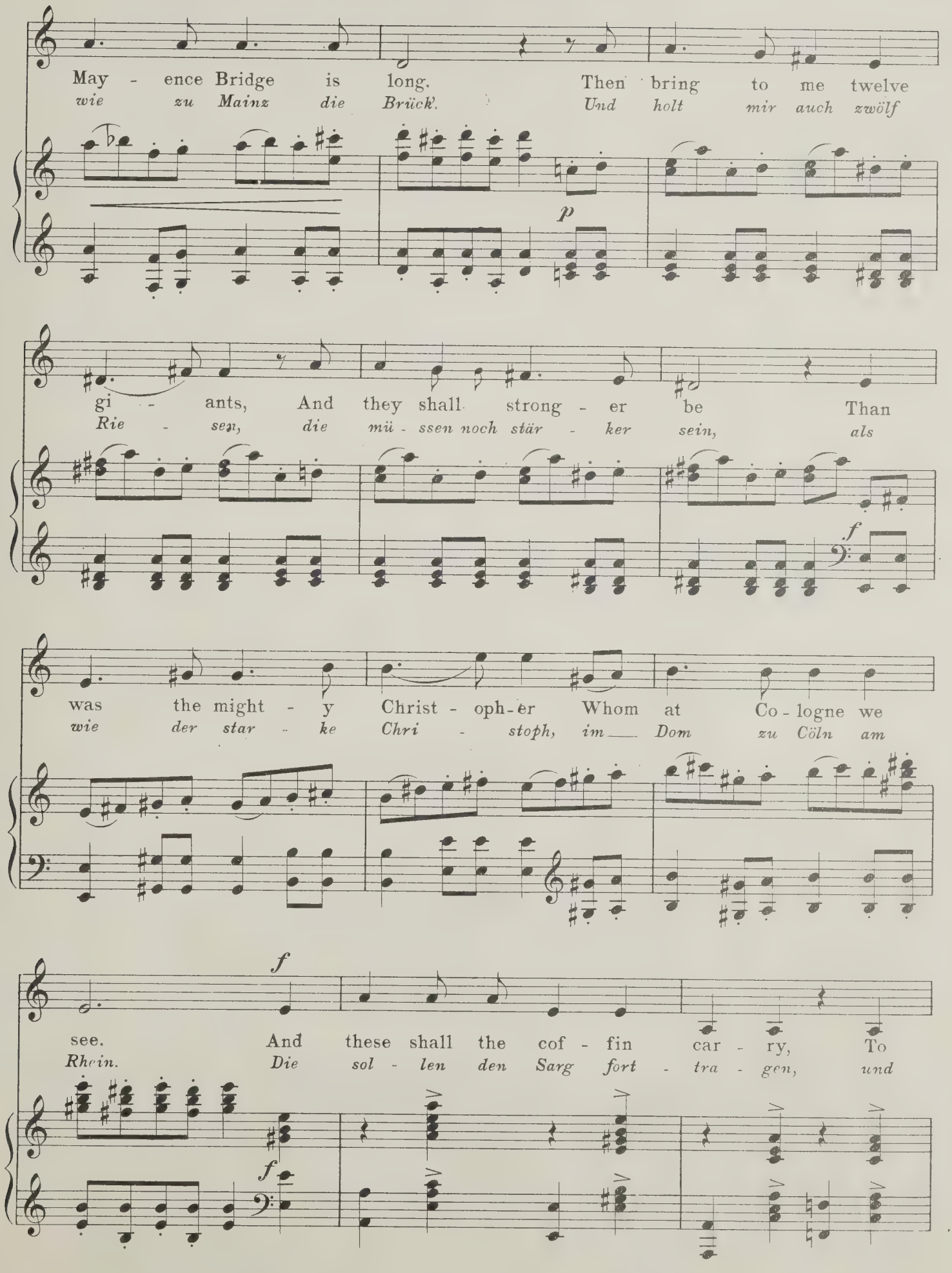
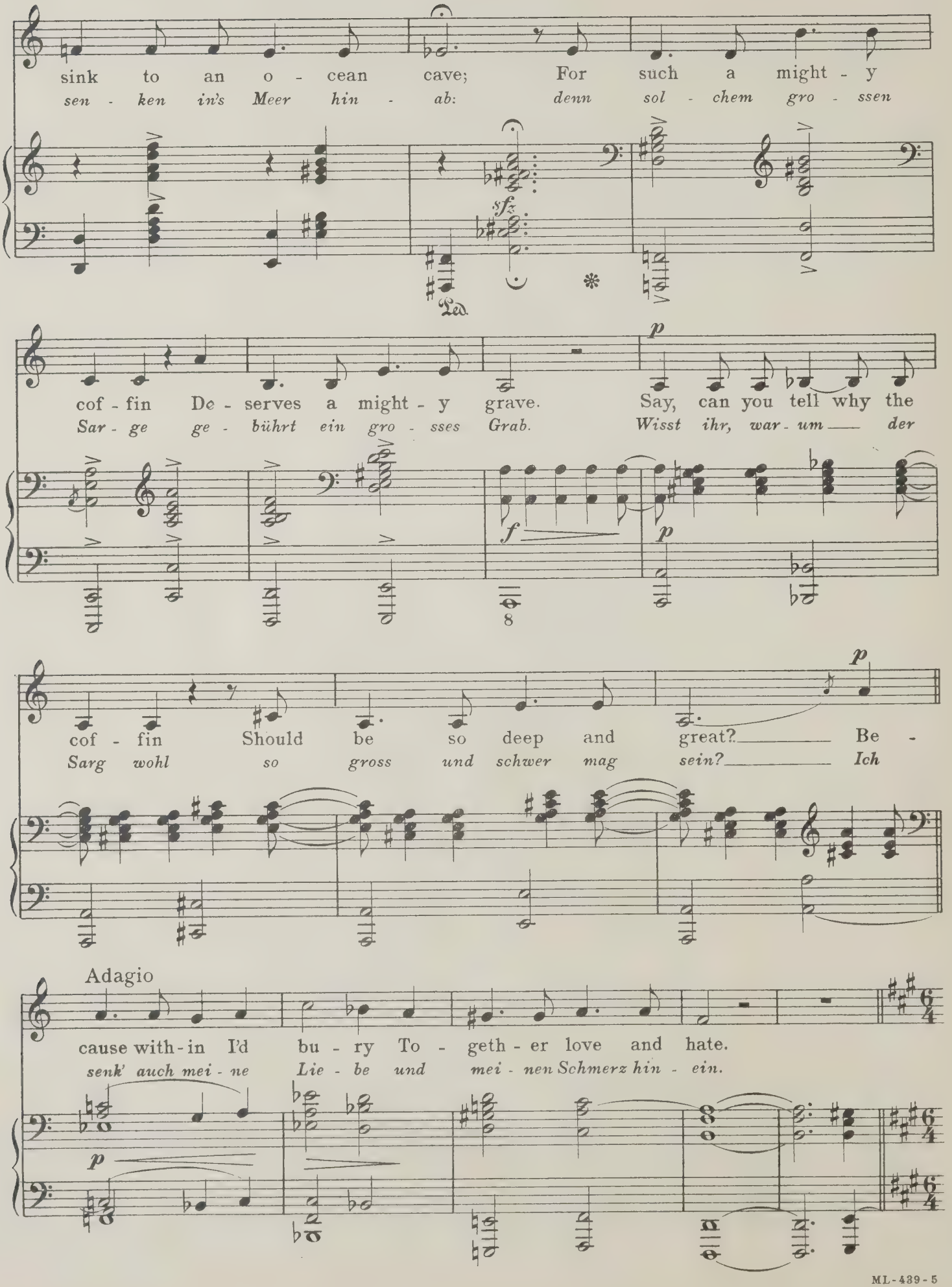
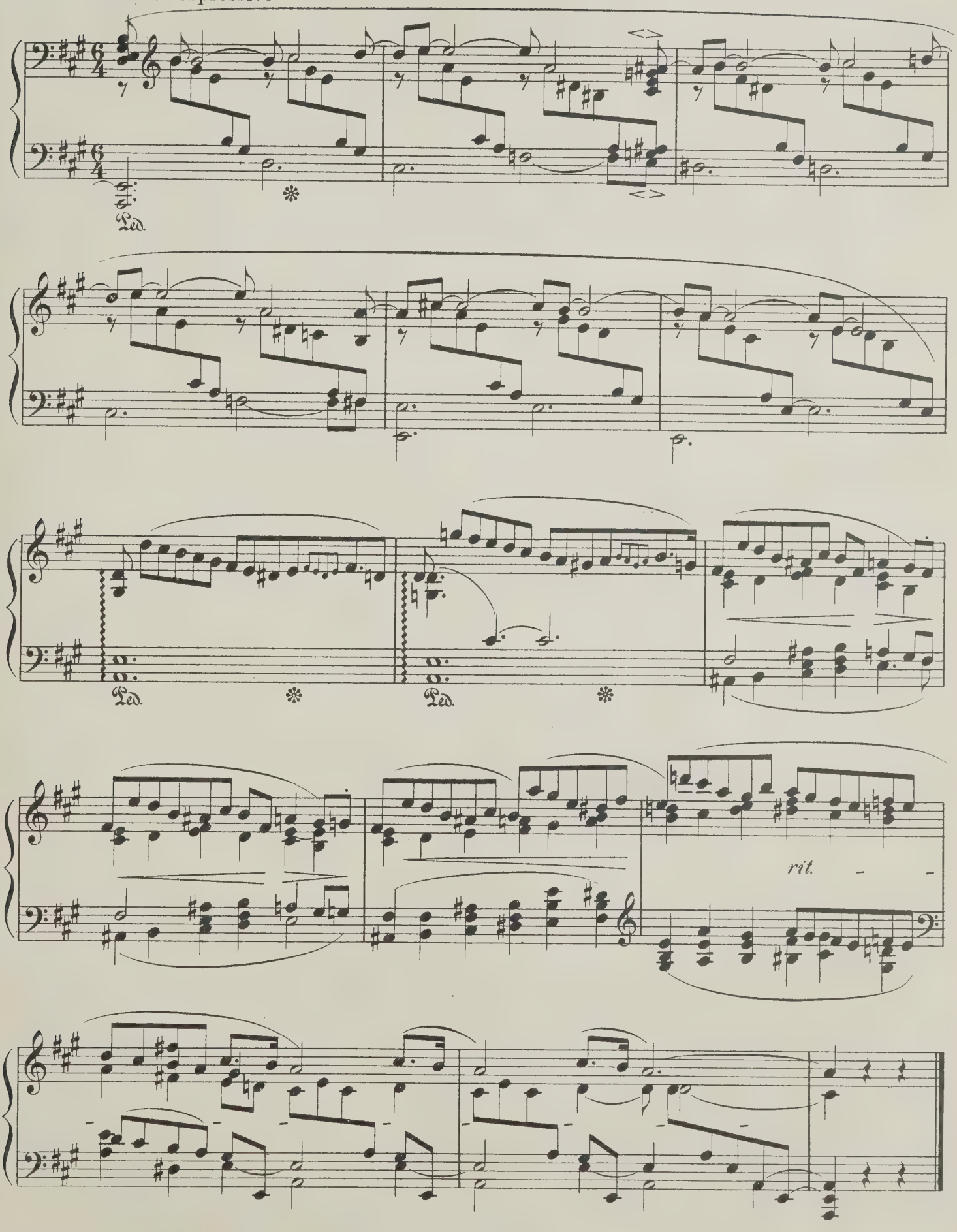

learn ere I am done: The cof - fin must be
sag' ich noch nicht was; der Sarg muss sein noch
f
deep - er Than the Hei - del - berg - er Tun; And
grö - sser wie's Hei - del - ber - ger Fass. Und
p
rest on a bier gi - gan - tic Of planks full thick and
holt ei - ne Tod - ten - bah - re, und Bret - ter fest und
strong, And that must be yet long - er Than
dick; auch muss sie sein noch län - ger als
f


May - ence Bridge is long. Then bring to me twelve
wie zu Mainz die Brück'. Und holt mir auch zwölf
p
gi - ants, And they shall strong - er be Than
Rie - sen, die mü - ssen noch stär - ker sein, als
f
was the might - y Christ - oph - er Whom at Co - logne we
wie der star - ke Chri - stoph, im Dom zu Cöln am
f
see. And these shall the cof - fin car - ry, To
Rhein. Die sol - len den Sarg fort - tra - gen, und
f


sink to an o - cean cave; For such a might - y
sen - ken in's Meer hin - ab: denn sol - chem gro - ssen
sfz
Ped.
cof - fin De - serves a might - y grave. Say, can you tell why the
Sar - ge ge - bührt ein gro - sses Grab. Wisst ihr, war - um — der
p
f
p
8
cof - fin Should be so deep and great? — Be -
Sarg wohl so gross und schwer mag sein? — Ich
p
Adagio
cause with - in I'd bu - ry To - geth - er love and hate.
senk' auch mei - ne Lie - be und mei - nen Schmerz hin - ein.
p

Andante espressivo



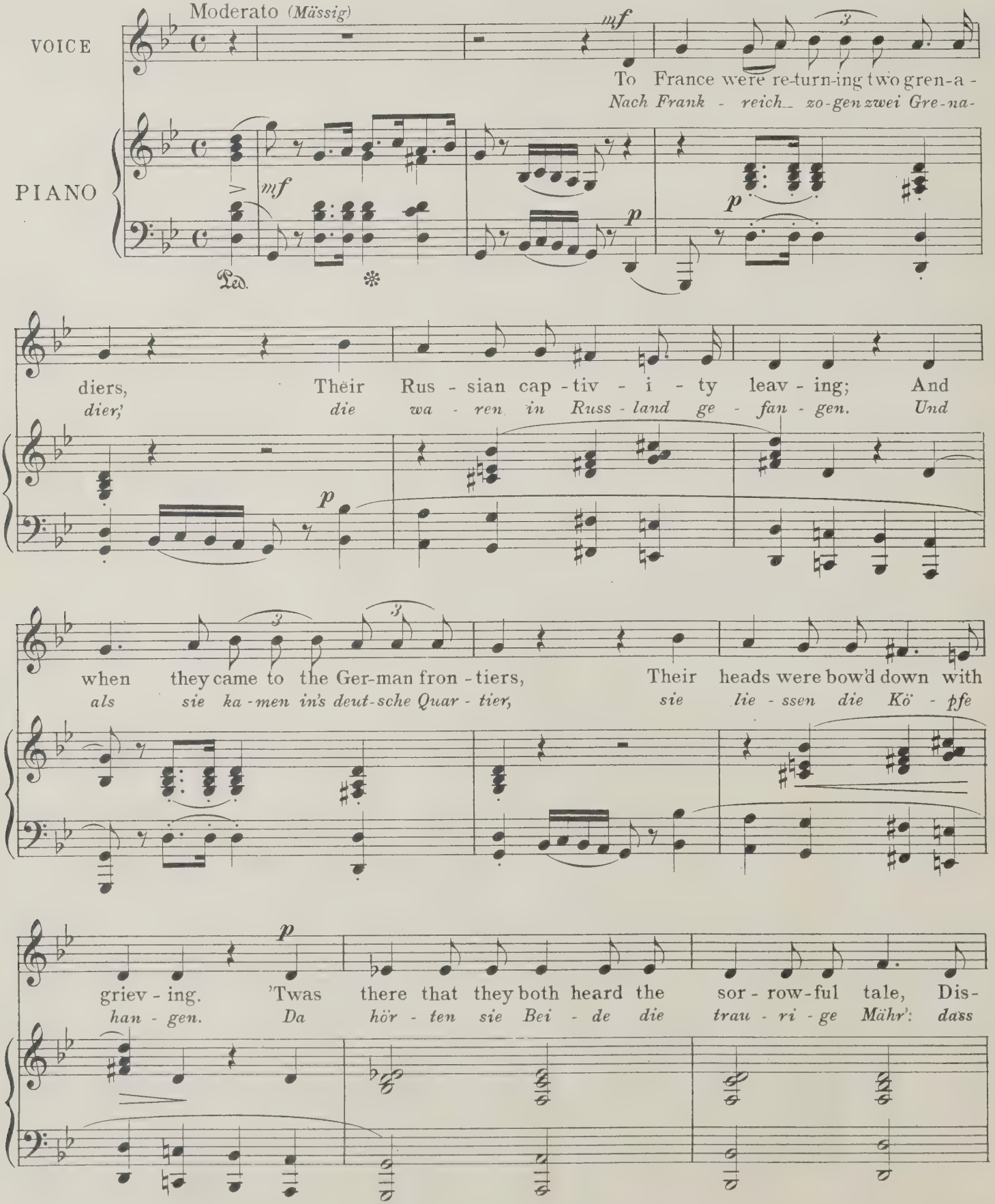
THE TWO GRENADIERS
(DIE BEIDEN GRENADIERE)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 49, No 1



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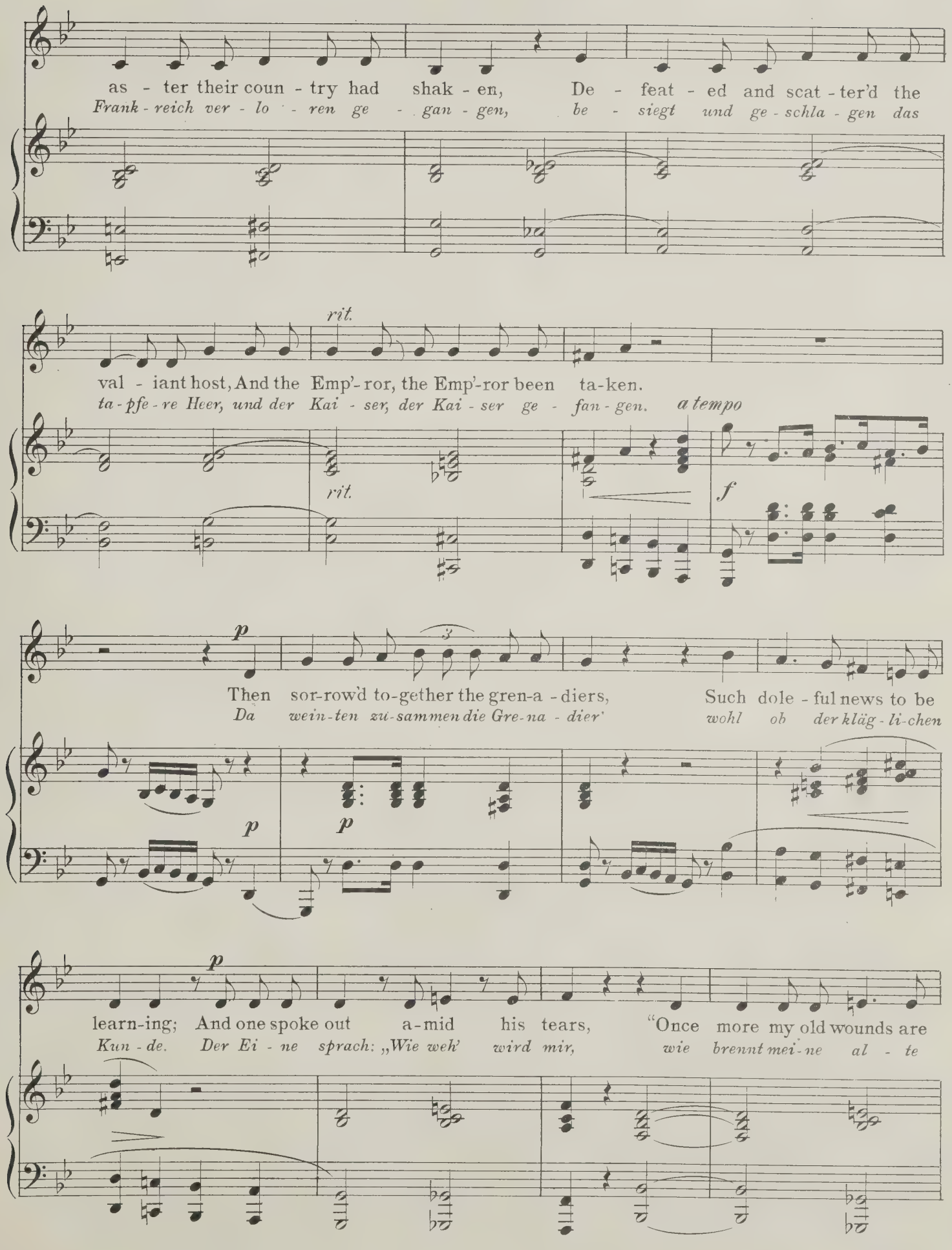
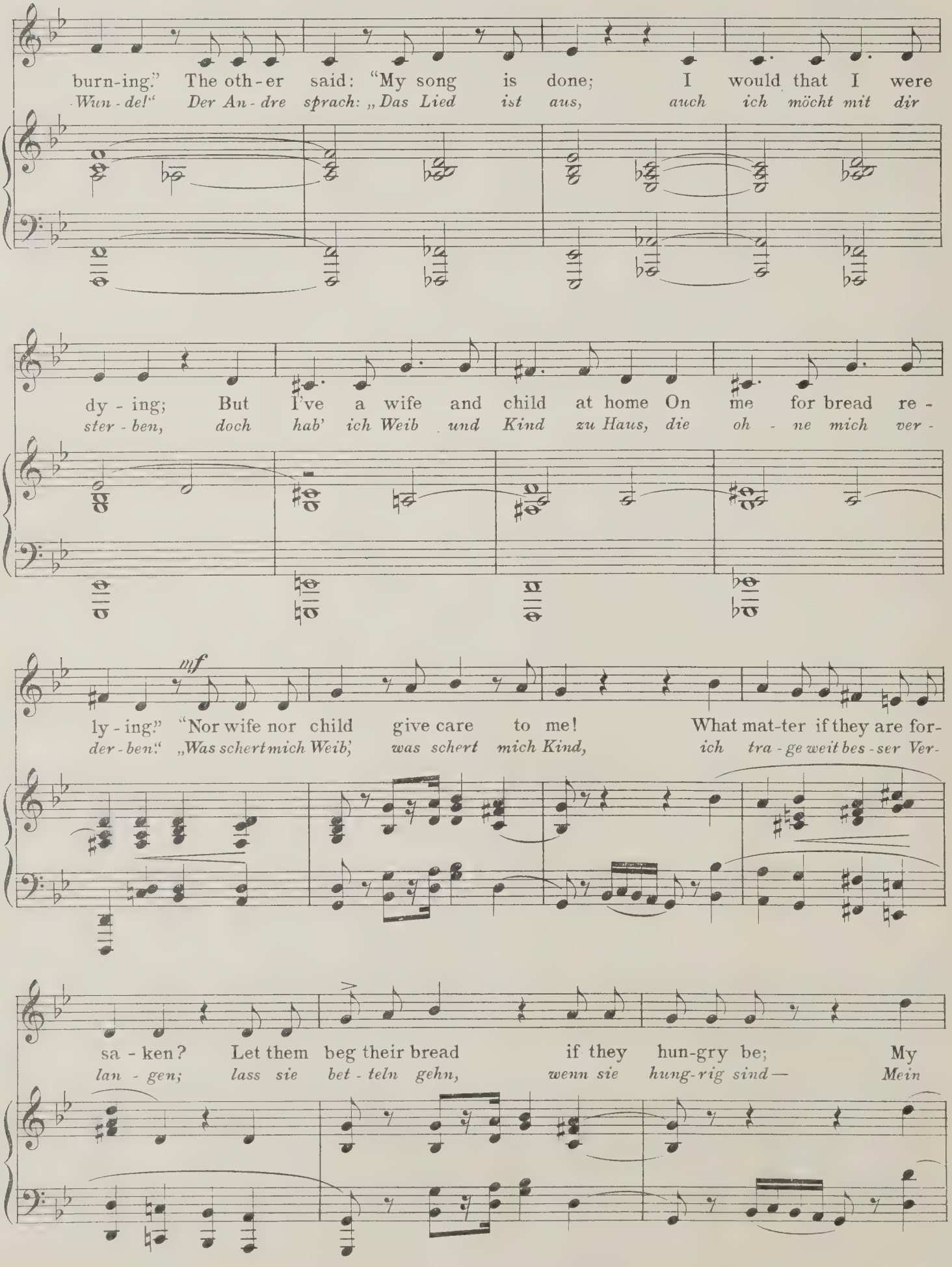
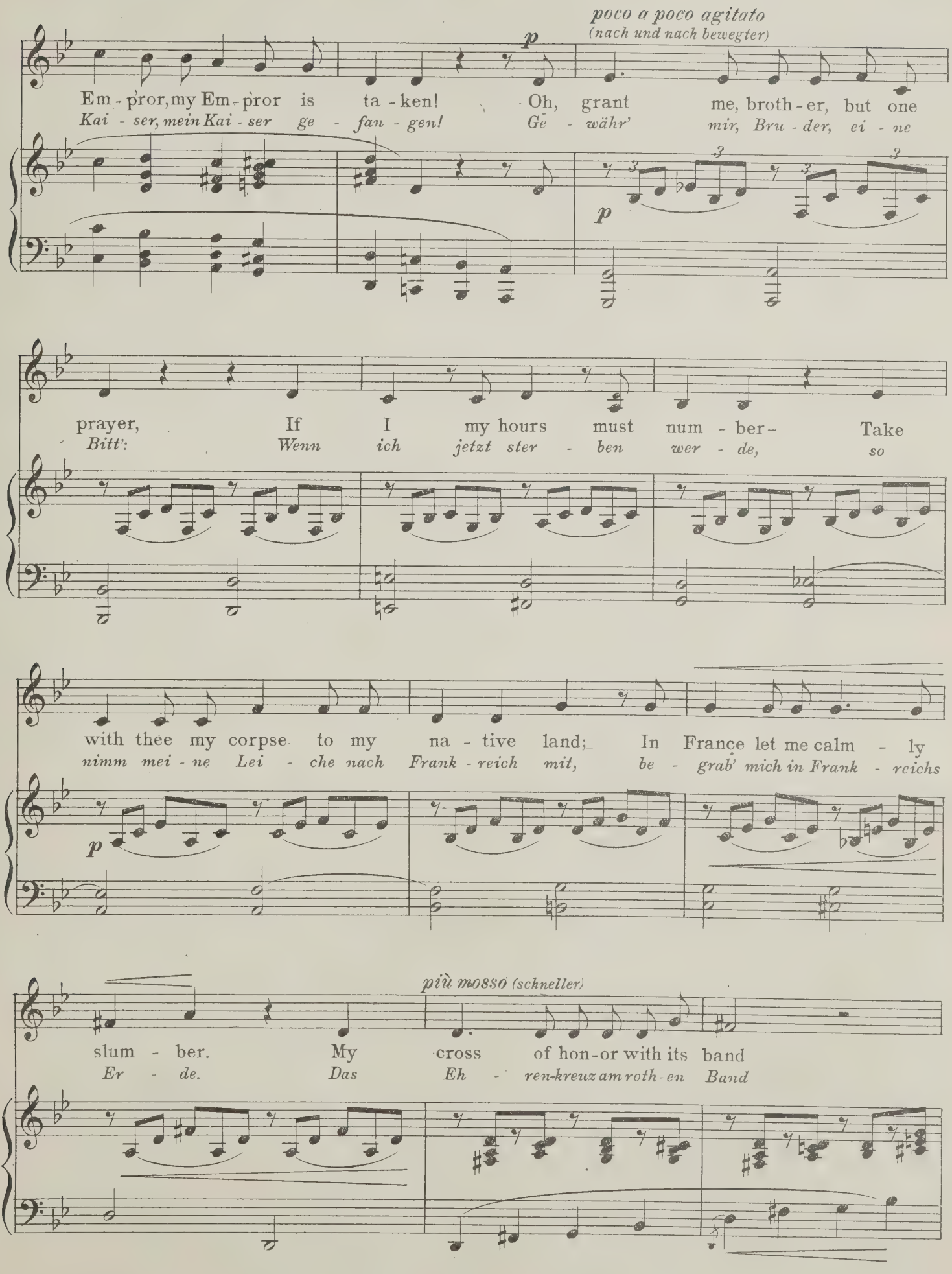
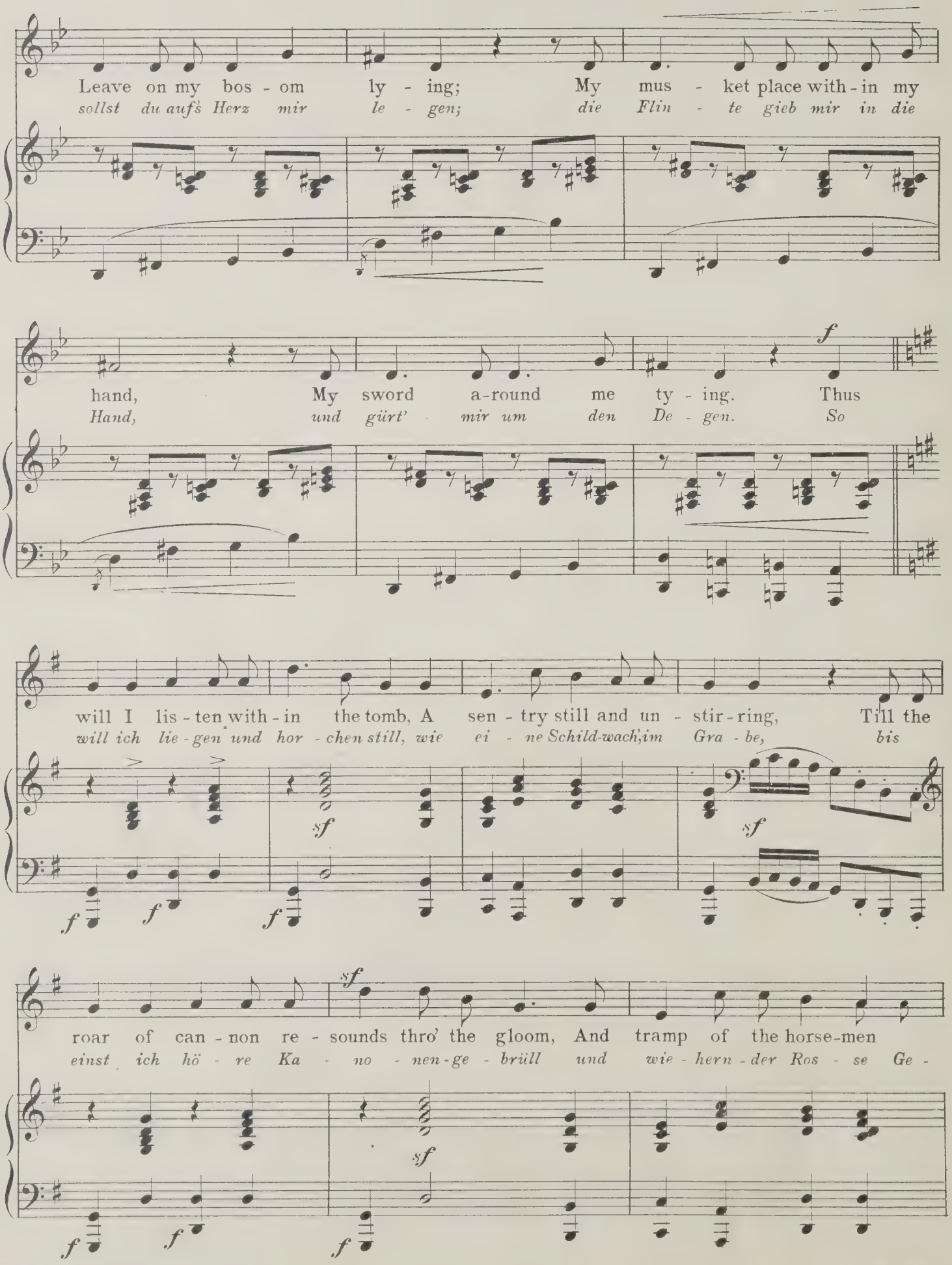
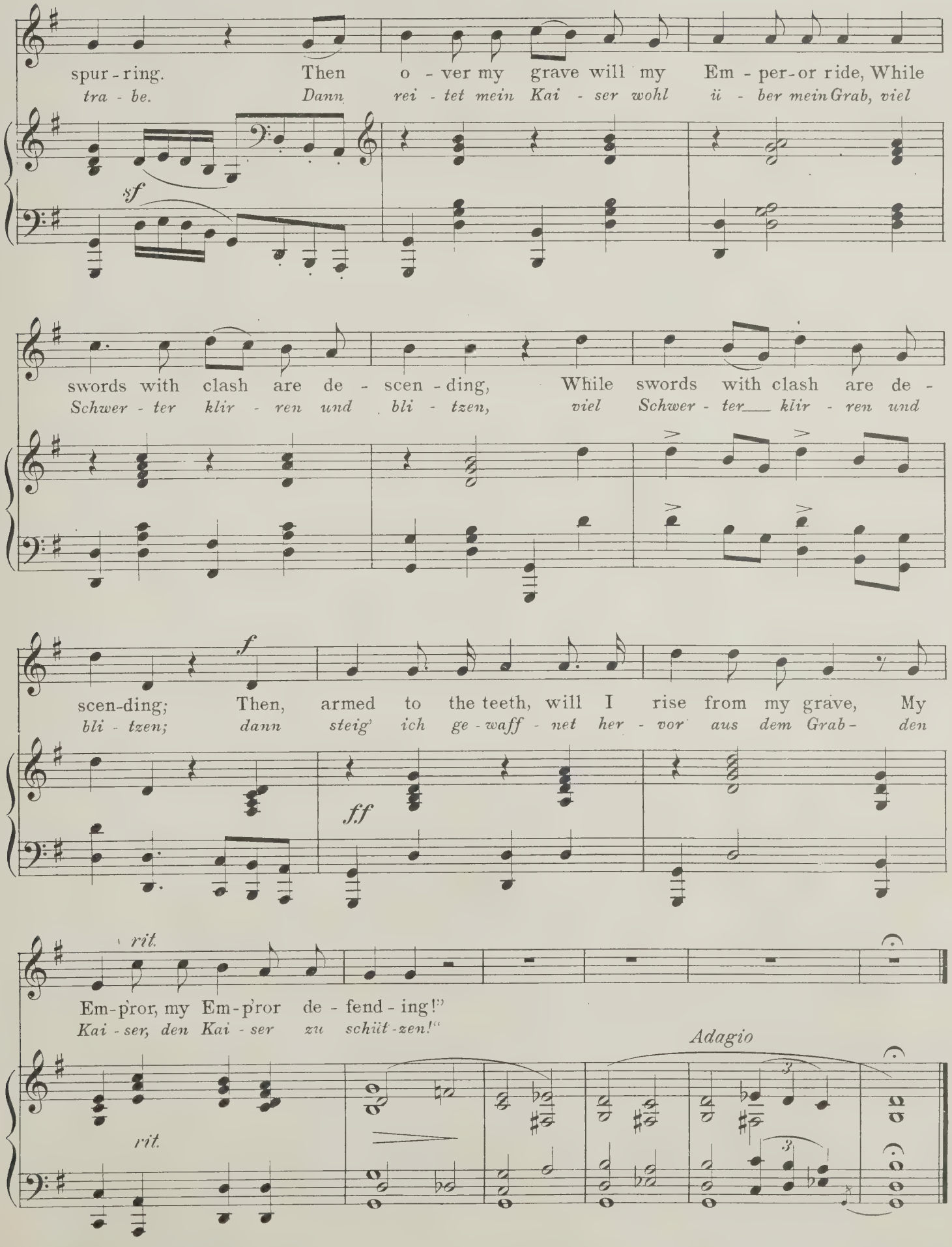

as - ter their coun - try had shak - en, De - feat - ed and scat - ter'd the
Frank - reich ver - lo - ren ge - gan - gen, be - siegt und ge - schla - gen das
rit.
val - iant host, And the Emp'-ror, the Emp'-ror been ta-ken.
ta - pfe - re Heer, und der Kai - ser, der Kai - ser ge - fan - gen.
a tempo
rit.
f
p
Then sor-row'd to-gether the gren-a - diers, Such dole - ful news to be
Da wein-ten zu-sammen die Gre-na - dier' wohl ob der kläg - li-chen
p
p
p
learn-ing; And one spoke out a-mid his tears, "Once more my old wounds are
Kun - de. Der Ei - ne sprach: „Wie weh' wird mir, wie brennt mei - ne al - te

burn-ing." The oth-er said: "My song is done; I would that I were
Wun-del" Der An-dre sprach: „Das Lied ist aus, auch ich möcht mit dir
dy-ing; But I've a wife and child at home On me for bread re-
ster-ben, doch hab' ich Weib und Kind zu Haus, die oh-ne mich ver-
mf
ly-ing." "Nor wife nor child give care to me! What mat-ter if they are for-
der-ben." „Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind, ich tra-ge weit bes-ser Ver-
sa-ken? Let them beg their bread if they hun-gry be; My
lan-gen; lass sie bet-teln gehn, wenn sie hung-rig sind— Mein


poco a poco agitato
(nach und nach bewegter)
p
Em - pror, my Em - pror is ta - ken! Oh, grant me, broth - er, but one
Kai - ser, mein Kai - ser ge - fan - gen! Ge - währ' mir, Bru - der, ei - ne
p
prayer, If I my hours must num - ber - Take
Bitt': Wenn ich jetzt ster - ben wer - de, so
with thee my corpse to my na - tive land; In France let me calm - ly
nimm mei - ne Lei - che nach Frank - reich mit, be - grab' mich in Frank - reichs
p
più mosso (schneller)
slum - ber. My cross of hon - or with its band
Er - de. Das Eh - ren-kreuz am roth - en Band


Leave on my bos - om ly - ing; My mus - ket place with - in my
sollst du auf's Herz mir le - gen; die Flin - te gieb mir in die
hand, My sword a-round me ty - ing. Thus
Hand, und gürt' mir um den De - gen. So
will I lis - ten with - in the tomb, A sen - try still and un - stir - ring, Till the
will ich lie - gen und hor - chen still, wie ei - ne Schild-wach' im Gra - be, bis
roar of can - non re - sounds thro' the gloom, And tramp of the horse-men
einst ich hö - re Ka - no - nen - ge - brüll und wie - hern - der Ros - se Ge -


spur - ring. Then o - ver my grave will my Em - per - or ride, While
tra - be. Dann rei - tet mein Kai - ser wohl ü - ber mein Grab, viel
sf
swords with clash are de - scen - ding, While swords with clash are de -
Schwer - ter klir - ren und bli - tzen, viel Schwer - ter klir - ren und
f
scen-ding; Then, armed to the teeth, will I rise from my grave, My
bli - tzen; dann steig' ich ge - waff - net her - vor aus dem Grab - den
ff
rit.
Em-p'ror, my Em-p'ror de - fend - ing!"
Kai - ser, den Kai - ser zu schüt - zen!"
Adagio
rit.

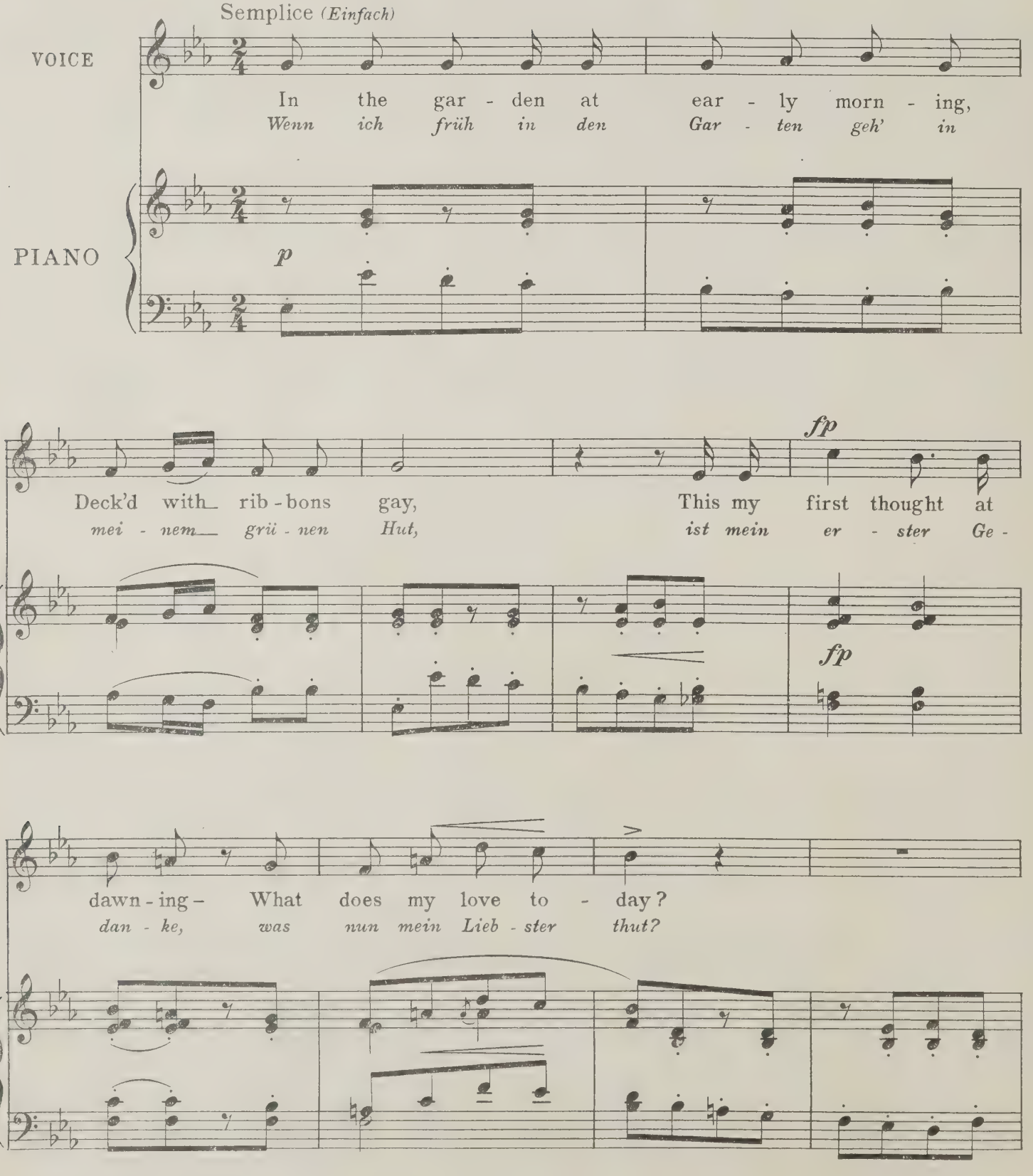
IN THE GARDEN
(VOLKSLIEDCHEN)

(Composed in 1842)

(Original Key, G)

FRANZ RÜCKERT (1788 - 1866)
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 51, Nº 2



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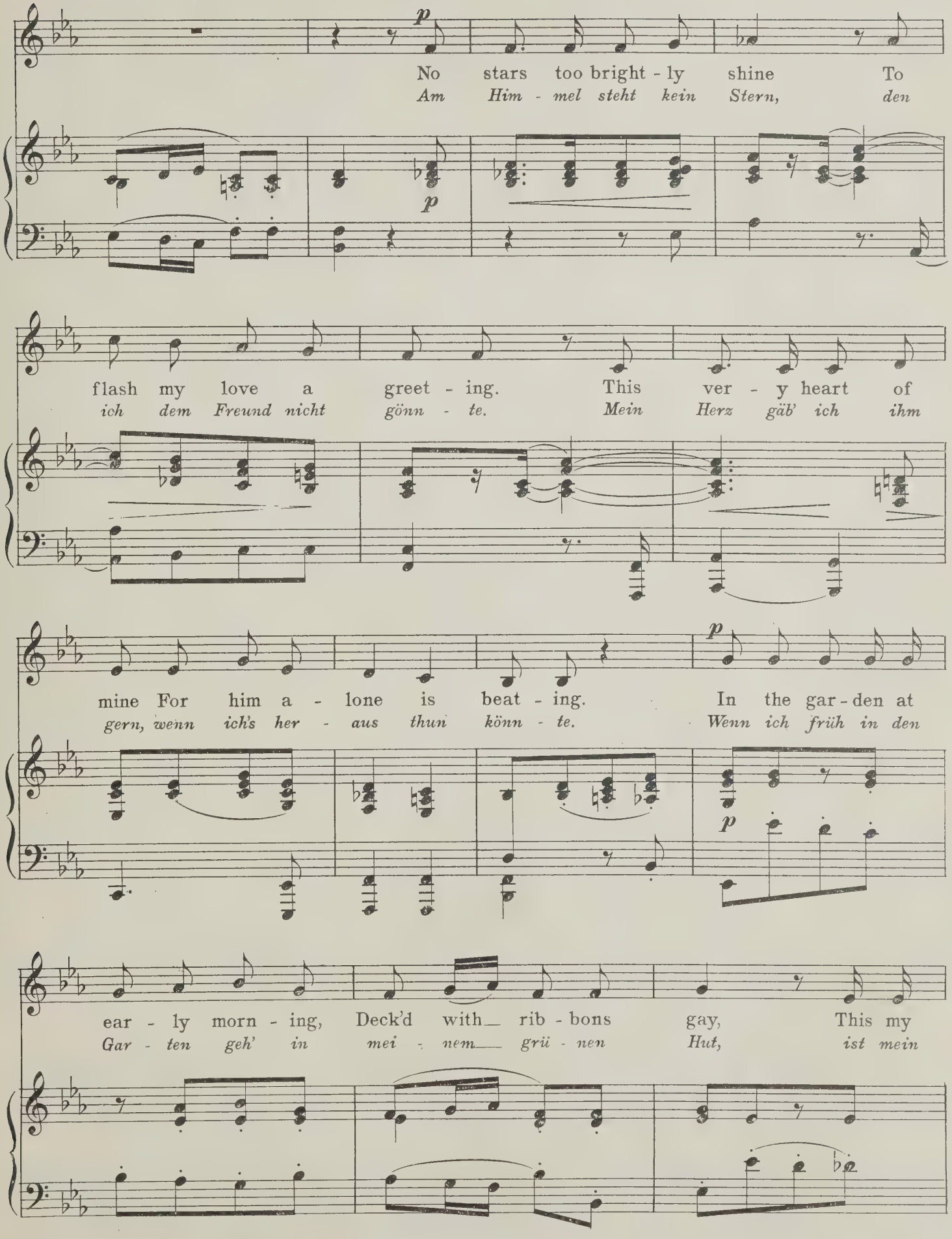
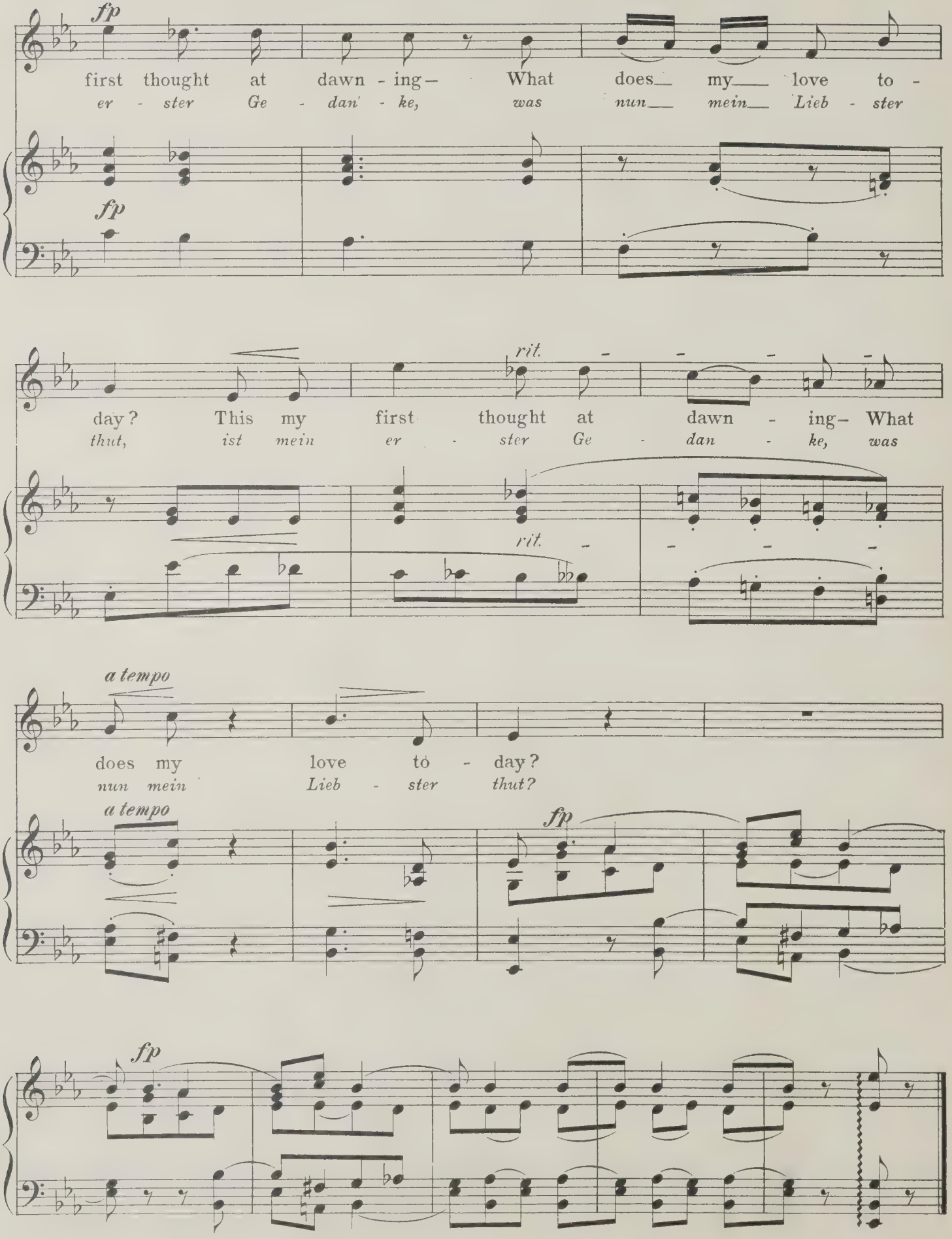

p
No stars too bright - ly shine To
Am Him - mel steht kein Stern, den
p
flash my love a greet - ing. This ver - y heart of
ich dem Freund nicht gönn - te. Mein Herz gäb' ich ihm
mine For him a - lone is beat - ing. In the gar - den at
gern, wenn ich's her - aus thun könn - te. Wenn ich früh in den
p
p
ear - ly morn - ing, Deck'd with rib - bons gay, This my
Gar - ten geh' in mei - nem grü - nen Hut, ist mein


fp
first thought at dawn - ing– What does my love to -
er - ster Ge - dan' - ke, was nun mein Lieb - ster
fp
rit.
day? This my first thought at dawn - ing– What
thut, ist mein er - ster Ge - dan - ke, was
rit.
a tempo
does my love to - day?
nun mein Lieb - ster thut?
a tempo
fp
fp

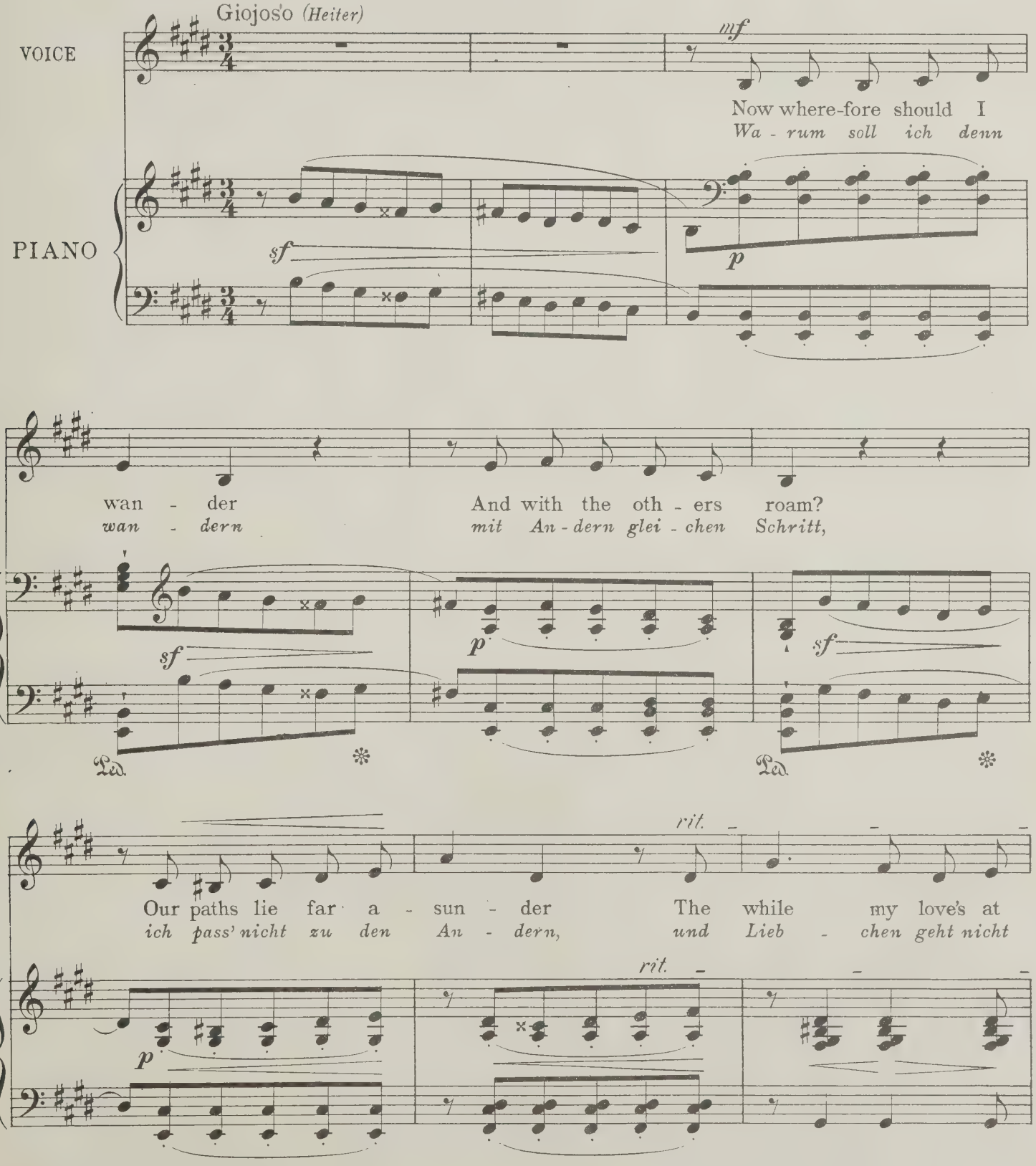
WHEREFORE SHOULD I WANDER?

(ICH WAND'RE NICHT)

(Composed in 1842)

(Original Key, B♭)

C. CHRISTERN
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 51, № 3

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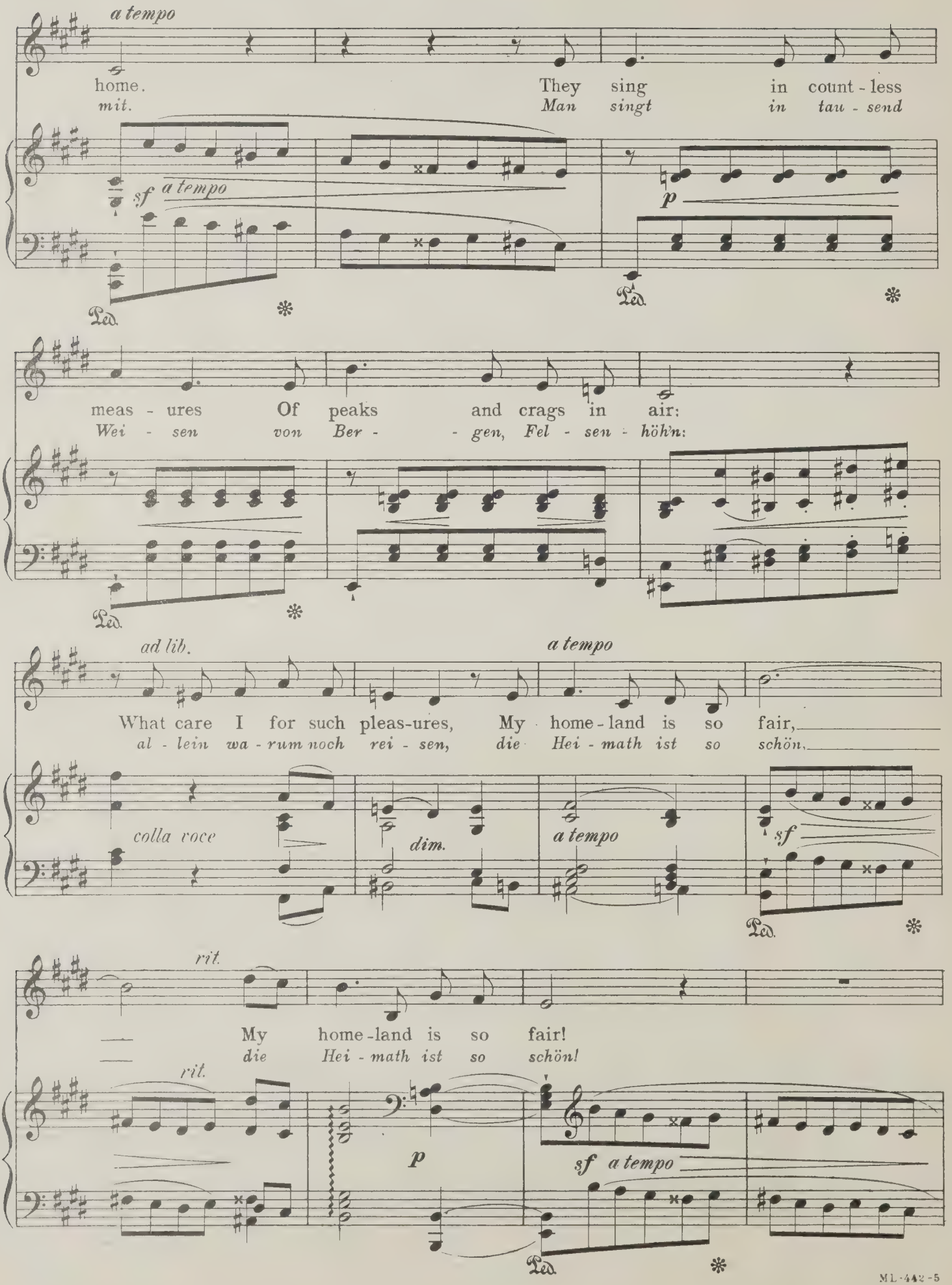
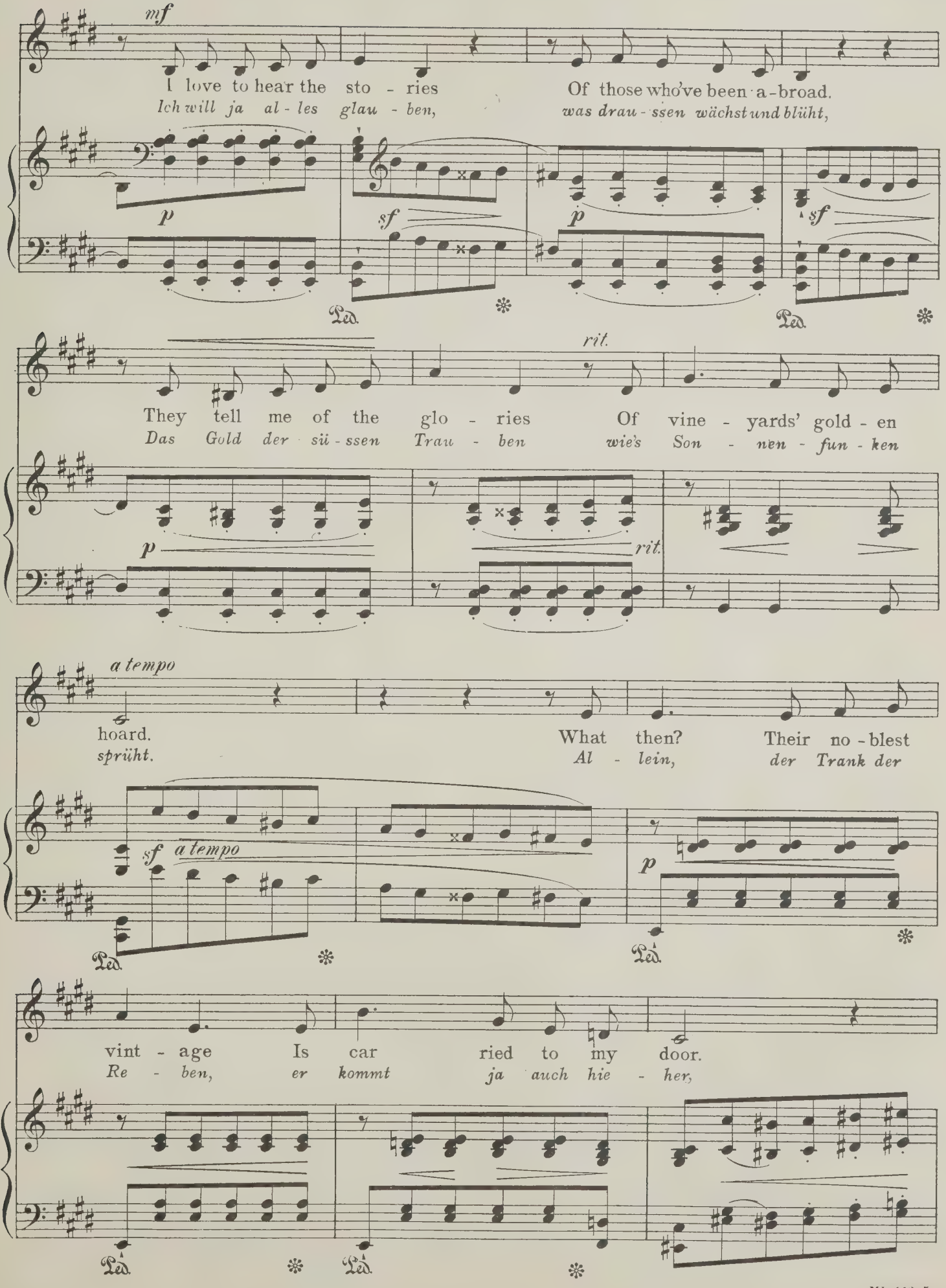
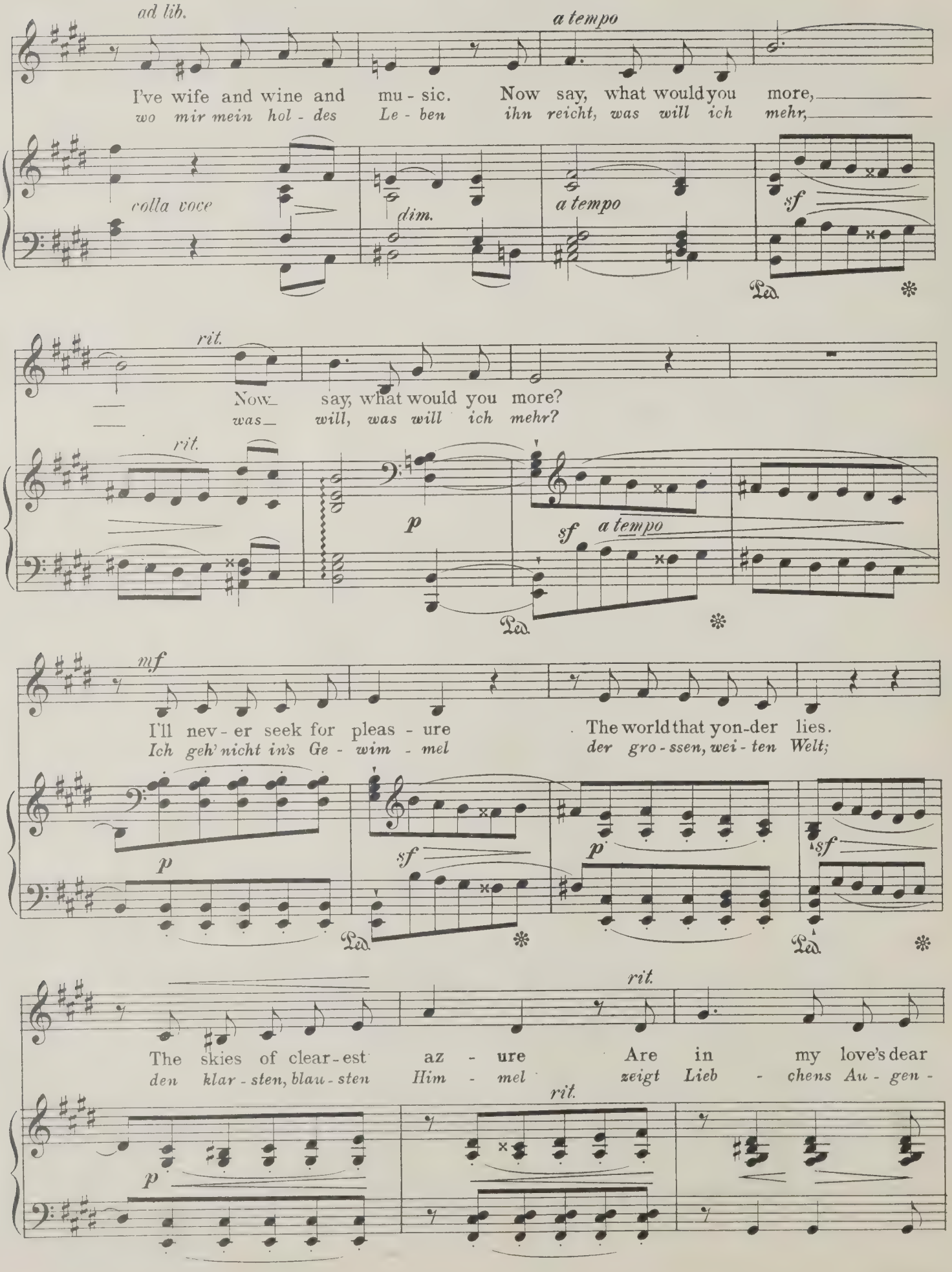
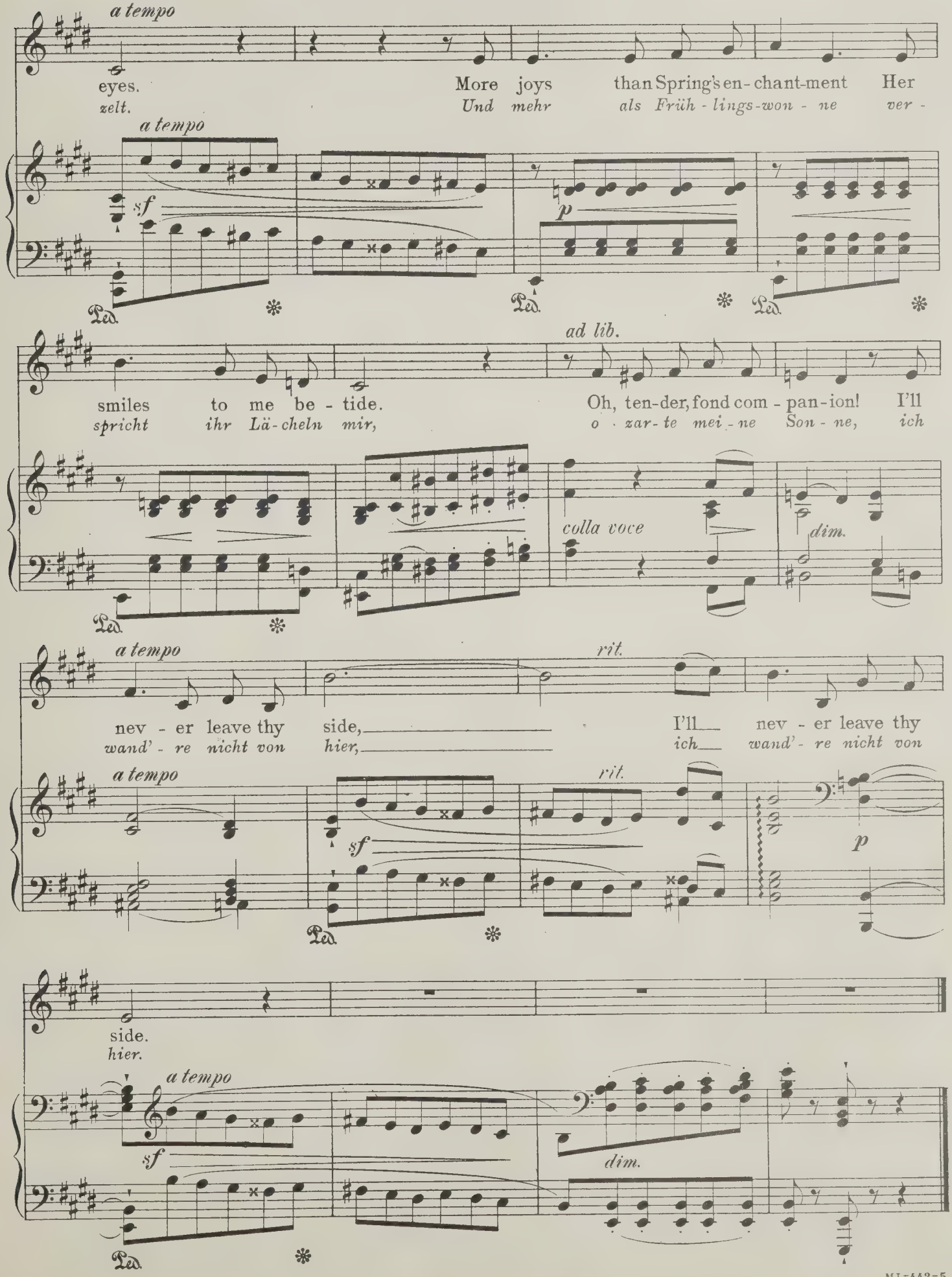

a tempo
home.
They sing in count - less
mit.
Man singt in tau - send
sf a tempo
p
Ped.
meas - ures Of peaks and crags in air:
Wei - sen von Ber - - gen, Fel - sen - höh'n:
ad lib.
a tempo
What care I for such pleas-ures, My home - land is so fair,
al - lein wa - rum noch rei - sen, die Hei - math ist so schön,
colla voce
dim.
a tempo
sf
rit.
My home - land is so fair!
die Hei - math ist so schön!
rit.
p
sf a tempo


mf
I love to hear the sto - ries
Ich will ja al - les glau - ben,
Of those who've been a-broad.
was drau - ssen wächst und blüht,
p
sf
p
sf
Ped.
Ped.
rit.
They tell me of the glo - ries
Das Gold der sü - ssen Trau - ben
Of vine - yards' gold - en
wie's Son - nen - fun - ken
p
rit.
a tempo
hoard.
sprüht.
What then? Their no - blest
Al - lein, der Trank der
sf
a tempo
p
Ped.
Ped.
vint - age Is car ried to my door.
Re - ben, er kommt ja auch hie - her,
Ped.
Ped.


ad lib.
a tempo
I've wife and wine and mu - sic. Now say, what would you more,
wo mir mein hol - des Le - ben ihn reicht, was will ich mehr,
colla voce
dim.
a tempo
sf
Ped.
rit.
Now say, what would you more?
was will, was will ich mehr?
rit.
p
sf
a tempo
Ped.
mf
I'll nev - er seek for pleas - ure The world that yon-der lies.
Ich geh' nicht in's Ge - wim - mel der gro - ssen, wei - ten Welt;
p
sf
p
sf
Ped.
Ped.
rit.
The skies of clear - est az - ure Are in my love's dear
den klar - sten, blau - sten Him - mel zeigt Lieb - chens Au - gen -
rit.
p

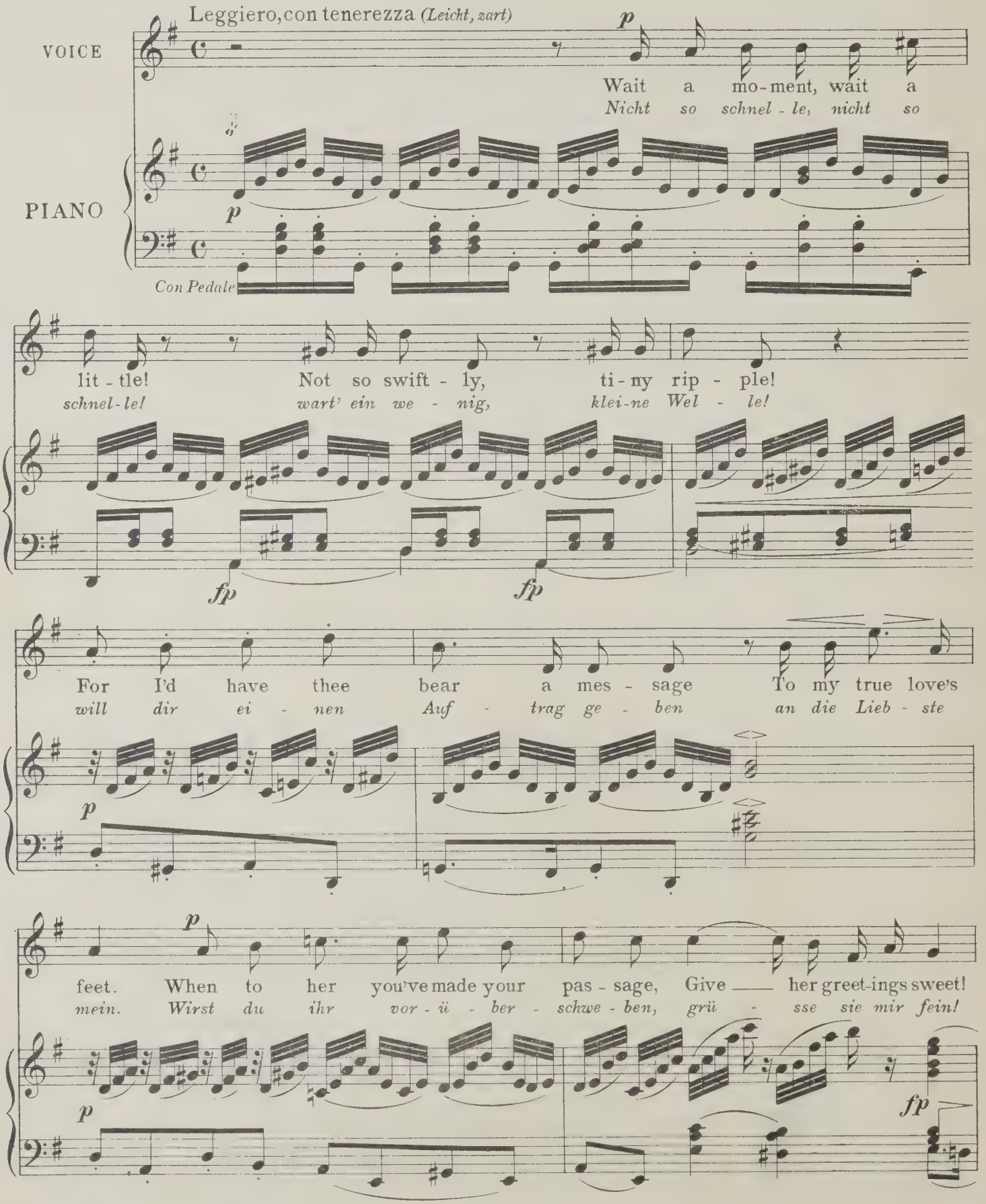

a tempo
eyes.
zelt.
More joys than Spring's en-chant-ment Her
Und mehr als Früh-lings-won-ne ver-
a tempo
sf
p
Ped.
ad lib.
smiles to me be-tide.
spricht ihr Lä-cheln mir,
Oh, ten-der, fond com-pan-ion! I'll
o zar-te mei-ne Son-ne, ich
colla voce
dim.
a tempo
rit.
nev-er leave thy side,
wand'-re nicht von hier,
I'll nev-er leave thy
ich wand'-re nicht von
a tempo
rit.
sf
p
side.
hier.
a tempo
sf
dim.

MESSAGES
(AUFTRÄGE)

(Composed in 1850)

CH. L'ÉGRU
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, A)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 77, No 5

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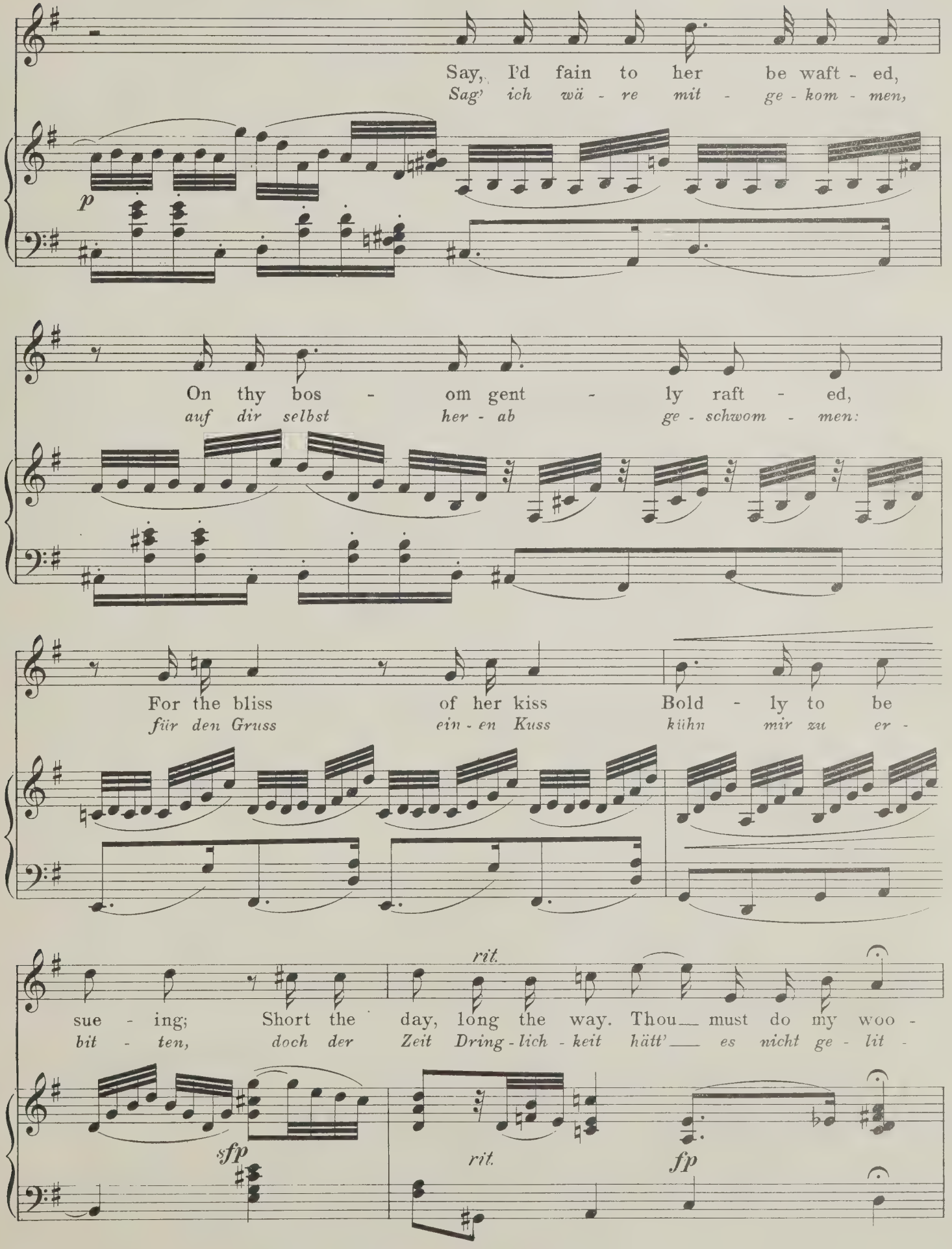
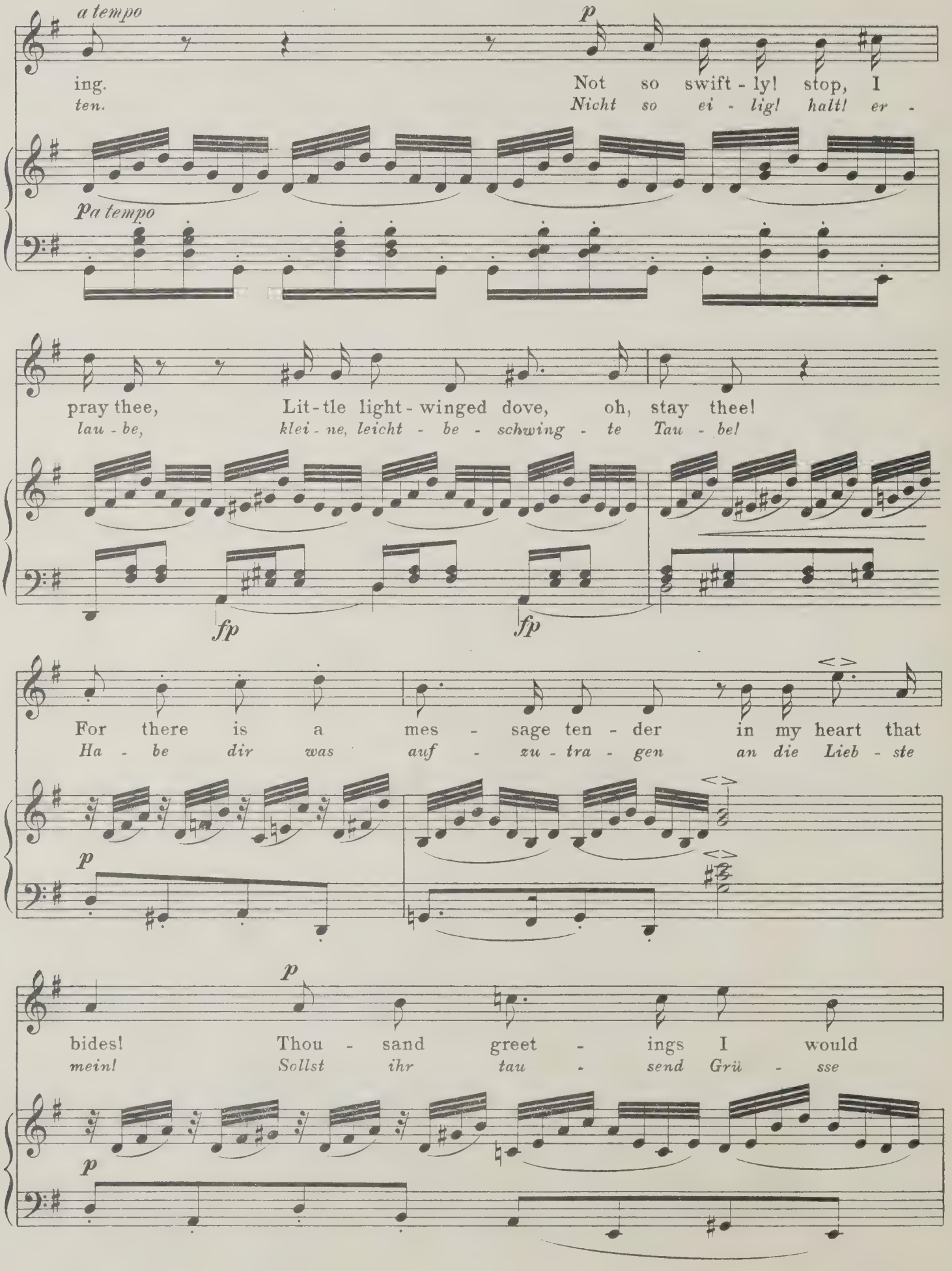
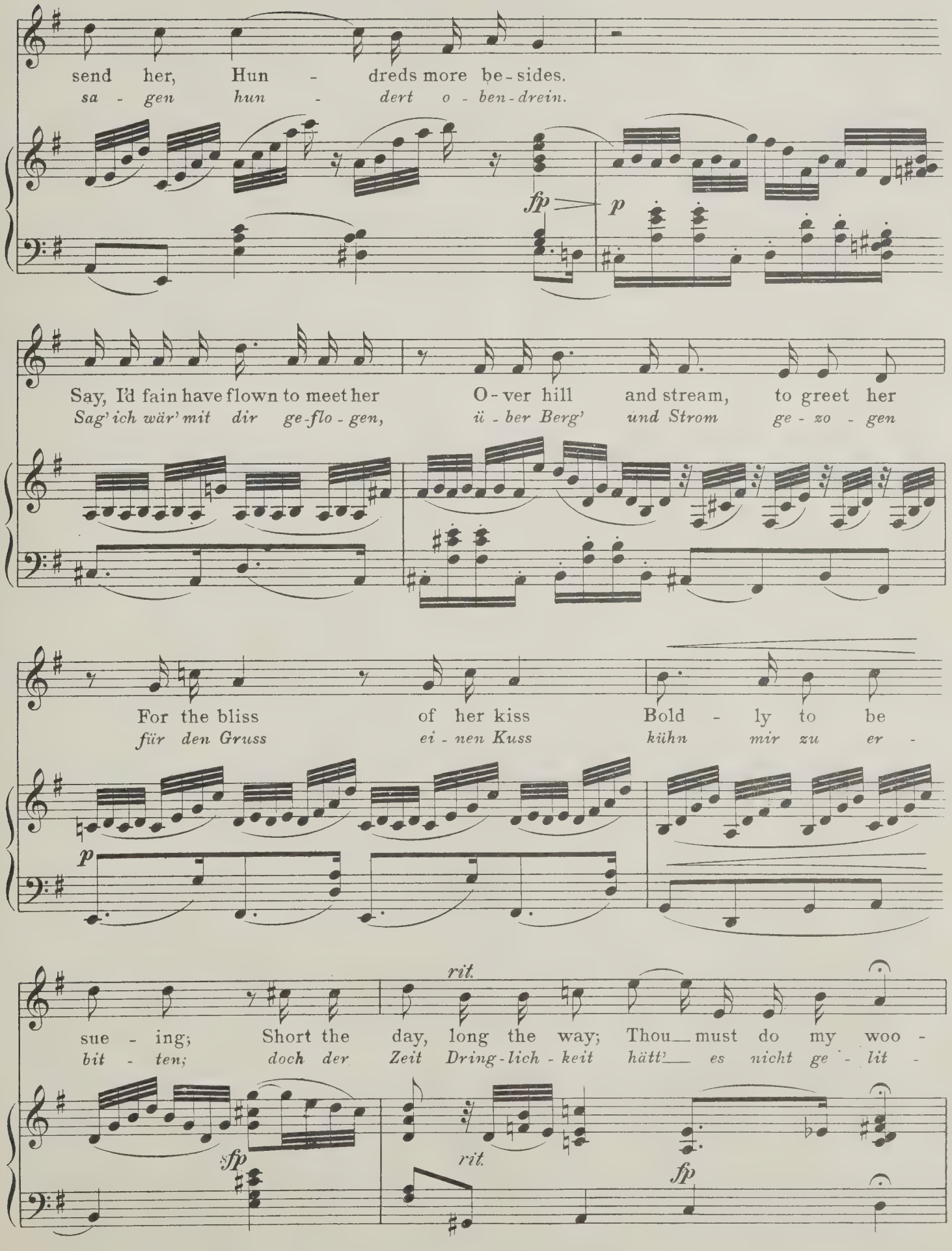
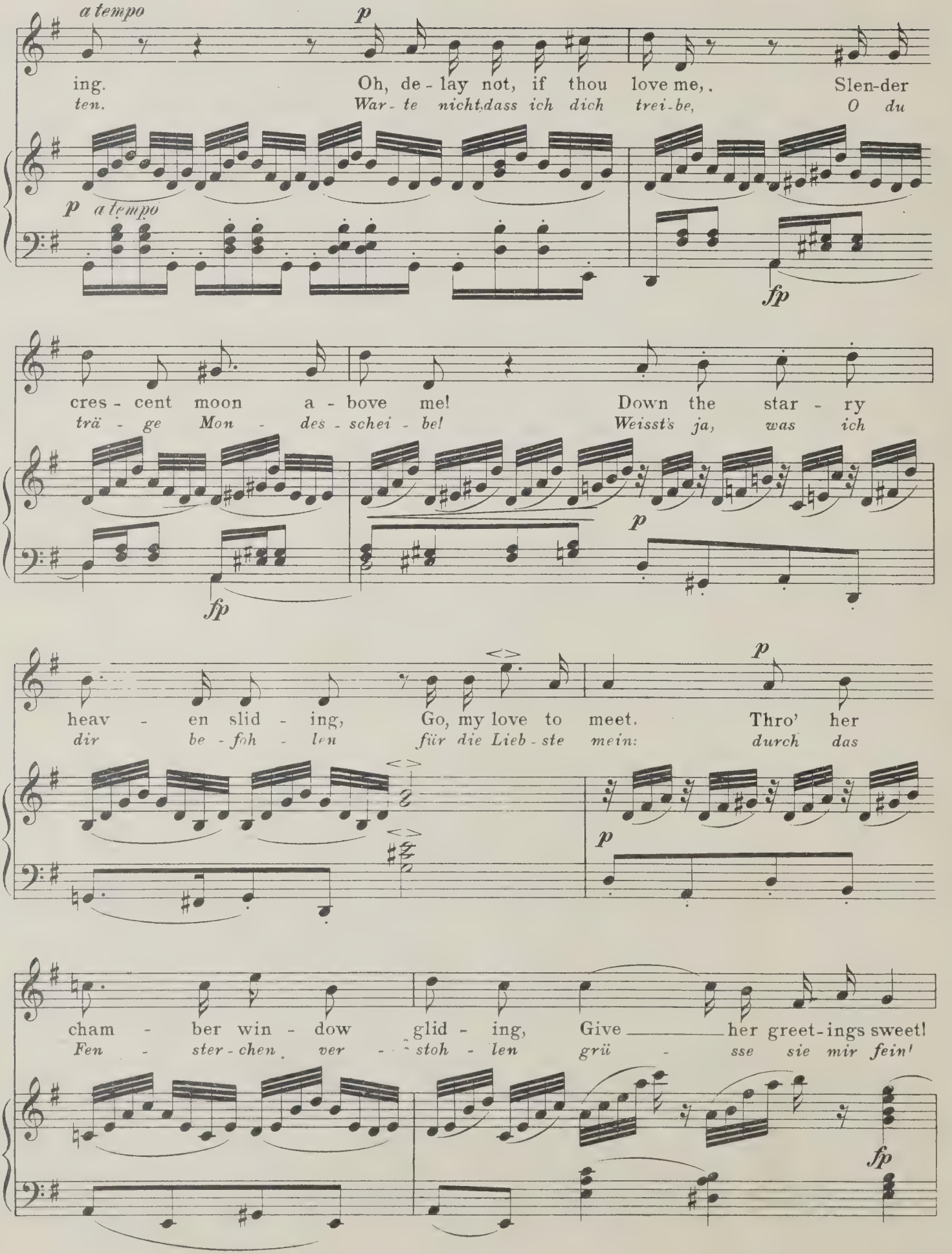
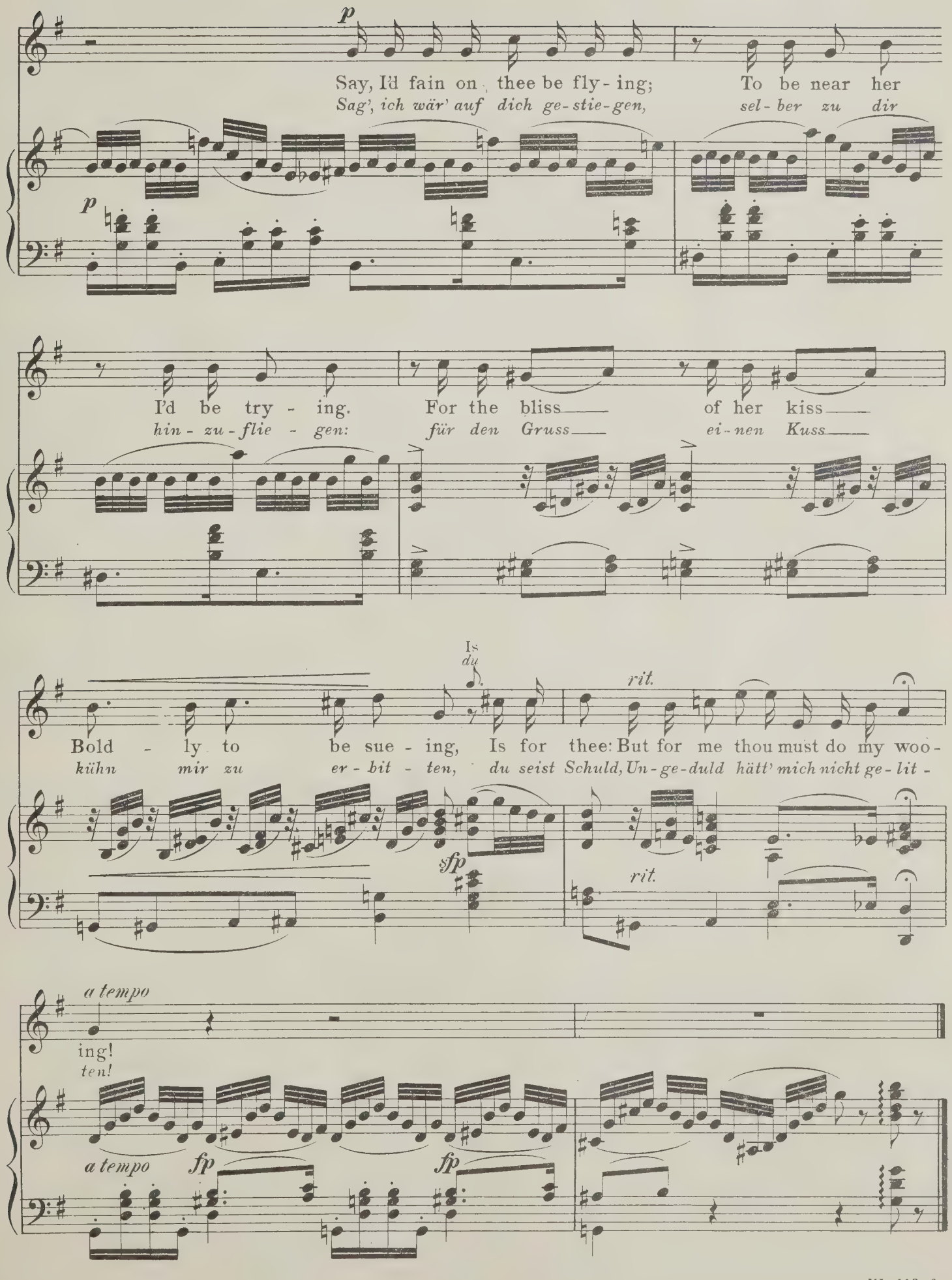

Say, I'd fain to her be waft - ed,
Sag' ich wä - re mit - ge - kom - men,
p
On thy bos - om gent - ly raft - ed,
auf dir selbst her - ab ge - schwom - men:
For the bliss of her kiss Bold - ly to be
für den Gruss ein - en Kuss kühn mir zu er -
rit.
sue - ing; Short the day, long the way. Thou must do my woo -
bit - ten, doch der Zeit Dring - lich - keit hätt' es nicht ge - lit -
sfp
rit.
fp

a tempo
p
ing.
ten.
Not so swift - ly! stop, I
Nicht so ei - lig! halt! er -
pa tempo
pray thee,
lau - be,
Lit - tle light - winged dove, oh, stay thee!
klei - ne, leicht - be - schwing - te Tau - be!
fp
fp
For there is a mes - sage ten - der in my heart that
Ha - be dir was auf - zu - tra - gen an die Lieb - ste
p
p
bides!
mein!
Thou - sand greet - ings I would
Sollst ihr tau - send Grü - sse
p

send her, Hun - dreds more be-sides.
sa - gen hun - dert o - ben-drein.
fp
p
Say, I'd fain have flown to meet her O-ver hill and stream, to greet her
Sag' ich wär' mit dir ge-flo-gen, ü - ber Berg' und Strom ge - zo - gen
For the bliss of her kiss Bold - ly to be
für den Gruss ei - nen Kuss kühn mir zu er -
p
rit.
sue - ing; Short the day, long the way; Thou must do my woo -
bit - ten; doch der Zeit Dring-lich - keit hätt' es nicht ge - lit -
fp
rit.
fp

a tempo
p
ing. Oh, de - lay not, if thou love me, Slen-der
ten. War - te nicht, dass ich dich trei - be, O du
p a tempo
fp
cres - cent moon a - bove me! Down the star - ry
trä - ge Mon - des - schei - be! Weisst's ja, was ich
fp
p
heav - en slid - ing, Go, my love to meet. Thro' her
dir be - foh - len für die Lieb - ste mein: durch das
p
p
cham - ber win - dow glid - ing, Give her greet-ings sweet!
Fen - ster - chen ver - stoh - len grü - sse sie mir fein!
fp

p
Say, I'd fain on thee be fly - ing; To be near her
Sag', ich wär' auf dich ge - stie - gen, sel - ber zu dir
p
I'd be try - ing. For the bliss of her kiss
hin - zu - flie - gen: für den Gruss ei - nen Kuss
Is
du
rit.
Bold - ly to be sue - ing, Is for thee: But for me thou must do my woo -
kühn mir zu er - bit - ten, du seist Schuld, Un - ge - duld hätt' mich nicht ge - lit -
sfp
rit.
a tempo
ing!
ten!
a tempo
fp
fp

THE SAND-MAN
(DER SANDMANN)

(Composed in 1849)

GUSTAVE HERRMANN KLETKA (1813-1886)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, A minor)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 79, No. 13
"Song Album for the Young"

Non troppo allegro (*Nicht zu schnell*)

PIANO

pp

p

Two dain - ty lit - tle shoes I wear;
Zwei fei - ne Stief - lein hab' ich an,

Their soles are soft be -
mit wun - der - wei - chen

yond com - pare;
Söhl - chen dran;

A
ein

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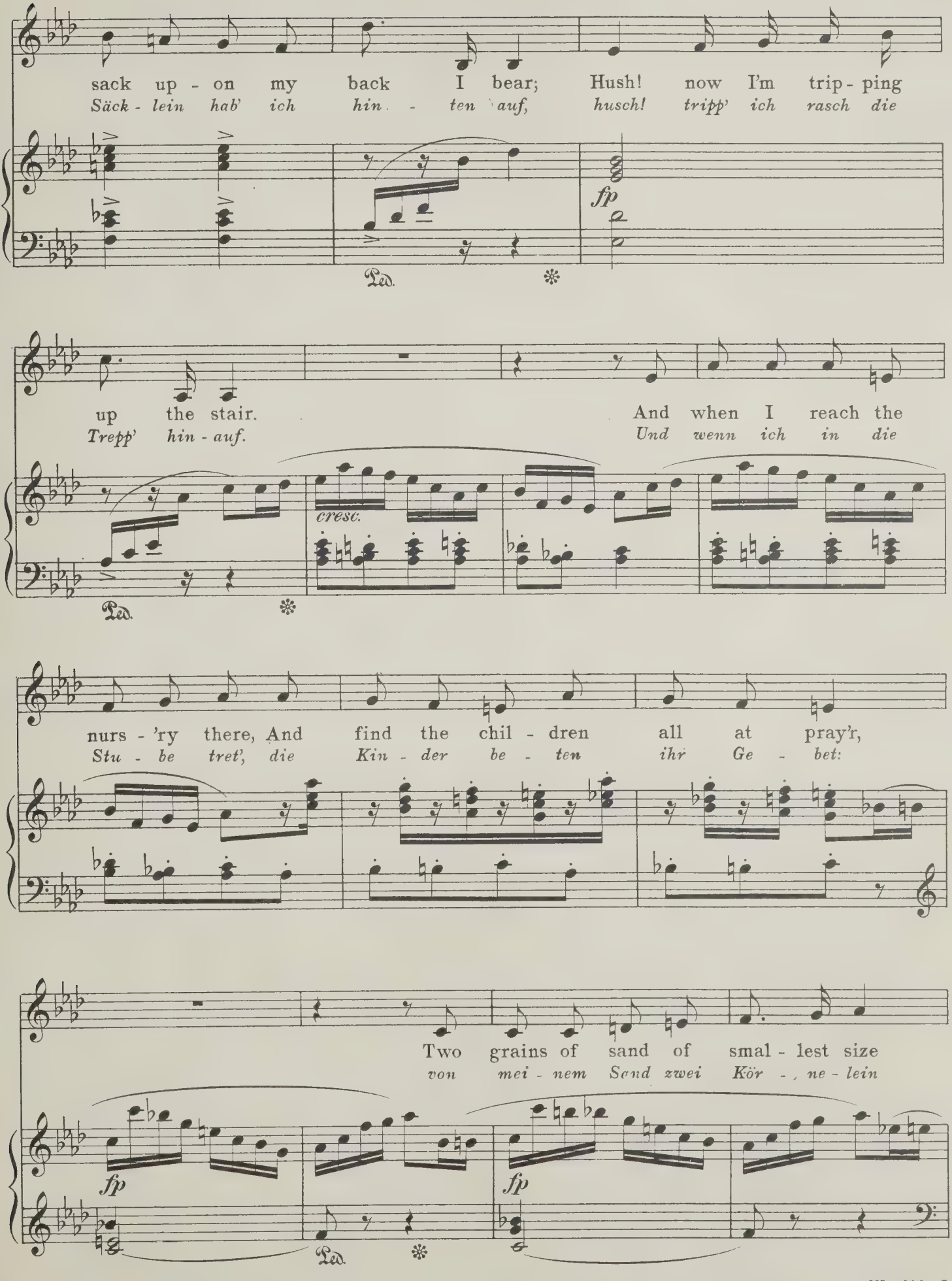
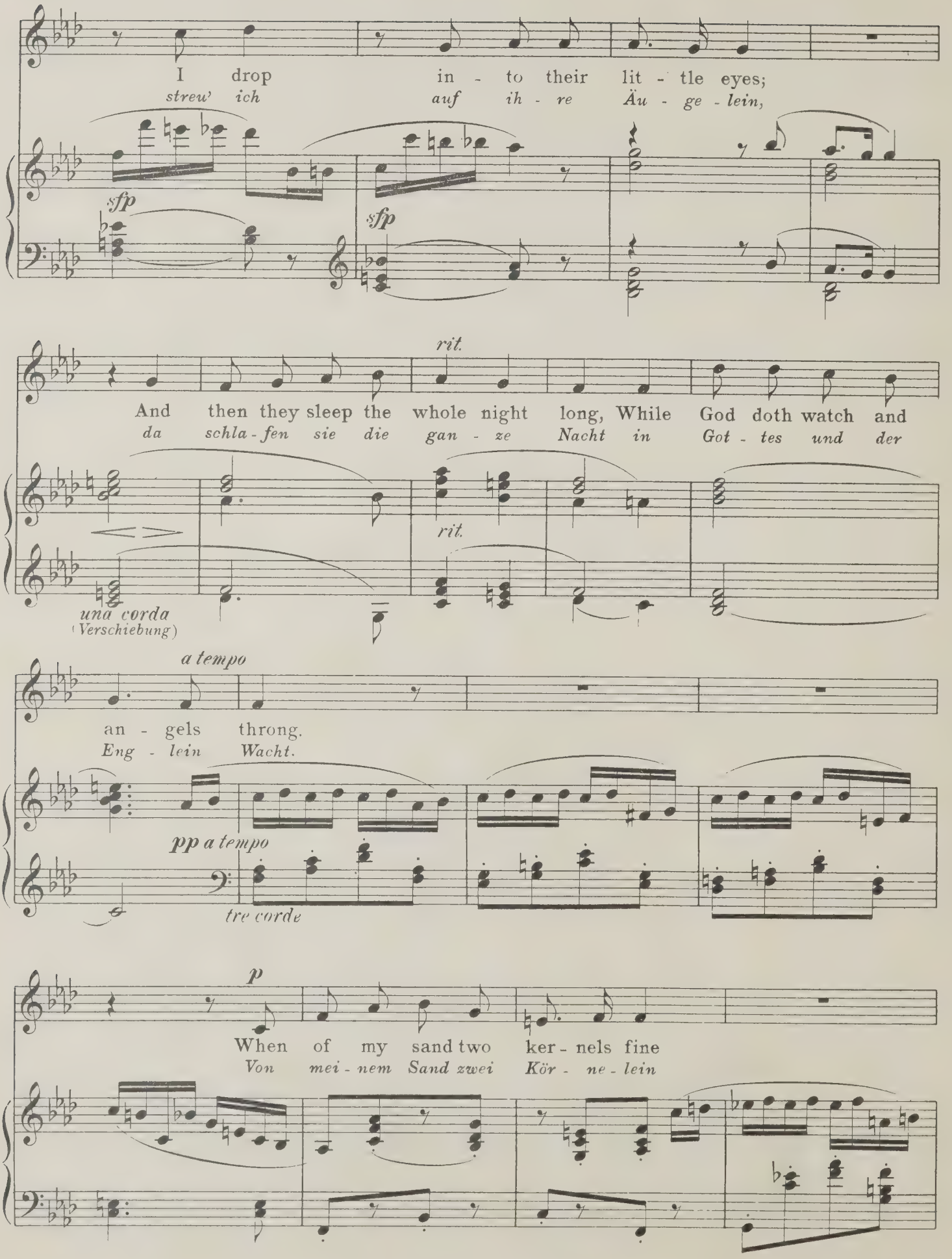
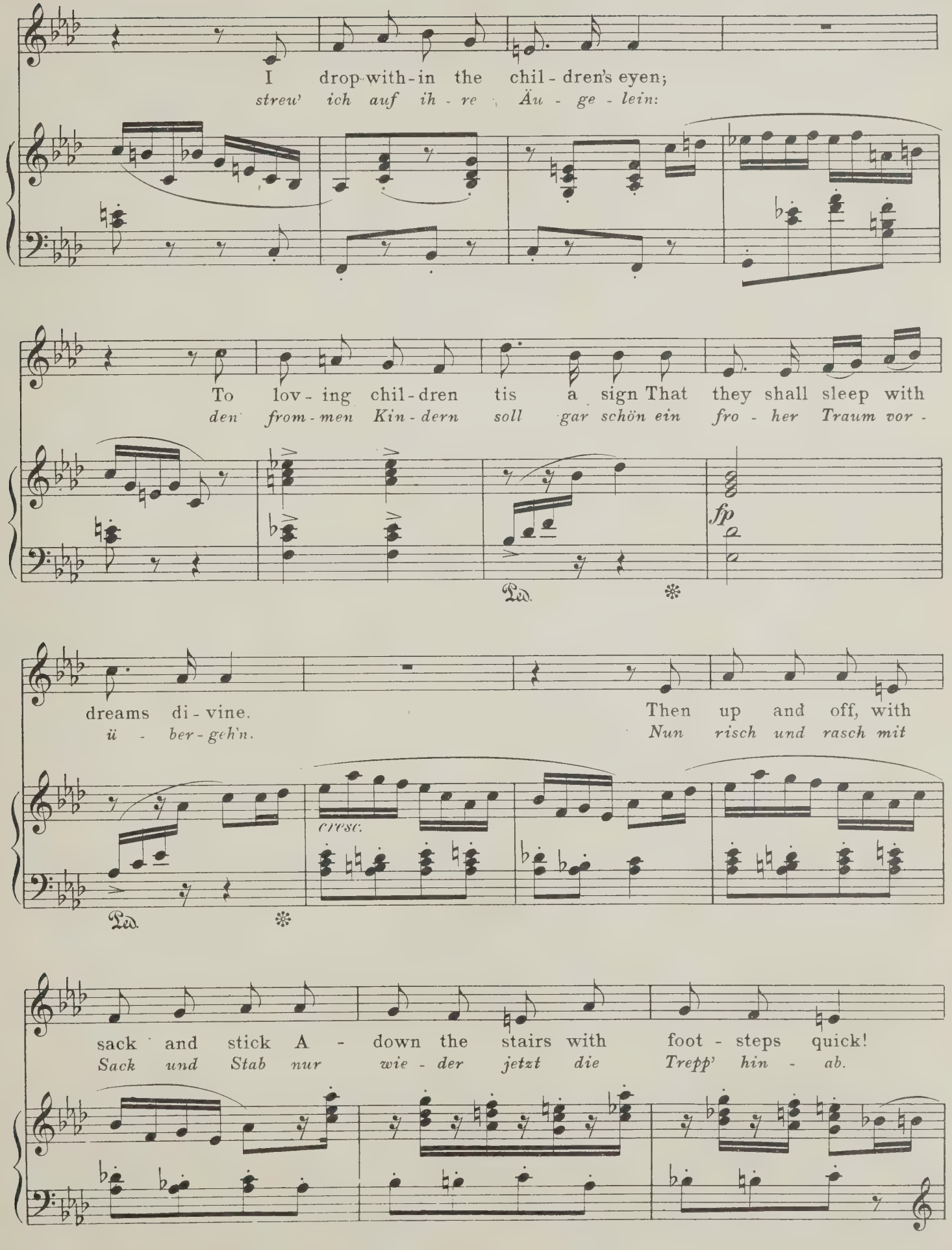
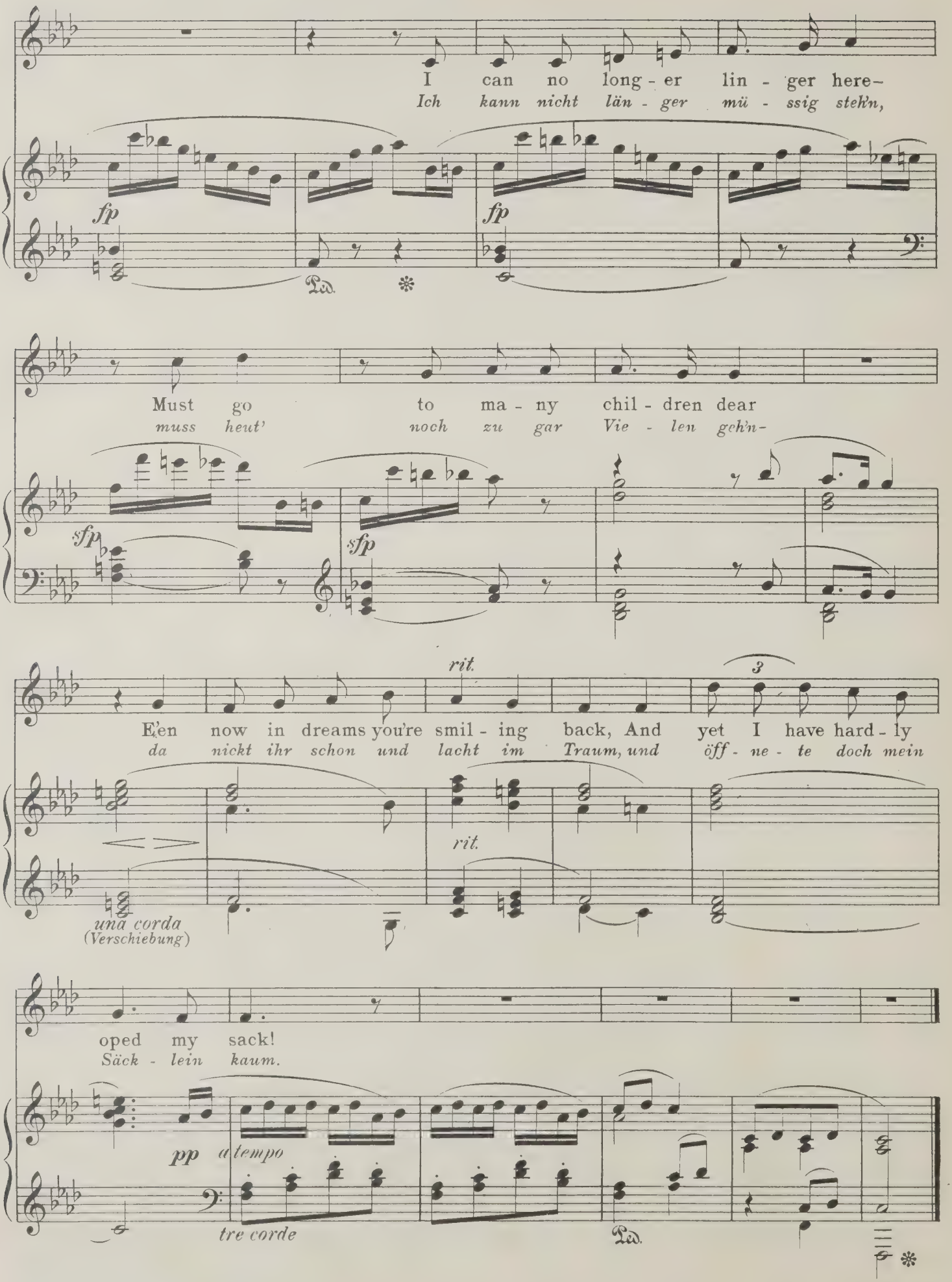

sack up - on my back I bear; Hush! now I'm trip - ping
Säck - lein hab' ich hin - ten auf, husch! tripp' ich rasch die
fp
Ped.
up the stair. And when I reach the
Trepp' hin - auf. Und wenn ich in die
cresc.
Ped.
nurs - 'ry there, And find the chil - dren all at pray'r,
Stu - be tret', die Kin - der be - ten ihr Ge - bet:
Two grains of sand of smal - lest size
von mei - nem Sand zwei Kör - , ne - lein
fp
fp
Ped.


I drop in - to their lit - tle eyes;
strew' ich auf ih - re Äu - ge - lein,
sfp
sfp
rit.
And then they sleep the whole night long, While God doth watch and
da schla - fen sie die gan - ze Nacht in Got - tes und der
rit.
una corda
(Verschiebung)
a tempo
an - gels throng.
Eng - lein Wacht.
pp a tempo
tre corde
p
When of my sand two ker - nels fine
Von mei - nem Sand zwei Kör - ne - lein

I drop with-in the chil - dren's eyen;
strew' ich auf ih - re Äu - ge - lein:
To lov - ing chil - dren tis a sign That they shall sleep with
den from - men Kin - dern soll gar schön ein fro - her Traum vor -
fp
Ped.
dreams di - vine.
ü - ber - geh'n.
Then up and off, with
Nun risch und rasch mit
cresc.
Ped.
sack and stick A - down the stairs with foot - steps quick!
Sack und Stab nur wie - der jetzt die Trepp' hin - ab.

I can no long - er lin - ger here-
Ich kann nicht län - ger mü - ssig steh'n,
fp
fp
Ped.
Must go to ma - ny chil - dren dear
muss heut' noch zu gar Vie - len geh'n-
sfp
sfp
rit.
3
E'en now in dreams you're smil - ing back, And yet I have hard - ly
da nickt ihr schon und lacht im Traum, und öff - ne - te doch mein
rit.
una corda
(Verschiebung)
oped my sack!
Säck - lein kaum.
pp
a tempo
tre corde
Ped.

LADYBIRD
(MARIENWÜRMCHEN)

(Composed in 1849)

Aus „Des Knaben Wunderhorn"
From "The Child's Horn-of-Plenty"

(Original Key, F)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 79, No. 14
Song Album for the Young

Allegretto *(Nicht schnell)*

VOICE

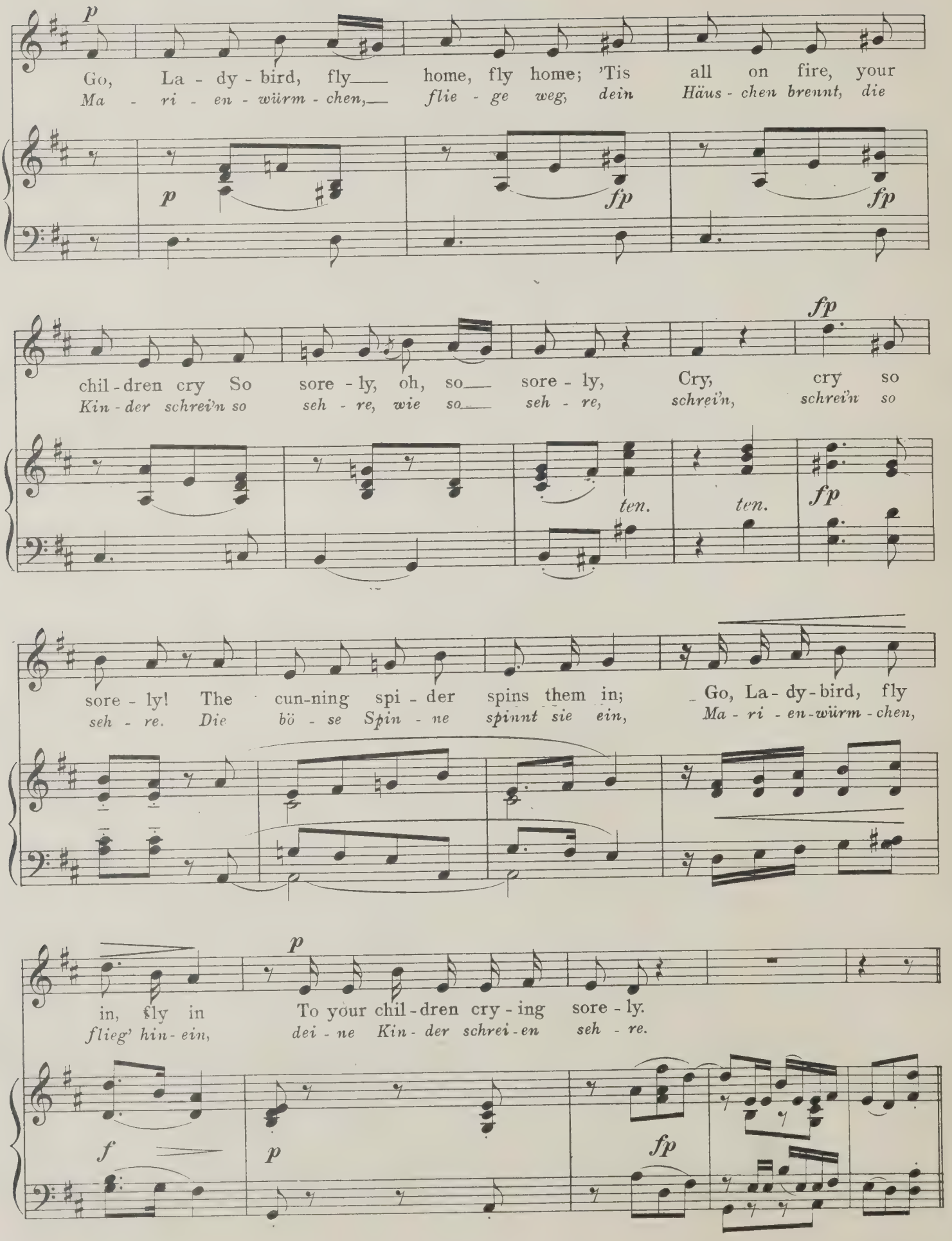
PIANO

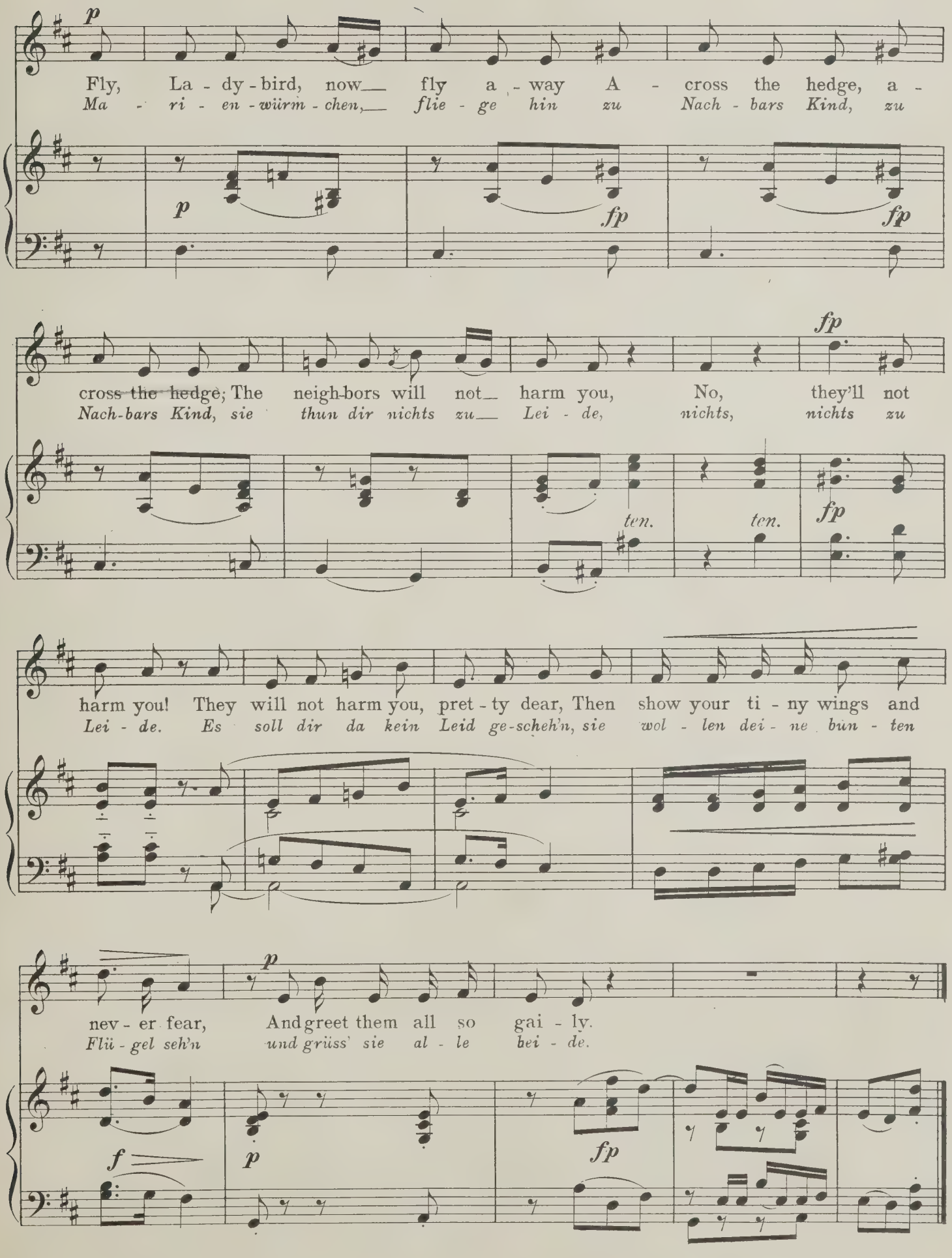
Come, La - dy - bird, and seat your - self Up - on my hand, up -
Ma - ri - en - würm - chen, se - tze dich auf mei - ne Hand, auf

on my hand; Be sure I will not harm you, No, I'll not
mei - ne Hand, ich thu' dir nichts zu Lei - de, nichts, nichts zu

harm you! I will not harm you, pret - ty dear, Show your ti - ny wings and
Lei - de. Es soll dir nichts zu Leid ge-scheh'n, will nur dei - ne bun - ten

nev - er fear, ti - ny wings so gay and pret - ty.
Flü - gel seh'n, bun - te Flu - gel mei - ne Freu - de!


p
Go, La - dy - bird, fly home, fly home; 'Tis all on fire, your
Ma - ri - en - würm - chen, flie - ge weg, dein Häus - chen brennt, die
p
fp
fp
chil - dren cry So sore - ly, oh, so sore - ly, Cry, cry so
Kin - der schrei'n so seh - re, wie so seh - re, schrei'n, schrei'n so
fp
ten.
ten.
fp
sore - ly! The cun-ning spi - der spins them in; Go, La - dy - bird, fly
seh - re. Die bö - se Spin - ne spinnt sie ein, Ma - ri - en - würm - chen,
p
in, fly in To your chil - dren cry - ing sore - ly.
flieg' hin - ein, dei - ne Kin - der schrei - en seh - re.
f
p
fp


p
Fly, La - dy - bird, now fly a - way A - cross the hedge, a -
Ma - ri - en - würm - chen, flie - ge hin zu Nach - bars Kind, zu
p
fp
fp
cross the hedge; The neigh-bors will not harm you, No, they'll not
Nach-bars Kind, sie thun dir nichts zu Lei - de, nichts, nichts zu
fp
ten.
ten.
fp
harm you! They will not harm you, pret - ty dear, Then show your ti - ny wings and
Lei - de. Es soll dir da kein Leid ge-scheh'n, sie wol - len dei - ne bun - ten
p
nev - er fear, And greet them all so gai - ly.
Flü - gel seh'n und grüss' sie al - le bei - de.
f
p
fp

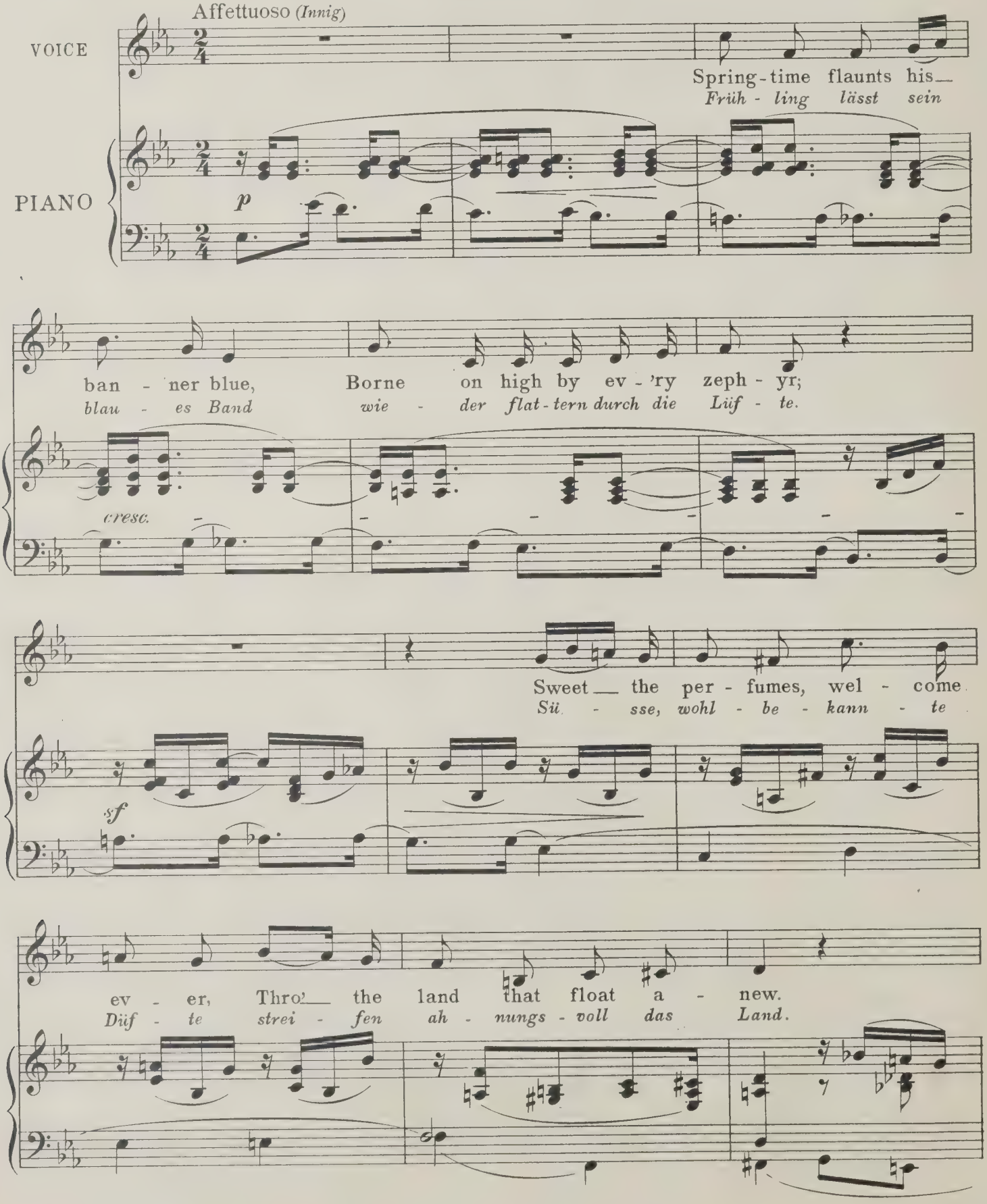
'TIS SPRING
(ER IST'S)

(Composed in 1849)

(*Original Key, A*)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 79, No. 24
"Song Album for the Young"



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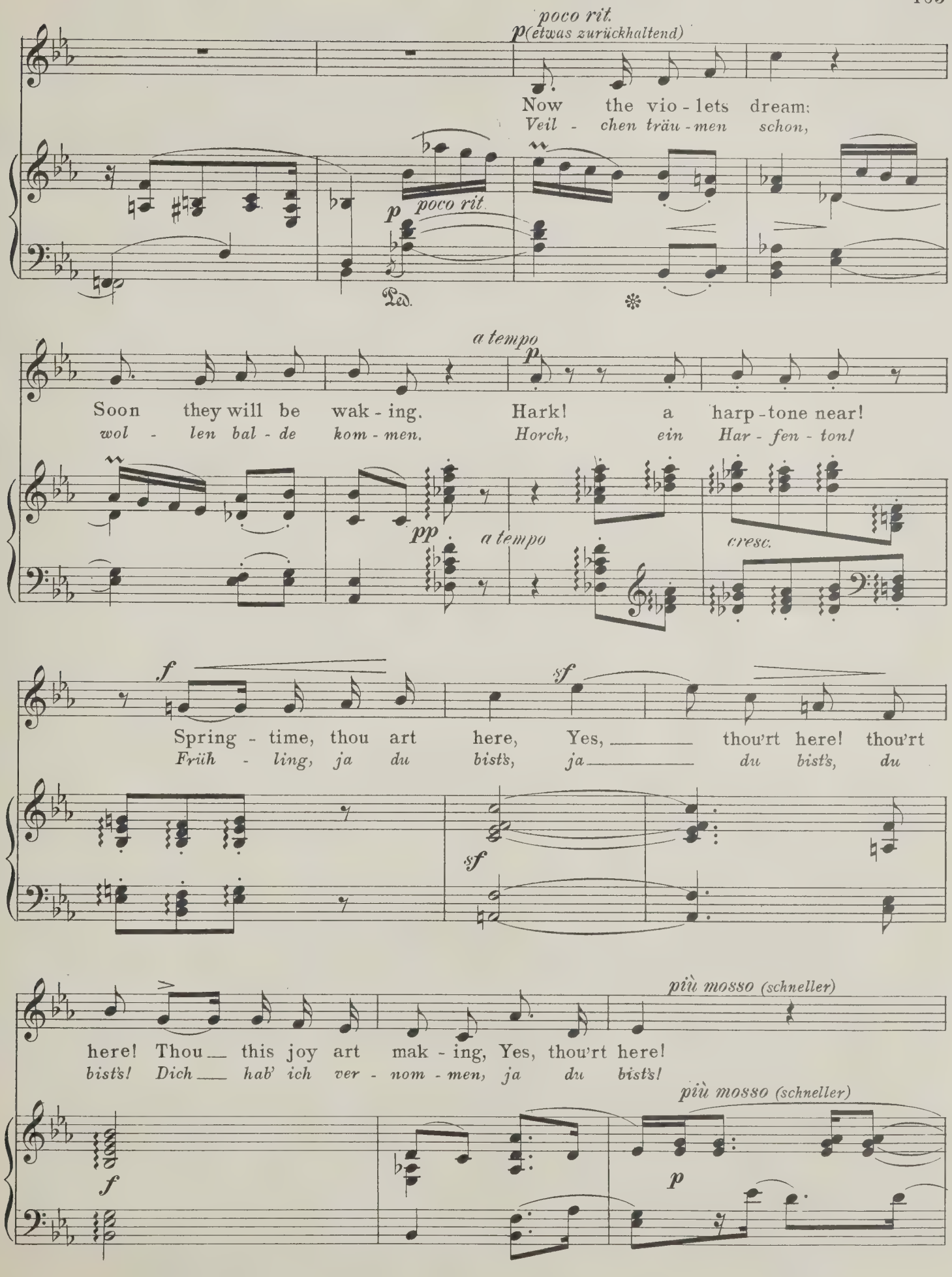
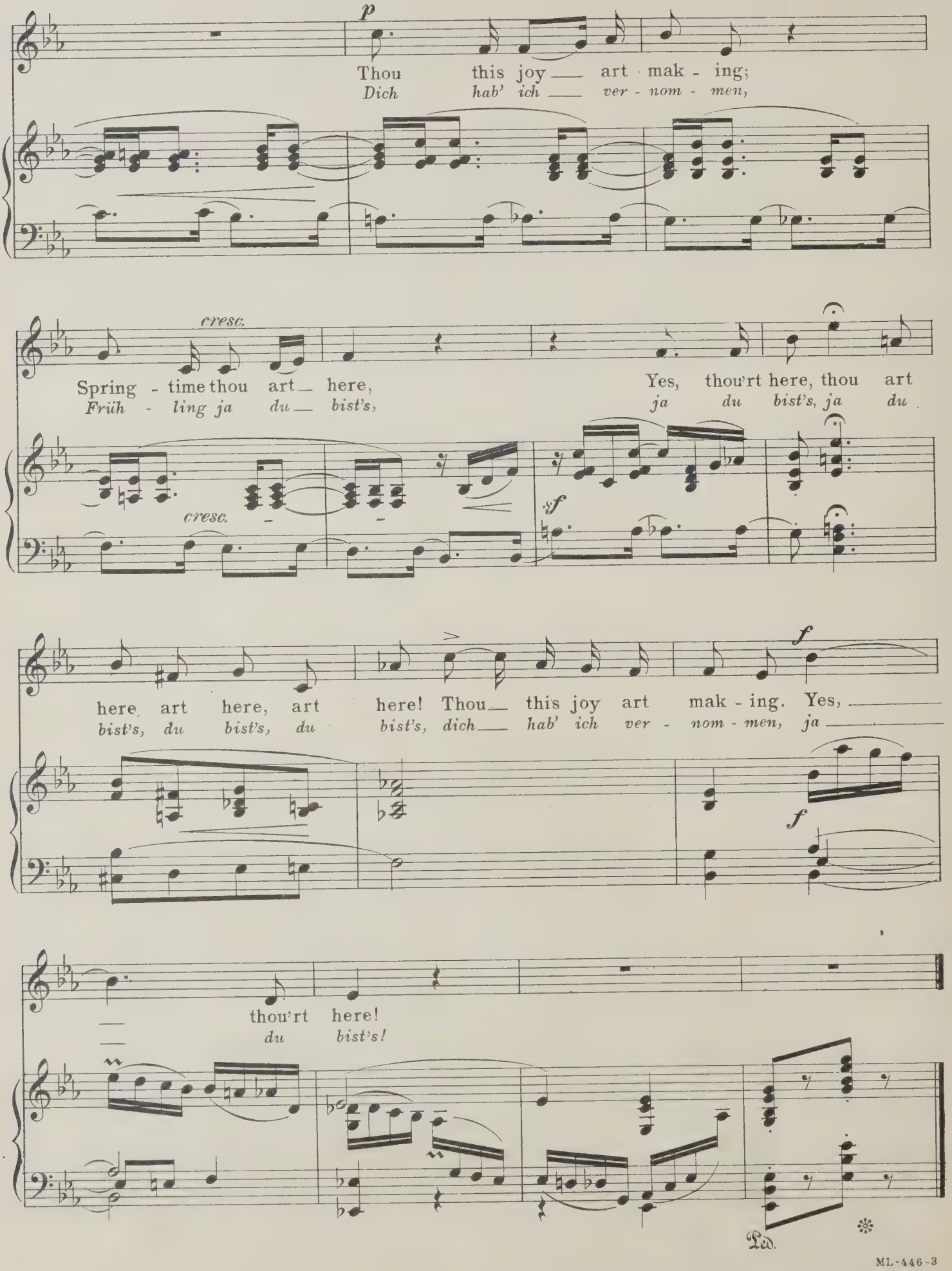

poco rit.
p (etwas zurückhaltend)
Now the vio - lets dream:
Veil - chen träu - men schon,
p poco rit.
Ped.
a tempo
p
Soon they will be wak - ing. Hark! a harp - tone near!
wol - len bal - de kom - men. Horch, ein Har - fen - ton!
pp
a tempo
cresc.
f
sf
Spring - time, thou art here, Yes, thou'rt here! thou'rt
Früh - ling, ja du bist's, ja du bist's, du
sf
più mosso (schneller)
here! Thou this joy art mak - ing, Yes, thou'rt here!
bist's! Dich hab' ich ver - nom - men, ja du bist's!
più mosso (schneller)
f
p


p
Thou this joy art mak - ing;
Dich hab' ich ver - nom - men,
cresc.
Spring - time thou art here,
Früh - ling ja du bist's,
Yes, thou'rt here, thou art
ja du bist's, ja du
cresc.
sf
here art here, art here! Thou this joy art mak - ing. Yes,
bist's, du bist's, du bist's, dich hab' ich ver - nom - men, ja
f
f
thou'rt here!
du bist's!
Ped.
*

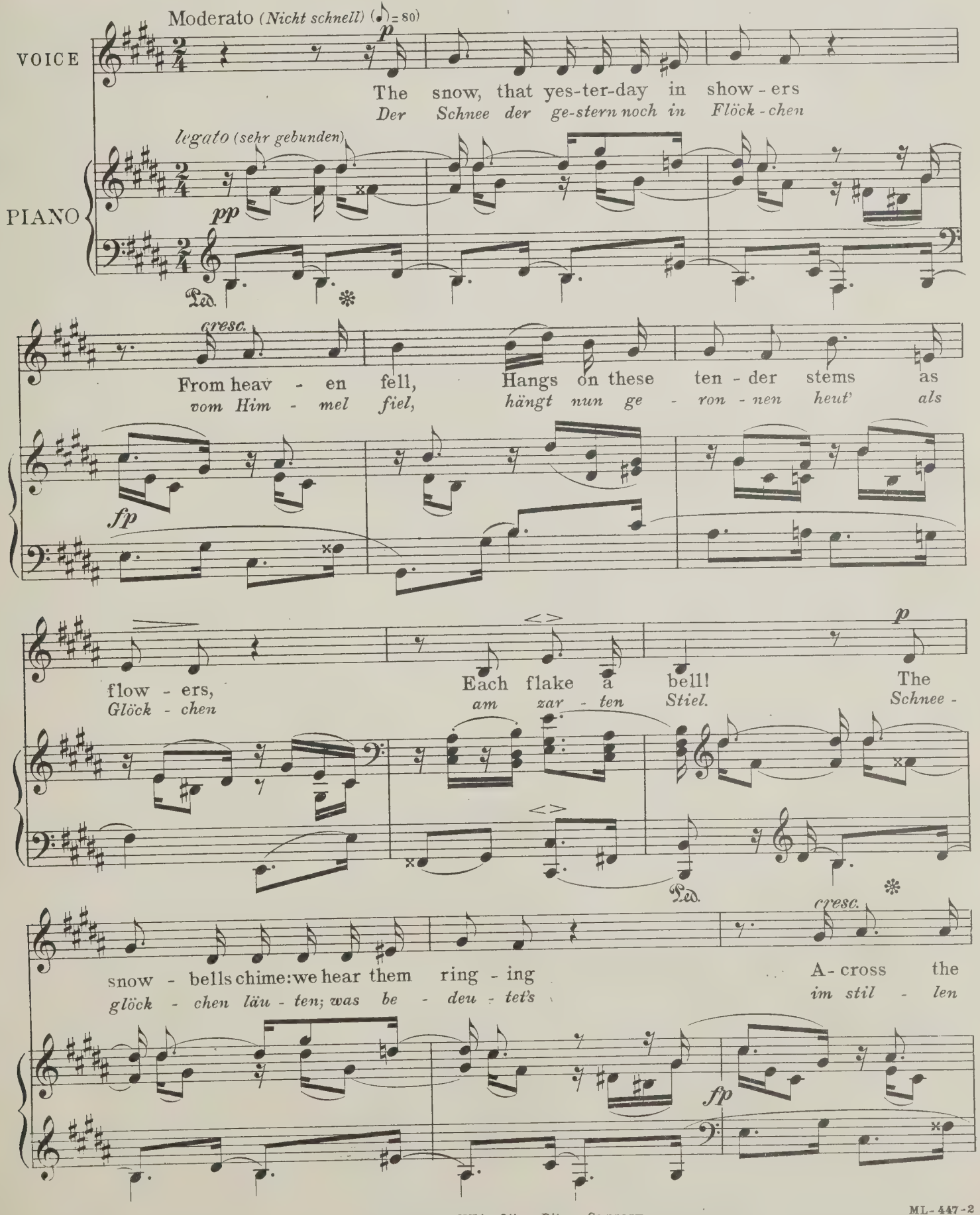
SNOW-BELLS
(SCHNEEGLÖCKCHEN)

(Composed in 1849)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1866)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, E flat)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 79, No. 27
"Song Album for the Young"



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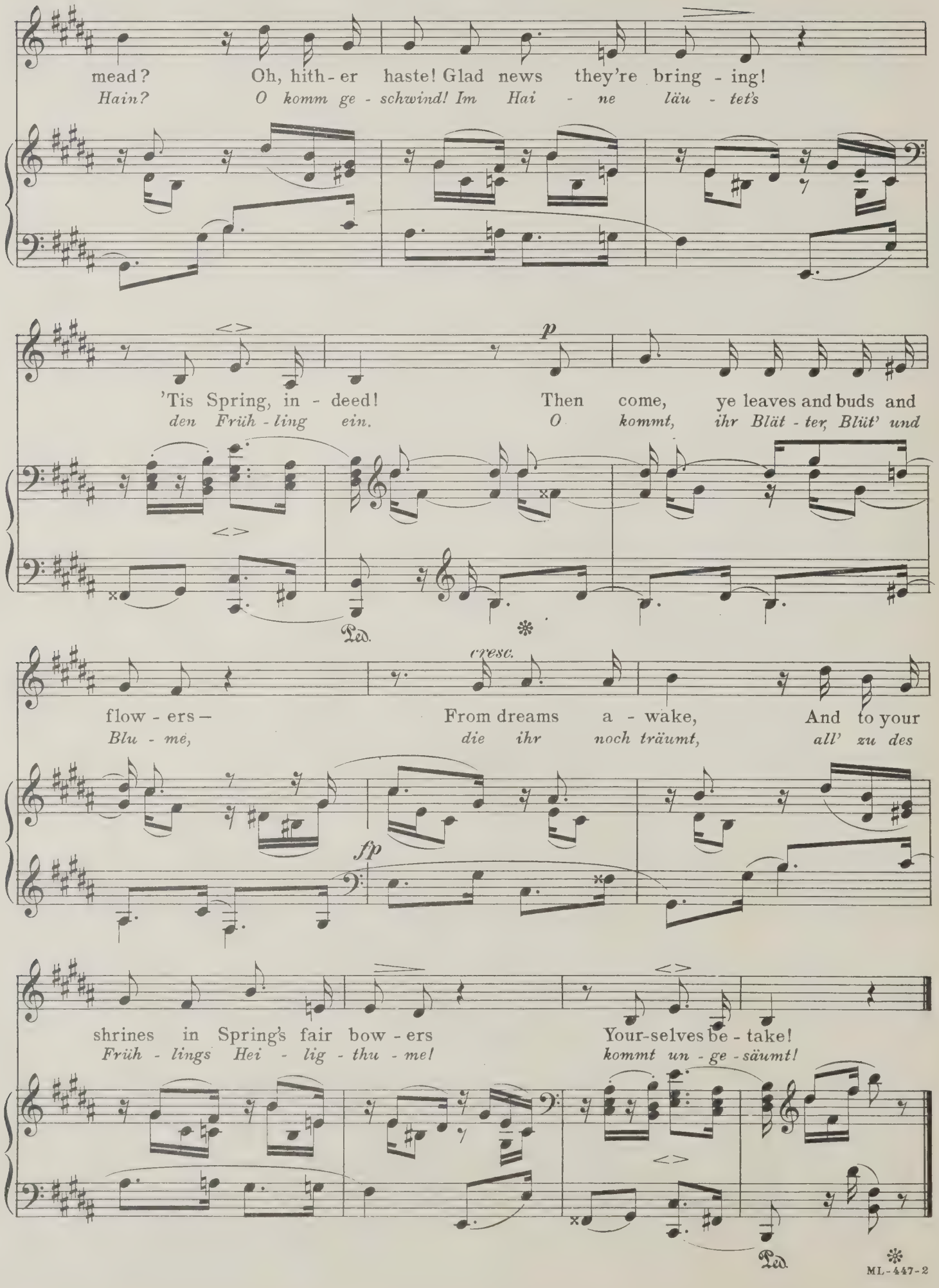

mead? Oh, hith - er haste! Glad news they're bring - ing!
Hain? O komm ge - schwind! Im Hai - ne läu - tet's
'Tis Spring, in - deed! Then come, ye leaves and buds and
den Früh - ling ein. O kommt, ihr Blät - ter, Blüt' und
p
Ped.
cresc.
flow - ers — From dreams a - wake, And to your
Blu - me, die ihr noch träumt, all' zu des
fp
shrines in Spring's fair bow - ers Your-selves be - take!
Früh - lings Hei - lig - thu - me! kommt un - ge - säumt!
Ped.

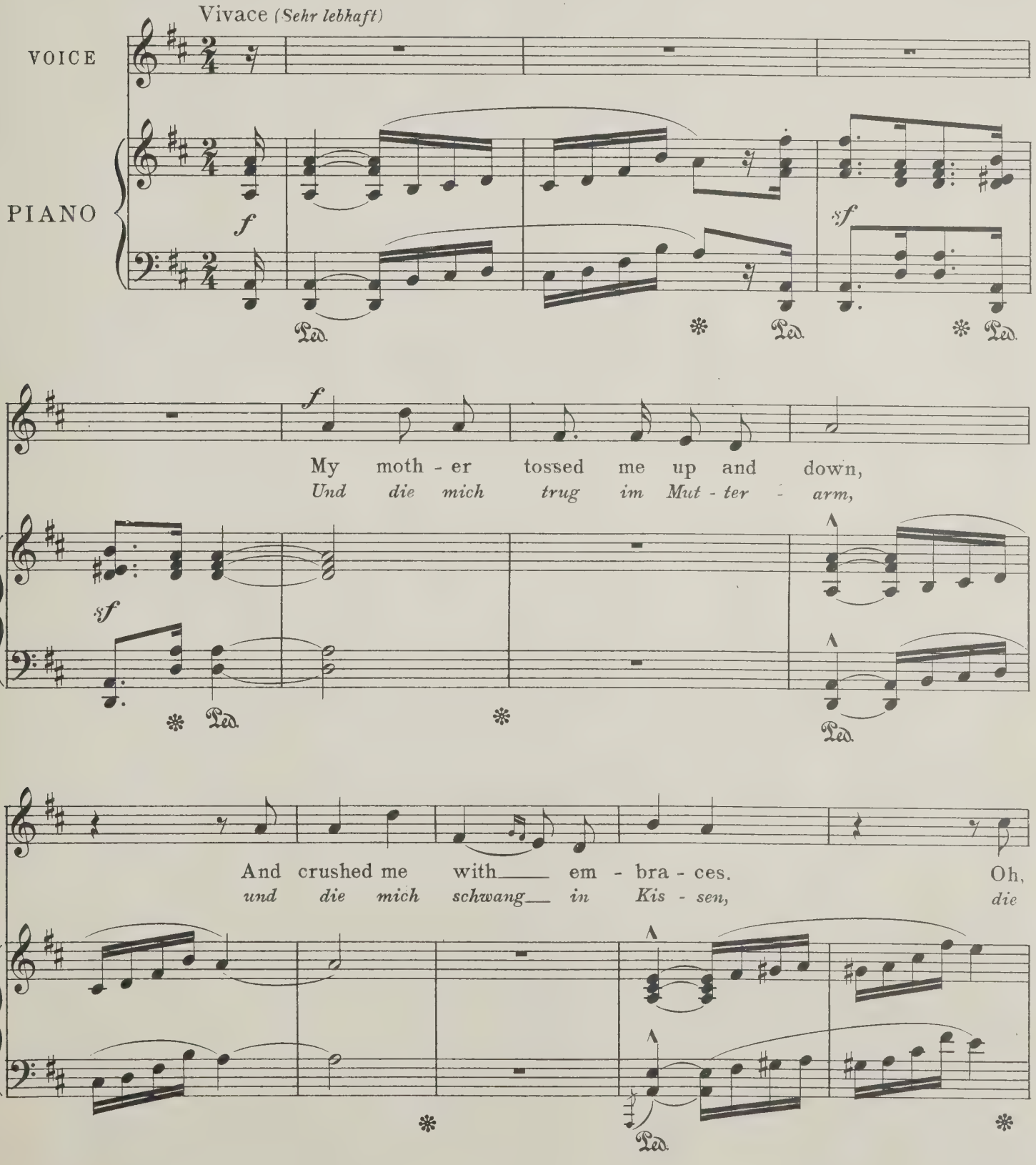
A YOUNG FOLKS' SONG
(JUNG VOLKERS LIED)

(Composed in 1851)

(Original Key, E)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 125, No. 4



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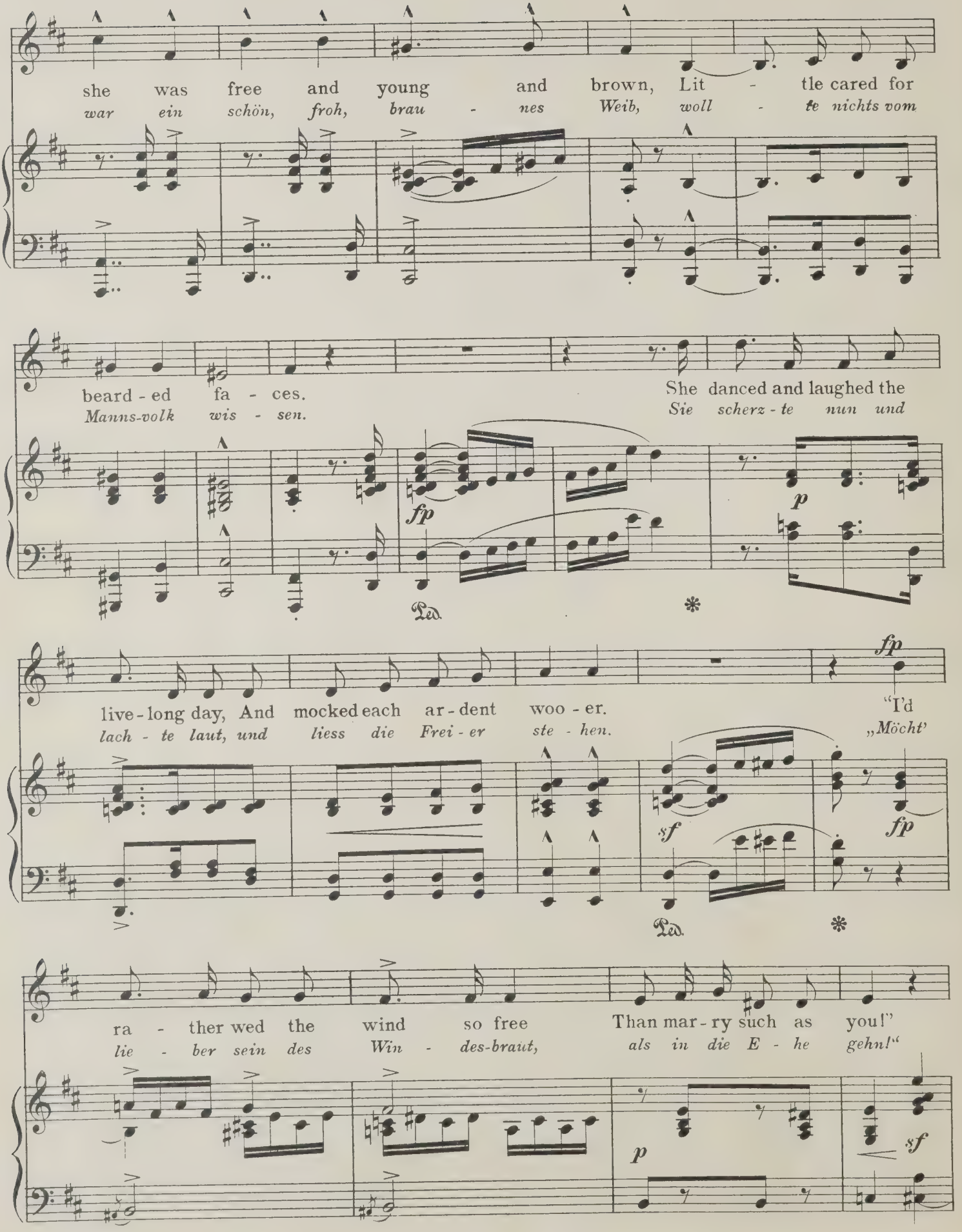
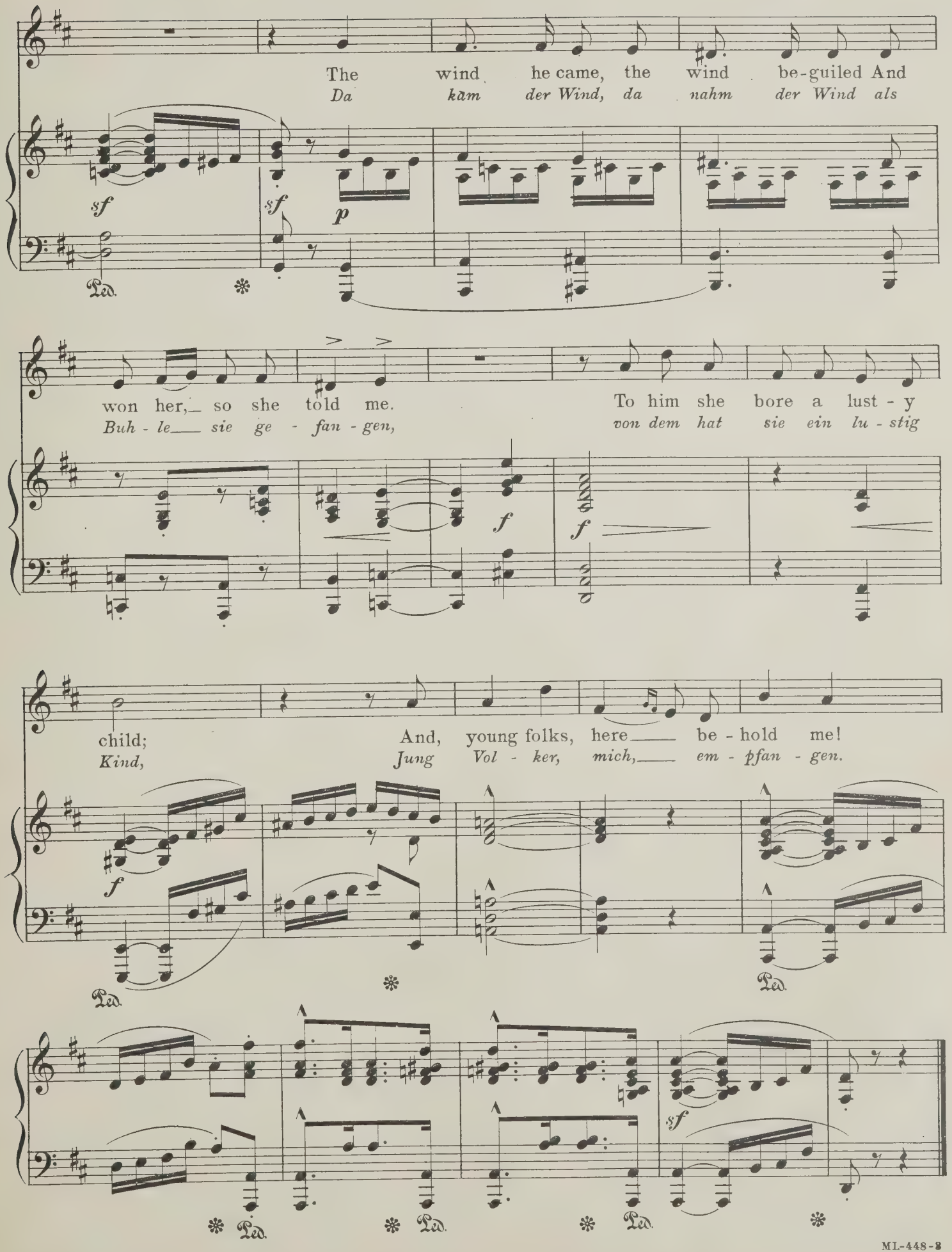

she was free and young and brown, Lit - tle cared for
war ein schön, froh, brau - nes Weib, woll - te nichts vom
beard - ed fa - ces.
Manns-volk wis - sen.
She danced and laughed the
Sie scherz - te nun und
fp
p
Ped.
*
live - long day, And mocked each ar - dent woo - er.
lach - te laut, und liess die Frei - er ste - hen.
fp
"I'd
„Möcht'
sf
fp
Ped.
*
ra - ther wed the wind so free Than mar - ry such as you!"
lie - ber sein des Win - des-braut, als in die E - he gehn!"
p
sf


The wind he came, the wind be-guiled And
Da kam der Wind, da nahm der Wind als
won her, so she told me.
Buh - le sie ge - fan - gen,
To him she bore a lust - y
von dem hat sie ein lu - stig
child;
Kind,
And, young folks, here be - hold me!
Jung Vol - ker, mich, em - pfan - gen.
Ped.

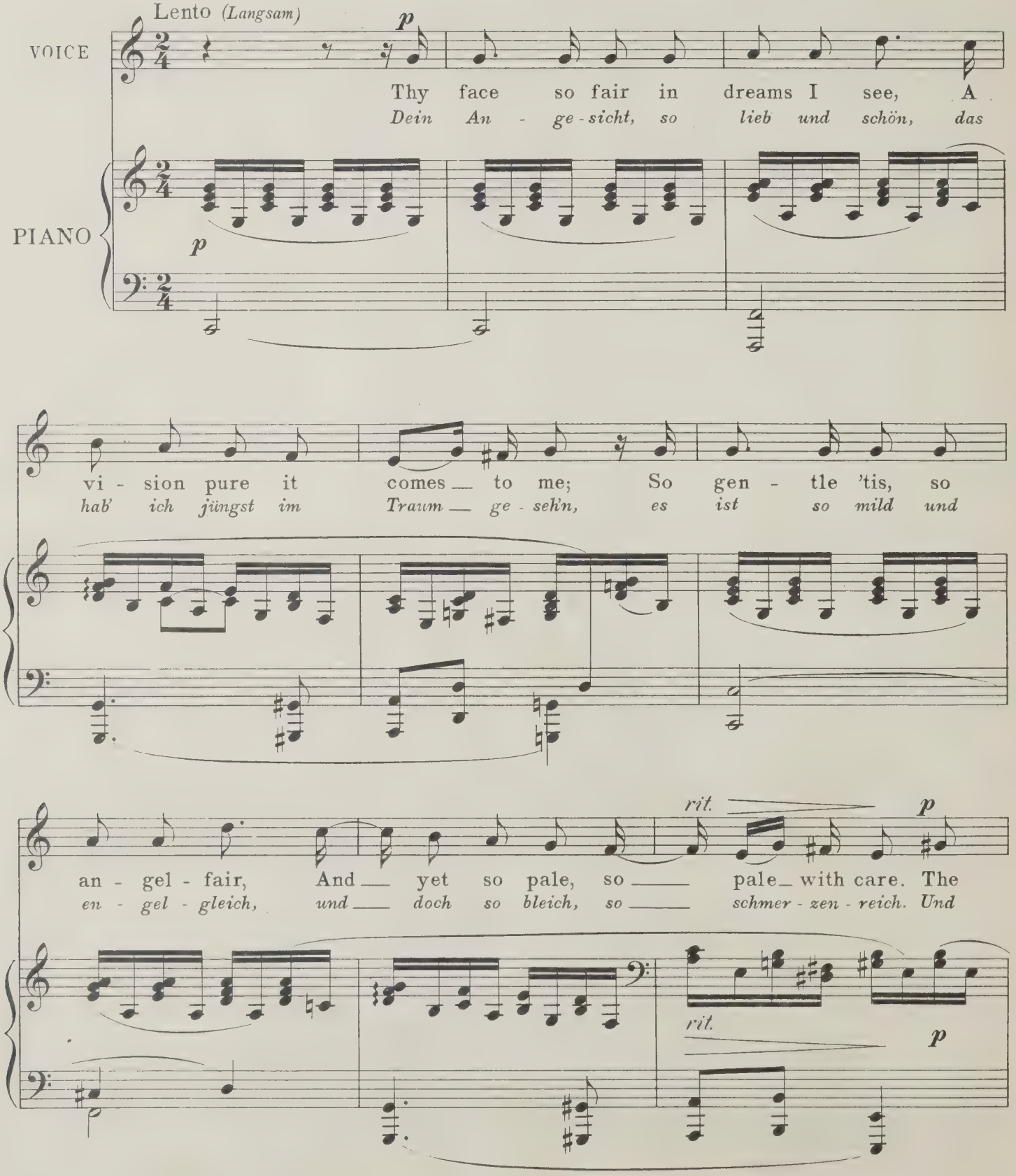
THY FACE SO FAIR

(DEIN ANGESICHT)

(Composed in 1850)

(Original Key, Eb)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 127, No 2

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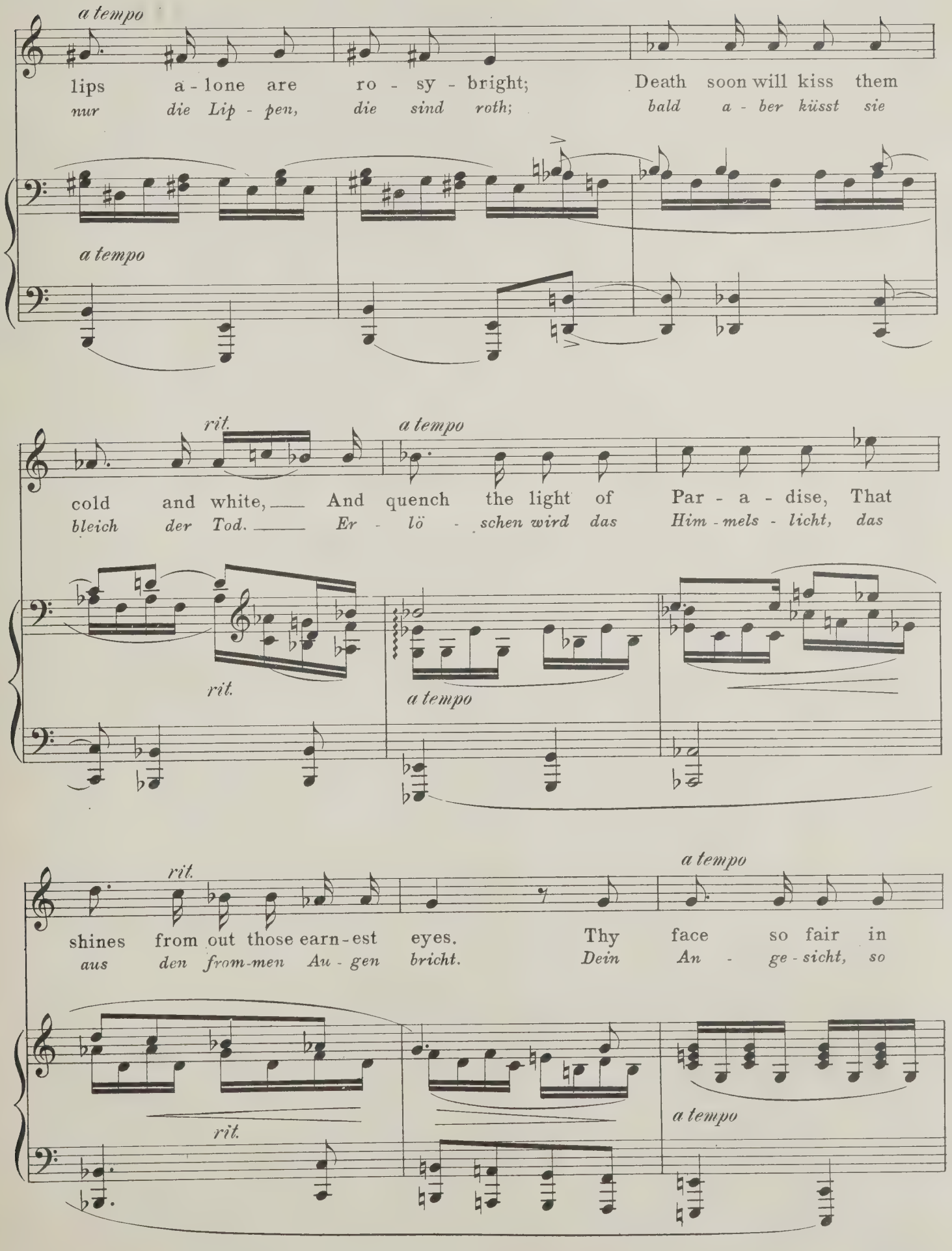
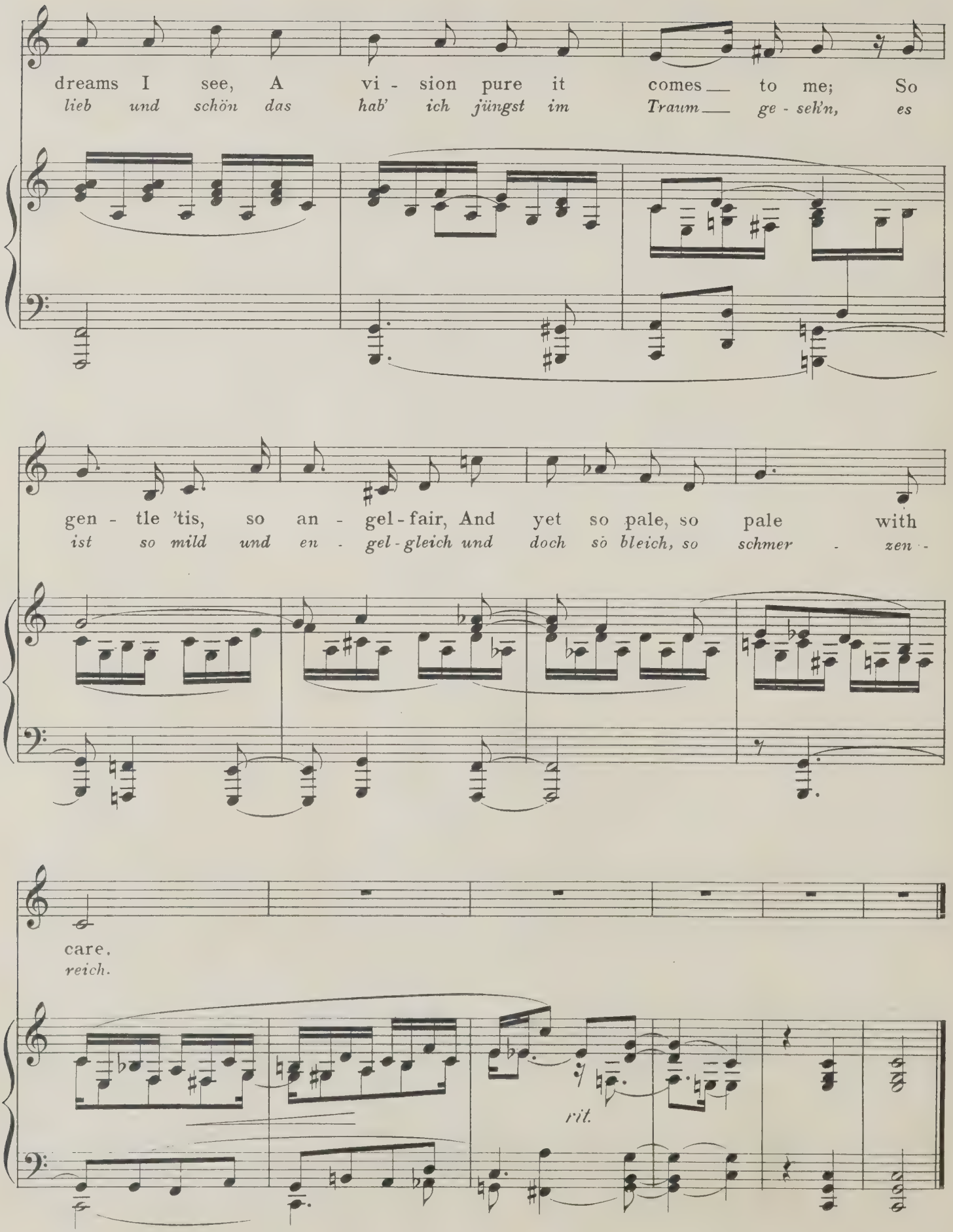

a tempo
lips a - lone are ro - sy - bright; Death soon will kiss them
nur die Lip - pen, die sind roth; bald a - ber küsst sie
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
cold and white, And quench the light of Par - a - dise, That
bleich der Tod. Er - lö - schen wird das Him - mels - licht, das
rit.
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
shines from out those earn - est eyes. Thy face so fair in
aus den from-men Au - gen bricht. Dein An - ge - sicht, so
rit.
a tempo


dreams I see, A vi - sion pure it comes to me; So
lieb und schön das hab' ich jüngst im Traum ge - seh'n, es
gen - tle 'tis, so an - gel - fair, And yet so pale, so pale with
ist so mild und en - gel - gleich und doch so bleich, so schmer - zen -
care.
reich.
rit.

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